THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Samuel Crowther — Rear Admiral T. P. Magruder — Charles Brackett — Leonard H. Nason
Frederick Orin Bartlett — Bernard DeVoto — Oma Almona Davies — Octavus Roy Cohen

The Newest Thing to Own—or to Give at Christmas

Mandarin Yellow

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3 Sizes—6 Points—
and Pencils to Match

This handsome color adapted from this Vase, found by Geo. S. Parker in the Orient

Mandarin Yellow—long secluded among Oriental Art Objects—now is given the world in the Parker Duofold Pen, and Duofold Pencil to match.

This rare and exotic color was found by Geo. S. Parker in a vase amid an art collection in the Far East. He brought it to America, and we reproduced it in Parker Permanite—the lustrous material that we now use instead of rubber for Parker Pen and Pencil Barrels.

We make these Permanite Duofold barrels in 3 hand-sizes—Over-size, Junior and slender Lady Duofold. And in 5 jewel-like color combinations—Jade, Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Black and Gold—and now Mandarin Yellow—all with smart black tips.

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Because of its interchangeable construction, Parker Duofold is a Combination Pocket and Desk Set Pen. When you own one of these, you own half a Desk Set, too. Just add a Base and a Pen Taper to complete your writing equipment for Pocket and Desk.

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STYLE—*is it really mysterious, or a simple matter after all?*

Most men think of Style as a deep mystery. Yet it's the most essential thing to understand in choosing clothes. Here's one definition of Style—simple, easy to remember:

Every man is under the necessity—in this climate, at least—of going through the ordeal of buying clothes. To many men it *is* an ordeal, strange to say. You know many men, very likely, who have a great time buying a golf club or a radio set—really enjoy choosing it—yet when it comes to clothes they are lost.

The reason is—they have no definite basis for choosing their clothes. They are never quite sure that they are selecting the right thing. Perhaps you yourself have wondered just how you could know when a suit or overcoat had "style." You've seen some clothes that you *knew* had it, and many that did not. But just what is it that gives a coat or suit this quality?

One thing, of course, is the fabric. Yet, when you begin to pin down the idea of style, you soon find that fabric is only secondary. Suppose some clothes-maker should suddenly show symptoms of insanity and should bring out a suit of overalls made of the very finest imported broadcloth! Fine as the cloth might be, the suit would still be overalls. Because the lines of the garment—the design—would still have that shape, that character! The finest fabric could not make it look smart.

The more thoroughly you go into this important matter of style (for it is important to every man, both in business and socially) the more you realize that style depends on design. Clothiers call this feature *the cut* of the clothes. Take it, for example, in overcoats—

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The correctly cut ulster. Like all Society Brand Clothes, this overcoat has the exclusive Snug-Ease Shoulder, absolutely assuring a smooth, snug-fitting shoulder and collar.

It is the cut that determines the length of the coat—determines whether the shoulders are broad or narrow, comfortable or binding. It is the cut, and that alone, which makes the lines pleasing, gives the collar a smooth-fitting effect, and decides the width of the lapels. The ulster shown in our illustration is good looking simply because the cut has been given elaborate care, with attention paid to every line! So that we state the definition in this way:—

Style is the look of supreme distinction which clothes have when they are absolutely correct in cut. To get style in the clothes you buy, make certain that the fabric is good looking and serviceable, but look first of all for the right cut. You might find it occasionally in all kinds of clothes—by chance. To get it *every time,* a man must choose the kind of clothes that are made with this fundamental principle in mind.

All Society Brand Clothes are made with the idea

that, "It's the Cut of your Clothes that Counts." Society Brand designers are the acknowledged masters in this field—have been for twenty-five years. Why not look up a Society Brand merchant, now that overcoat time is here, try on some of the new models and prove to yourself how fine looking they are? They come in wonderful fabrics, too—Moire Weaves. Rich, serviceable cloth, woven in the most unusual patterns of the season. Especially smart in oxfords and blues.

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IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

PHOTO BY ELLIS

You'll be just as cheerful a debtor as Anne

"PINK, yellow, purple, green." Anne's fingers goose-stepped along the counter, from one "beauty-soap" to another.

"Really, Phyl, I've tried them all, from a quarter to a dollar a cake. I'm beginning to wonder if their rosy promises and foreign accents really are worth . . ."

Phyllis smiled and reached for a carton—twelve cakes daintily wrapped in blue—that stood at her elbow.

"Here, Anne, try my private brand. If you don't like it, I'll take the rest of the dozen. If you do like it, you'll owe me sixty cents!"

We happen to know that Anne paid the sixty cents—with enthusiasm entirely unbecoming a debtor. She thinks Guest Ivory is perfectly adorable!

This dainty, exquisitely-feminine luxury that is winning such a remarkable welcome from women all over America, is genuine Ivory Soap. Nothing has been added, nothing subtracted—it is just as pure and mild as Ivory has been for almost three generations.

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GRANDFATHERS WILL BE GRANDFATHERS

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Bill Stood There Quite a While Without Speaking. Finally He Said, "Yes, Walt, I Got My Art"

WHAT do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too. And, as I was saying, after we'd bought our new hats—and they were certainly big ones—we walked along the Seine and I could see Bill was looking worried. But he didn't say anything, so I didn't say anything either.

Finally Bill stopped between a couple of bookstalls and looked down at the river for a long time. Then he said, "It's so peaceful, Walt."

"Yes," I said, "it's certainly peaceful, Bill."

"No problems."

"Not to speak of, Bill."

"Sometimes, Walt, I think the best thing a man could do would be to walk out on that bridge and climb over the rail and jump in."

"Bill," I said, "you always want to remember you got your art."

Bill stood there quite a while without speaking. Finally he said, "Yes, Walt, I got my art."

"Bill," I said, "it's our duty to live for our art."

"I suppose it is, Walt."

So we walked along a ways and finally Bill broke out, "Walt, did you ever want to throw something at somebody's head?"

"I suppose I have, Bill."

He didn't follow up the subject and we walked a little farther without saying anything.

"Walt, maybe you've read in Kipling about Mowgli, the boy who was brought up by wolves."

"I remember something about it, Bill."

"Walt, what would you think of a boy brought up by a guardian who was an old hyena?" And Bill broke into a bitter laugh. "Yes, sir, brought up by an old hyena."

There was something on Bill's mind all right, and finally I said frankly, "Bill, what's the matter?"

"There's nothing the matter, Walt."

"Yes, there is, Bill, and you might as well come out with it."

"Well," Bill said after a minute, "I'll tell you one thing that's the matter: There's somebody up in my room waiting for me."

"Maybe it's the landlady, Bill."

"No, nothing like that. When I come up the stairs I kind of felt there was somebody waiting for me, so before I opened the door I listened. And there was somebody; I could hear the breathing. And something seemed to warn me, 'Bill, don't open that door. Bill, there's bad news waiting for you on the other side.' So, after listening about five seconds, I turned around and tiptoed down the stairs. Something's going to happen to me, Walt—something tragic. I feel it."

"Bill, old man," I said, "be sensible, be rational. We ain't like a lot of these nuts in the Latin Quarter that are getting ready to paint themselves blue to go to the Quat-z-Arts Ball tonight. Our game is true art. Do you admit that, Bill?"

"Yes, Walt, I admit that."

"You're a writer, Bill, and I'm an artist; and we're both paleo-meditationists. Ain't that right?"

"That's right, Walt."

"Well, then, Bill, we ought to rise above a lot of silly superstition. You say somebody's waiting for you; like as not it's just Kearney Sears."

"No, Walt, not Kearney Sears. I know it ain't Kearney Sears."

And Bill shook his head and kept on shaking it while I steered him into the Rue de Seine. I wanted to get him back to his room and let him find out for himself he was just wasting his time with worry and that he might as well get down to solid work again.

"Walt," he said all of a sudden, "I've never told you the story of my life."

"No, you haven't, Bill."

"I'm going to tell you the story of my life, Walt. You're probably the only person that could understand it, except maybe Le Roudic de Keriado."

"Tell away, Bill."

"It begins forty years ago, when my grandfather was seventeen. He ran away and got married—darn him."

"That was his own affair, Bill," I said, "and anyhow it happened before you were born."

"Let me finish, Walt. Nineteen years later, when my father was eighteen, he ran away and got married."

"Probably your father thought he was justified too, Bill."

"Maybe so, Walt—maybe so. Anyhow, that seemed to fix the tradition in the family. I'm nineteen, Walt, and my grandfather, who was my guardian till last year, wants me to get married."

"Is that a fact?"

"I'll say it's a fact. The old hyena totters around back there in Milwaukee, and that's all he thinks about and that's all he writes about. I don't open his letters any more."

"Maybe he's got your best interests at heart, Bill."

"Yes, he has, the old hyena! Walt, how would you enjoy spending the best years of your life with a party that laughed at all your most sacred aspirations?"

"Did your grandfather do that, Bill?"

"Yes; and you ought to hear the laugh he's got! It sounds like a 1907 flivver being thrown on the junk heap. It's terrible, Walt. When he begins talking you wouldn't think butter would melt in his mouth. Then somebody disagrees with him and he starts getting nasty, and he goes on until he's a regular wild animal—and laughing."

"He's your grandfather, Bill," I said. "You always ought to remember he's your grandfather."

"I do, Walt. If I hadn't remembered that, I'd have bounced a brick off his head before this."

Bill was so blamed bitter I thought the best thing to do was to let him walk it off; but he came right back to the subject: "When I told him I was going to Paris and become a writer, what do you suppose he said?"

"What did he say, Bill?"

"He said, 'Paris, Kentucky, or Paris, Texas?'"

"And what did you say?"

"I didn't say anything; I just turned around and walked out of the room. Well, that was only the start. From then on every chance he'd get he'd pull something like this: He'd say, 'Were you ever in Nashotah, Willy?'

"'No,' I'd say, 'I was never in Nashotah.'

"'Well, why don't you go to Nashotah, Willy, and try it out? Maybe you could become a writer there just as fast as in Paris.' And then he'd laugh, the old hyena!"

"He was only kidding you, Bill."

"He was torturing me, Walt. And that was just the beginning. From then on he kept it up. He was nuts on Wisconsin towns with Indian names, and not a day passed—no, not a day passed—that he didn't set out to rasp me with 'em.

"He'd say, 'Try Waukesha, Willy; it's full of spring water, and what you need in your system is a little spring. Besides, you ought to patronize the home state before trying others.' Or he'd begin, 'Were you ever in Oshkosh, Willy?'

"Like a boob, I'd say, 'No, I was never in Oshkosh.'

"'Consider Oshkosh carefully, Willy, before you decide on foreign parts. It is favorably known in the Lake Winnebago district as the Paris of Northern Wisconsin. There were many early French residents, so maybe they have a Latin Quarter. Why don't you go and find out?'"

"I admit it must have been tough, Bill."

"It was so tough I pretty nearly croaked before I got my hands on my own money last year and beat it. And I'm never going back, Walt. Let him totter into his grave if he wants to, the old hyena!"

"It's My Grandfather, Walt. It's the Old Hyena"

Bill wouldn't be cheered up. He kept right on brooding. "Bill," I said when we reached St.-Germain, "you're holding back something you haven't told me. Now, Bill, we're both friends together in a foreign land and you can count on me to stick by you."

"Do you mean that, Walt?"

"I sure do, Bill."

Bill stopped in the middle of the boulevard and pretty near got run over by a couple of taxis. I had to push him out of the traffic.

"Walt," he said, and his voice was full of emotion, "I want to know just what you think of me."

I said, "Bill, I agree with Lola Colonna and every other fair-minded paleo-meditationist; I think you're the greatest writer in the Quarter, and when you write your novel I know you're going to be recognized as the leading novelist of the world."

He shook my hand about fifty times. "Walt, I've always known you were my friend, and I want to state—and I'm willing to say it before witnesses—that I consider you the greatest painter of the day, and when you paint your picture everybody will know what I know already."

We shook hands again and I guess we both felt pretty enthused, because we crossed back to the Café des Deux Magots and began talking about art. I told Bill that in my opinion Rodin was nothing but a faker and all he produced was a bunch of tripe, and Bill said he felt the same way about Shakspere, and that the only writer who ever did anything was Le Roudic de Keriado, and I said the same. And Bill said it was pretty near miraculous the way Le Roudic had had the patience to sit on a rock up in Brittany for twenty years and not write a single line, just because he felt he hadn't meditated long enough. And I said, "Bill, you're right."

And I think we talked a little about the coming paleo-meditationist banquet and what a wonderful experience it would be to see Le Roudic ourselves, and hear the original paleo-meditationist bust his silence of twenty years and say what he thought about art. Then we had a couple of more coffees and Bill said in his opinion art was the expression of self, but it was the expression of self in terms of environment; and I said it was the expression of environment in terms of self. We must have argued about that for quite a while, because pretty soon we had a couple more coffees. That was when I come near queering everything by knocking a glass of water off the table.

Bill got pale and said, "For Pete's sake!"

"What's the matter, Bill?" I said. "Did it cut you?"

"No, Walt; but when broken glass falls right at you it means bad luck, and the worst kind."

At first he wasn't going back to his room at all. He said he knew misfortune was waiting for him there. I told him not to pay any attention to an idle superstition, but he said that was a superstition founded on fact. So I managed to change the subject a little by saying that marriage was just a superstition as far as artists were concerned, because no woman really appreciated true art. That seemed to get Bill's mind off the broken glass. So we talked a while about girls and art, and I said I thought Lola Colonna appreciated true art, and Bill said he couldn't help being suspicious of any girl who called herself a paleo-meditationist and had only meditated three months.

"I've been meditating a little over a year now," Bill said, "and I haven't written even the first line of my novel, and I'm proud of it." And I said I felt the same way about my picture. "Walt," Bill said, after ordering a couple more coffees, "I'm going to tell you frankly just what's worrying me. It's the Spinners."

"What are the Spinners, Bill?"

"They're the darned bourgeois family that used to live next door in Milwaukee. I know for a fact that this minute two of them are here in Paris. They landed yesterday."

"What have the Spinners got to do with you, Bill?"

"They want to marry me, Walt, and my grandfather, the old hyena, he wants them to."

"Not all of them, Bill?"

"No, just Betty. But that's enough. She's a little bourgeoise girl, Walt, and my grandfather is moving heaven and earth to get her to marry me and wreck my career. I wouldn't be surprised if Betty or her father or both of them were sitting up there in my room now, waiting for me, like a pair of vultures. That's what upset me."

"You don't have to marry her, Bill."

"Maybe not, Walt—maybe not. But my grandfather, tottering around back there in Milwaukee—he wouldn't leave his floor-polish business if you paid him—he's probably tipped them off on just how to act. Believe me, Walt, they're prepared to take desperate measures."

I stood up. I wanted to make what I was going to say impressive. "Bill," I said, "you can count on me. You got your art and you can bank on me to the limit to help you lead your own life and have your artistic career and be true to your art. Bill, I want you to know you've got one friend ready to stand by you to the last."

Then we shook hands and there were tears in Bill's eyes and tears in my eyes too.

Well, we left the café and crossed the boulevard and walked up the Rue Monsieur le-Prince, talking about art and life till we came to the house where Bill has his room. At the last Bill sort of hung back, but I told him he ought to have it over with Mr. Spinner and Betty Spinner as soon as possible. So we walked up two flights of stairs to the door of Bill's room.

"I'm afraid to open it, Walt," he whispered.

"Bill," I said to him, "remember you always got your art."

And when I said that Bill shut his eyes and took a long breath, and then stepping forward banged the door open.

A man was walking up and down inside, but on account of his having rubber heels I hadn't heard him. He looked to be about fifty years old and was pretty tall. There was only a little gray in his hair; his face was smooth, and he was wearing a two-button coat.

Old Man Spinner Was Pretty Dignified and Had White Hair; Betty Was What You Might Expect of That Kind of a Girl of Eighteen, Except Maybe More So

As the door opened he turned around and, with a pleasant smile, said, "Well, well, Willy, here's grandpa come all the way from Milwaukee to see you."

II

IT WAS certainly a surprise to me. I hadn't supposed grandfather looked like that. But what especially got me was his not tottering. He didn't look as if he'd ever tottered to speak of.

"Well, well, Willy," he said, "so this is your Paris home. And perhaps this is Walter, the young paleo-meditationist artist you used to write me about. How do you do, Walter? Lately I haven't had much news about you from Willy, because he seems to have forgotten to write me any letters."

He smiled again. As far as I could see, it was just an ordinary smile and I couldn't figure out why Bill felt the way he did about the old man.

"Yes, Willy, you've rather neglected me lately. I didn't even know your present address, and I was lucky to find a friend of yours named Sears who gave it to me."

Then Bill spoke for the first time: "Oh, he gave you my address, did he?"

"He was kind enough to do so, Willy. And how is your life work getting along now that you are in Paris?"

"It's getting along all right," Bill said in a pretty short way, "and all I ask is to be let alone—just let alone."

It didn't seem to me hardly the way to treat a grandfather, but seeing it was Bill's personal grandfather, naturally I didn't say anything.

"Sit down, Willy," the old man said in a mild voice. "Let us all sit down and have a nice friendly chat." And he sat down and I did, too, but Bill didn't. "I have left my business in Milwaukee and crossed the ocean just for the pleasure of this little conversation. For a long time I have felt that we ought to understand each other a little better, Willy."

Bill just hung by the table without moving. "If you've come here because you think you're going to knock my ambition and make me change my career, you're all wet."

"That is not the spirit in which to talk to grandpa, Willy. I repeat, I have come in all kindness to try to establish better relations between us."

Bill walked over to the window and then back to the table and fingered the paper weight. "You're not out after any better relations," Bill said. "You know I'm expressing myself and doing something I take pleasure in doing, and you want to make me quit and do something else. That's what you want and that's all you want and it's all you've ever wanted."

"You judge me too harshly, Willy. I don't understand how anyone in your beautiful city of Paris could have such a jaundiced outlook. Because it is a beautiful city, Willy, and I especially admire the Latin Quarter. I suppose you know all its ins and outs."

Right then I began to see what Bill's grandfather was really like. Of course he didn't care two cents about the Quarter; what he wanted to do was to start Bill talking, and he did. After going on about five minutes about what a fine place the Quarter was, Bill left an opening and his grandfather jumped in.

"I had no idea you knew so many interesting things about your city, Willy. It would be a genuine treat if some day when you have a little leisure you would show me the Latin Quarter personally. And I don't suppose you'd object if I brought some friends with me. Did you know that Mr. Spinner and his daughter are now here in Paris?"

Well, then, when Bill saw what he'd done, he looked about as cheerful as a flat pancake. "Oh, are they?" he said.

"Yes, Willy, they are. It's their first stop on a tour of Europe. Miss Spinner is anxious to see you."

"Little Betty Spinner?"

"Little Betty has become a young lady—a charming girl, Willy; and by a singular coincidence she and her father are at the Hotel des Rois with me."

Bill said "Yeah?" That was all—just "Yeah?" But it was the way he said it. You could see it made his grandfather restless, because the old man changed the position of his feet. Well, it would have made anybody restless the way Bill said it.

"You mean you'd like me to get acquainted with Betty again?"

"It would be a privilege for any young man, Willy, to meet such a remarkable girl, but ——"

"Well, it wouldn't be any privilege for me"—Bill's face turned first red and then white—"no privilege at all. And you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. And if you think I'm going to marry that bourgeoise girl and ruin my career, you've got another think coming."

Up to this time his grandfather had stayed pretty calm, but you could see the way Bill talked was making him uneasy.

"In these modern times, Willy, there is surely no question of marriage because a young man escorts a pretty girl for an afternoon or two. Besides, I have no information that Betty wants to marry you. If she knew you as I do she certainly wouldn't."

This was a pretty hot shot at Bill, and all he came back with was: "Oh, is that so?"

"I fear so, Willy. I'm afraid the expedience would be all on your side. But I'm not asking you to marry Betty Spinner, though in my opinion a writer like yourself might find many advantages in married life. When the day's work was over you could come home and find your inspiration waiting for you by your own fireside. Hand in hand, you could sit in the gloaming together and meditate—I believe that's what you do, isn't it, Willy?—and meditate and meditate."

"What do you mean—when the day's work was over?" Bill said, acting as though he'd been insulted.

"I take it for granted that as a married man you would have a job, Willy. Moreover, nothing inspires one to more fruitful meditation than a day's work well done. I might myself give you an opening ——"

"Oh, that's the idea?" Bill said in the nastiest voice he'd used yet. "That's the idea, is it? I'm to marry this little bourgeoise girl and go back to America and get a job making floor polish. That's what you're driving at, is it? Well, just understand once for all you're on the wrong track. I'm not going to take a job and I'm not going to marry that little bourgeoise girl or anybody like her. I'm here in Paris living for my art, and I'm doing it on my own money and I'd like to see you stop me."

Bill's grandfather got up from the chair and put his hands in his pockets and then took them out again, pretty nervous. "I will be calm, Willy," he said—"I will be calm. This is a friendly conversation and I shall risk nothing to make it otherwise. According to your letters, you've spent almost a year meditating. When are you going to stop meditating, Willy, and fill up your fountain pen and begin?" And Bill's grandfather laughed.

I never before heard anything just like that laugh. It made me understand why Bill had talked the way he had. That laugh seemed to get right down into the marrow of your bones and turn around like a corkscrew. It was a laugh with hooks on it.

"Go on and be calm," Bill said. "Disguise yourself that way and nobody'll know you."

The old man picked up his hat and threw it down on the floor; he acted as if he wanted to make you think he was

(Continued on Page 106)

"If You Think, Bill, I Could Help Keep You True to the Paleo-meditationist Ideals, I Want to Do It"

To Make Prosperity Permanent

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS unreasonable to suppose that prosperity is going to last forever," said one of our elder statesmen the other day. This was to him a fact, clinching and unanswerable. From it he drew a national financial policy of making hay while the sun shines. Everyone asks, "How long will business keep up?" No one answers, "Always."

The settled conviction is that prosperity is ephemeral—a gracious visitor over whose comings and goings we have no control; although a cult has risen which will tell paid subscribers about when the kindly goddess is due to leave. Her arrivals are still more of a mystery. For about three years now this good being has dwelt among us. She came without warning and to the surprise of many who say they know her schedules. For a year it was denied that she was here, and when her presence had to be admitted some of our wary watchers said she had dropped in only for a moment and was on the point of leaving. In other words, this nation of ours was, according to the weight of economic opinion, all set to enjoy a long period of business illness. Instead of staying ill, business began to get better, but without giving any of the signs which in former years had preceded a return to health. That prosperity was here or even coming was denied until it could no longer be denied. Then many of our experts began reluctantly to admit that, although we had prosperity, it was not the real thing, but a temporary flurry due to the war, or a building boom, or an automobile boom, and with the passing of the boom would pass prosperity.

Discarded Theories of the Past

DURING every month of the past three years someone has pointed out a significant development or ratio which definitely marked the coming of the end of prosperity. And still we have gone on marking up all kinds of new high records, but marking them differently from before. And still we go on thinking in the terms of the old records. We go on thinking that what we have is only transient and that we must return to where we were, although we have never returned to anywhere. Not even our most distinguished Pollyannas will venture to doubt the records and the theories from which expert opinion claims to derive its inspiration. We regularly take forecasts of evil as more likely to be true than forecasts of good. By some strange twist of our minds we regard the evil forecasts as more scientific. We know, but ignore, that whereas almost anyone can figure out why a thing cannot be done, only a few alert minds can figure out how a thing can be done—and even then not conclusively. Also we give great weight to academic opinion without inquiring into the practical basis of the opinion, whether it be based on knowledge plus intelligence and experience or just on knowledge, or that it may even be based on nothing more tangible than a desire to get publicity through saying something unusual. But while many men accept all advice without question, a few are noting that although there are a great number of authorities on business ranging all the way from heavily documented economists to mere tipsters, the leading authorities are far from being in agreement. They more or less agree that prosperity is impermanent, but they reach that conclusion by very different routes—and not all of them can be right.

Those who stand on the side lines watching the game have noticed that some of the absolutely authoritative theories of yesterday are no longer being used. No one bothers about Malthus, who a century ago worked out that populations increased faster than their means of sustenance and therefore it was only a matter of time before we all starved to death or killed one another off to below the saturation point. The Iron Law of Wages, which enthralled the Cobden school of political economy in England and is behind the limitation-of-production ideas of the British trades unions, is no longer accepted here, although it had a vast influence on British policy. John Stuart Mill once questioned whether machinery had lightened the labor of anyone. Karl Marx reasoned that the machine would steadily grind down the worker.

No one here holds to any of these theories today. They have been killed by the progress of events, not by argument. They are as dead as the theory that the earth is flat. The feeling is growing that the progress of recent events will choke off a lot of prevailing economic theories and send them to join their fathers. There is a growing but as yet inarticulate faith that what are vaguely called economic conditions—that is, the state of our well-being—are not ruled by fatalism and that our destinies are not preordained, but largely of our own making, if we have the will to make.

If this be so, then our mental state is very intimately bound up with our physical prosperity. And thus many kind words may be said for the optimists and none at all for the pessimists. It may not help each day to chant that we are getting better and better, but it does hurt each day to drone that we are getting worse and worse.

Is there any scientific basis for holding that prosperity is unreasonable and therefore cannot be made a permanent condition? What is prosperity? It is not a collection of figures, nor again is it a state of affairs in which anyone without ability and without effort can live in a state of effete elegance. It does not get us anywhere to dismiss life and death and work, and soar off playing harps. Also it does not help to debate the relative merits of material and spiritual prosperity. The two may or may not be in opposition, although it is hard to explain why a well-fed man should be wickeder than a hungry one.

For working purposes and without going into minute refinements, material prosperity may be defined as a condition in which everyone, by adequate exertion, may obtain a progressively better sustenance, with a further reward for further effort in proportion roughly to the efficacy rather than the force of that effort, and with the further provision that those members of society incapable of adequate effort will at least be sustained.

A Voluntary Condition of the Fit

THAT is exactly the condition which obtains today. We are prosperous. We have not equal rewards for equal efforts. That may not be in the nature of things, or again it may be that no efforts are equal. We have no provision for rewarding hard work simply because it is hard, for it is only sweat plus intelligence that counts. We have no provision against anyone making too much, because we do not know how much is too much. We have a great many rich people in this country today, but none of them seems to be doing any harm, while a great many of them seem to be doing a deal of good. Poverty is now almost a voluntary condition for the physically and mentally fit and we are making progress toward the care of those who are unfit.

This picture is not perfect. Probably more remains to be done than has been done, but at least we have a condition which is better on the average than anything the world has ever known. Anyone can point out where it might be bettered, and also a rosier and more self-satisfied picture might be drawn. There is no need to overstate or to understate. That is not the point. The point is to discover what is unreasonable about whatever degree of prosperity we have. For if it be unreasonable, it must change for the worse and not for the better. Does the fault lie with our condition or with our reasoning?

What is reasonable or unreasonable depends not so much on the facts as upon the background of our thought. We regard it as unreasonable to think of prosperity as a continuous state simply because we have never known

any prosperity long to continue. We change our thinking rather slowly—usually after the fact. We no longer regard it as out of reason for nearly everyone to own an automobile or for day laborers to go to their jobs in them, although to Europeans this is most unreasonable. I heard the head of a British industrial commission say with finality that the automobile would never reach their wage earners because in the crowded living quarters there was no space for garages. Our city people first buy their cars and then find places to put them. Which is an utterly unreasonable procedure—that works.

It does not seem out of the way to us for the whole country to be rebuilding at the behest of the automobile, the fast elevator and the motion picture. For that is what is happening. The airplane is no longer surprising. A traveler takes for granted that the hotel will assign him a room with a bath and makes a fuss if he does not get one. Scarcely a cottage is built today without a bathroom, while central heating is nearly in the same class. Refrigeration of some sort is a matter of course, while the telephone is as necessary as a window. The phonograph and the radio are almost primary household equipment. Go through the list of your necessities and you will find that you could not think of doing without a perfectly immense number of things which your father regarded as luxuries and your grandfather never heard of.

No one today could construct an economic man. Every attempt to estimate what or how much an American citizen consumes has turned out to be just funny. Fads and fancies come and go, but each year a certain number of them stick as necessities—for instance, the safety razor and the whole gear of shaving. Soap once upon a time was soap. Now there is a range of soaps at every price. Commodities are leaving the retail market and their place has been taken by specialties of all sorts.

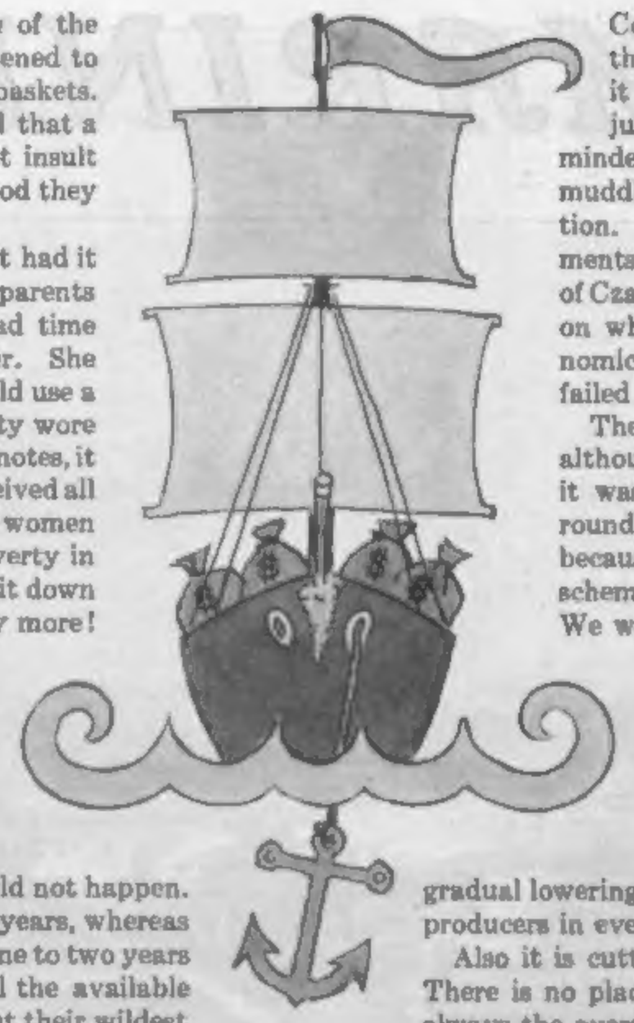
The World on a Spree

THIS is not just because we are crazy or will not be curbed in our desire to pay more and get less. It is because commodities, although seemingly cheap, are actually expensive, for they require a further processing at home, and this processing can be better and more cheaply done at a central point. This is in addition to the saving of being able to buy an exact amount of a guaranteed quality in a convenient form. The whole movement makes for economy. It makes another fundamental point of departure from the older systems of doing business and another reason why judgments founded on the older methods do not apply to present conditions. But we do not regard these new methods as unusual, because they have crept in quietly.

Another of our difficulties in comprehending what is going on is that it is nearly impossible for us to think of a world without poverty. Poverty is in our heritage of thought. And since poverty in this country no longer means absolute destitution—for few need lack food and shelter—we have simply moved our conception of poverty some notches above the sustenance line. Those whom we call poor today would not have been called poor twenty-five years ago.

Last Christmas, in a certain town, several ladies could not resist the urge to do something charitable. They started to make up turkey baskets. Other groups followed suit and all had a good time thinking what a fine Christmas the poor were going to have. But with the distribution came the rub. Some of the poor were quite coarse and threatened to crown the nice ladies with the nice baskets. Others who were more refined said that a few extra silk stockings would not insult them, but they really had all the food they could use.

The parties would have gone flat had it not been for a young girl whose parents had just died and who had not had time to take one of the jobs offered her. She admitted she had nothing and could use a turkey. When the bloom of charity wore off and the ladies began to compare notes, it was found that she had amiably received all the turkeys. But not one of those women even sensed that there was no poverty in that town to alleviate. They put it down to the poor not being thankful any more!



We refuse to change our way of thinking, even though the facts every day contradict us. Quite a number of most unreasonable things have happened since the war. They are unreasonable because they all happened in the face of economic opinion that they could not happen. The war itself was fought for four years, whereas the leading economists gave from one to two years as its absolute limit—for then all the available wealth would have been used. But their wildest calculations as to total cost did not cover the actual cost for the first six months.

The war went on using chips instead of money. We were to emerge from the war into an impoverished world and we should have to struggle to repair the wastes of war. It turned out that the wastes of war were very different from what they were supposed to be. The chief expenses were for food, clothing and pocket money for the soldiers, and these differed from peacetime expenditures principally in the way they were paid.

The only considerable destruction of capital wealth as expressed in means of production was in Northern France and Belgium. The great waste was in turning so much of the world's productive resource to the making of things that would go up in smoke, but this waste took place when these things were made and not when they were exploded.

Quite contrary to prediction, the world did not go into sackcloth and ashes with the close of the war. Instead, it went on a spree and refused to work—which gave the socialistic theorists their inning. They captured European governments with exceedingly well-phrased programs which were going to free the world from work. Into these programs went all the best socialistic thought of our times. They talked Europe into poverty because they could find no rhetorical substitute for production.

In Russia another rational economic theory had its full day. Communism has there demonstrated that while it can make the rich poorer, it cannot make the poor richer. It just exchanged one set of muddle-minded autocrats for another equally muddle-minded set, but of different derivation. It is now measuring its achievements by the pathetically low standards of Czarist Russia. Every program founded on what was said to be advanced economic reasoning, when put to the test, failed most unreasonably.

The new world did not come to Europe, although many sincere socialists thought it was on the way. Our country was roundly abused for intellectual density because it refused to go into many of the schemes. And the new world came to us. We were scheduled for something quite different. But nothing had happened according to schedule. Ever since the close of the war it has been stated as a fact that if ever our plants ran full time the country would be glutted with goods. But that has not come to pass. The gradual lowering of prices is cutting out the marginal producers in every line.

Also it is cutting out those who make poor stuff. There is no place for the poor producers—who are always the overproducers.

Europe was likewise supposed to be equipped to produce enough goods to swamp our markets, and we should have to take them or else go without our interest payments. Europe has shown no ability to produce largely, and certainly, at normal exchanges, no ability to make more cheaply than our people can make.

A New Normal Every Year

OUR great stock of gold was going to plunge us into an era of high prices and inflation. It has done neither. We are financing Europe and indeed the world. The New York Stock Exchange is doubling its facilities to make room for trading in a larger list both of domestic and foreign issues. Our salvation was supposed to lie in getting back to normal; we have done nothing of the kind. We are making a new normal every year. We have been going ahead in the teeth of what, in the old way of thinking, are compelling reasons for recession, and also we are doing some most contradictory things. The roster is amazing. The cost of living is the lowest in ten years, but the volume of business is higher than ever it has been. It used to be axiomatic that low farm prices spell depression for the whole country, but our greatest strides forward have come since 1921, and during all this time farm prices have been unsatisfactory—although the figures on farm incomes are probably wrong.

It was positively held that wages would have to be liquidated from their post-war peak. They are actually higher today in money than ever they were, and very much higher in purchasing power, but they cost less per unit of production. It has been held

(Continued on Page 118)

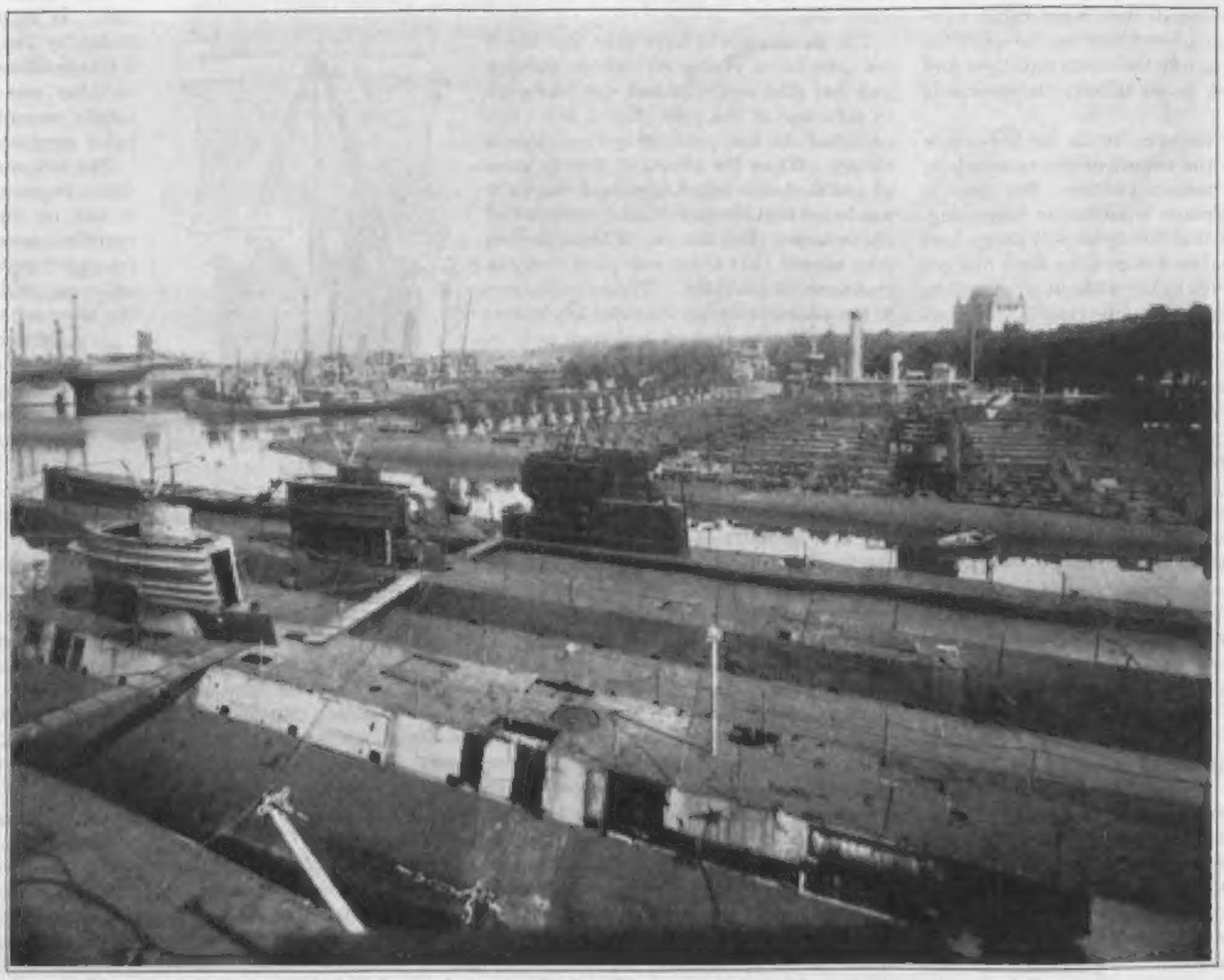
That Prosperity Was Here or Even Coming Was Denied Until It Could No Longer be Denied

SUBMARINES

By T. P. MAGRUDER
Rear Admiral U. S. N.

IN MODERN war there lurks, wherever ships may travel, a strong and invisible enemy. It is the submarine. In modern diplomacy there waits, wherever conferences may lead, the same potential force—still strong, still largely invisible. The talk may be of battleships and cruisers, of aircraft or of gun elevations, or of armed and distant bases, but deep beneath the surface of it all runs the question: What of the submarine?

Twice within the past five years has this wartime menace of the seas shown its power at peacetime conferences ashore. At the Limitation of Armaments Conference in Washington, in 1922, it figured in the results to a far greater degree than was suspected. At the 1927 Conference in Geneva it was the force, subtly mysterious and seldom discussed, that prompted the urge for more cruisers. Thus, in the sessions at Washington, Great Britain was strongly in favor of abolishing the submarine as a weapon to be used in war. This attitude was dictated by the fact that England's trade routes are extensive and diverge to all points of the compass, and that the more important of them pass close to those Continental nations which have great interests in the Mediterranean. France, on the other hand, resolutely opposed any prohibition against the submarine and was successful in preventing its abolition.



Submarines Out of Commission at the Philadelphia Navy Yard

A Good Defense Backs the Best Offense

IN THE end the British succeeded in having adopted a provision in a treaty to the effect that submarines should not be used as commerce destroyers after ratification of the treaty by the five contracting powers. This treaty was ratified by all the nations at the conference except France.

Immediately after the conference France undertook a submarine building program that increased gradually from 1922, when she had only 1000 tons under construction, until January 1, 1927, when she had 25,000 tons building. Italy began construction of submarines in 1925. On the first of January, 1926, Italy was building 5000 tons of submarines, and on the first of last January 12,000 tons. Since cruisers are admirably designed to protect merchant convoys and to combat the submarine, one may now better understand the English desire—expressed at the recent Geneva Conference—for a large number of small cruisers rather than a smaller number of large cruisers. Thus, it was the invisible power of the submarine that in part caused the failure of the 1927 Conference on Naval Armament, and this failure in turn was a reaction from the 1922 Conference at Washington.

In any discussion of the elements of sea power it is requisite to have a clear idea of the naval terms "strategy" and "tactics." Strategy is that part of the art of warfare that determines, after a well-reasoned consideration of all the elements involved, the time when and the place where an offensive campaign shall begin. Decision is based upon a reasoned estimate of the forces involved and their distribution, and the probable course of action by the enemy. Tactics is the art that determines the method of employment of the armed forces available. It was a strategical conception that impelled France to retain the submarine in 1922, and Great Britain to demand the large number of cruisers in 1927.

It is essential for the economic life of Great Britain always to have the trade routes that supply the country with petroleum, food, cotton and similar necessities kept open and immune from attack by an enemy armed with submarines as well as with other craft. This point was accentuated at the Geneva Conference and stress was laid upon the fact that the many cruisers demanded by Great Britain were for defensive purposes. Literally, that is true. As a matter of fact, however, all actions taken by nations in order to win a war are offensive in character. Defending trade routes, for example, is an essential step in getting ready to launch an offensive.

In a general sense everyone is familiar with the submarine. Its war record won it universal recognition and notoriety. Yet certain of its developments, such, for example, as carrying aircraft, shelling armies on the march, participating in the service of supplies, and the like, are less commonly known. With both its record and its possibilities, this article will deal.

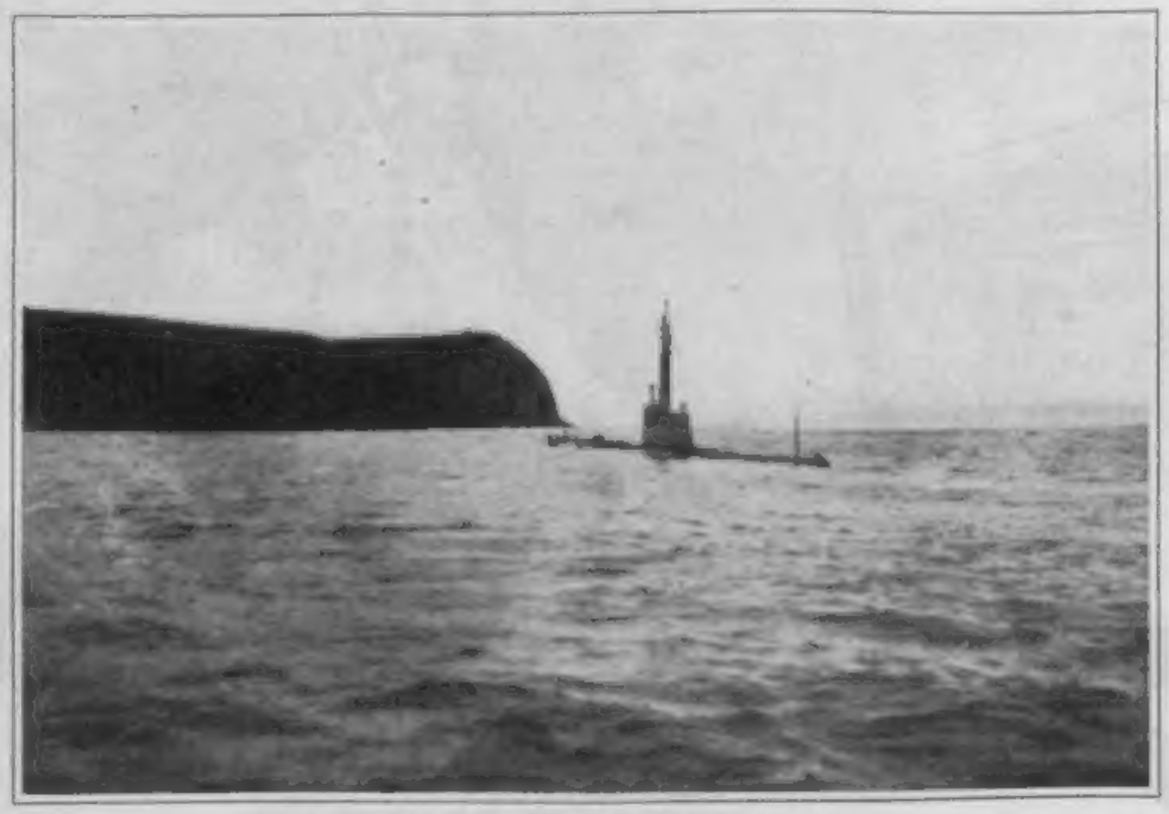
The Types

THE modern submarine is neither more nor less than a diving torpedo boat. Its principal function is to carry the automobile torpedo within striking distance of an enemy. Its value lies in its invisibility, its power to deliver an unseen attack, and the destructiveness of the torpedo. Its weakness is its vulnerability when on the surface and its inability to remain under the surface for long periods of time. Submarines of the present day may be divided into two types. The large cruiser type that can accompany the fleet is usually called a fleet submarine. This type may be employed, as are cruisers, for scouting, operating against the enemy's trade routes, laying mines before enemy ports and harassing an enemy fleet with mines and torpedoes. Undoubtedly vessels of this type will soon be as large as 3000 tons. There is no great technical difficulty in designing submarines that could at the same time carry mines, mount guns of six-inch caliber and even several aircraft. The United States now has a submarine capable of carrying one small plane.

The second type of submarine, known generally as the first-line type, is smaller, averaging about 800 tons. Boats of this type are designed to operate near the coast line of their own countries or from bases, to prevent blockades, minor attacks, and for other purposes within the limitations of their size and speed. According to the latest information obtainable, the United States has, built and building, nine fleet submarines and fifty of the smaller or first-line type; Great Britain thirteen of the fleet type and thirty-two of the first line; Japan twenty-three of the fleet type and forty-five of the first line; France three of the fleet type and forty-two of the first line; Italy four of the fleet type and eighteen of the first line. In addition all nations have numbers of small submarines of obsolescent types.

The ratios of the submarines of each type among the five great maritime nations are presented and compared with capital-ship ratios in the table shown on page 153.

Submarines of both these types vary in gun power and in speed. In the comparison of the submarine power of nations, tonnage is not the only factor. A nation with bases along the trade routes of the world may employ the



Submerging for a Practice Dive

smaller type of submarine as effectively as the larger. A nation, however, that has no bases must rely upon the larger type with a large radius of action.

Let us consider first the fleet submarine—the advanced type known in the United States as the V-1. It has a tonnage of approximately 2000 and costs about $7,000,000 to build. Its motive power consists of four internal-combustion engines of the Diesel type. Two of these are about 2000 horse-power two-cycle engines. The others are 1000 horse-power four-cycle engines. When the vessel is submerged, electric motors which derive current from storage batteries take up the task of propelling it, for no internal-combustion engine can operate under such conditions. The hulls of the vessel are made strong enough to withstand the pressure at a maximum depth of about 200 feet. Within that depth it is possible for them to lie on the bottom indefinitely. At slow speeds the V-1 can remain submerged for only about forty-eight hours. Then it is necessary to come to the surface and recharge the storage batteries. The length of the V-1 is 300 feet, the beam twenty-seven feet and the draft fifteen feet. It boasts a very large cruising radius at twelve knots, or nautical miles an hour, and carries six torpedo tubes—four in the bow and two in the stern—as well as one five-inch gun and two machine guns. On the surface its maximum speed is about twenty knots; submerged it is ten knots. A vessel of this size and type can accompany the battle fleet on the high seas under all conditions of weather.

The Latest Type British Submarine

Life Beneath the Waves

THE habitability of the type when submerged is such that the crew can remain down four days or more without being seriously affected. Within the boat the air is purified by being passed by blowers through saline containers, which dispose of the poisonous carbon dioxide. In addition, there are bottles of oxygen which may be used when it is found necessary to keep the required amount of oxygen in the air. At great depths the pressure is kept normal. Should there be air leaks, the pressure is reduced by compressing the air and discharging it overboard.

There is, however, one effect always experienced during submergence. It is a feeling of drowsiness, a slowing down of mental and physical activity. A most uncomfortable feature is the high temperature within the boats when in tropical waters. Under such conditions the air is kept in circulation by fans, and the mental reaction to this practice gives fairly satisfactory results. For the further comfort of the personnel, comfortable bunks are provided for the crew and small staterooms for the officers. A cold-storage plant is installed so fresh provisions may be carried on long cruises. Improvements in the mechanical details have kept pace with the advance in living conditions. The Diesel engines are entirely reliable. Wireless communication has progressed to such an extent that a boat is seldom out of touch with its home base or with the fleet. During the World War orders to and reports from the German U-boats at sea were transmitted constantly, promptly and accurately.

A submarine of the V-1 type carries a captain with the rank of commander, an executive officer, two engineer officers and others. Its crew of ninety includes engineers, torpedo men, electricians, and men of other ratings to handle the ship, man the guns and similar details. Officers and men alike must be trained for submarine work. In the United States service this training is given at a large submarine base at New London, Connecticut. The course includes theoretical as well as practical instruction. In former years service on submarines was decidedly uncomfortable, but now the crews have all conveniences and escape the discomforts that at one time made it difficult to secure volunteers for that service. Enlisted men who serve in submarines receive five dollars a month increased pay and, in addition, one dollar for every day or part of a day the vessel is submerged. As a result of all these advantages and of freedom from military and other drills, duty on the submersibles is often sought.

A vessel of such characteristics as the V-1 is designed to accompany the battle fleet at all times and may have various strategic and tactical employment. Scouting, screening the fleet, mine laying, attacking the enemy main fleet during a major engagement and following a defeated enemy or protecting the retreat of its own ships in case of defeat—these are some of the duties it may perform. Another use may be cruiser warfare against enemy merchant shipping. The cruiser submarine is capable of exercising the right of visit and search in the manner laid down by international law as applicable to surface vessels. It should be remembered, however, that unrestricted submarine warfare against merchant vessels was outlawed by the Washington Limitation of Naval Armament Conference.

The Passing of the Blockade

THE smaller submarines which are not capable of extended cruising are, nevertheless, extremely valuable in the defense of harbors and coasts. Operating from shore bases, they can prevent an enemy from seizing a base on their nation's coast or on an outlying island. Failing that, they can make enemy operations from its own base exceedingly difficult and hazardous. The advent of the submarine has furthermore made the close blockade of harbors and coasts a thing of the past. No fleet can remain within a few hundred miles of an enemy harbor without being subjected to submarine attack day and night. In the field of tactics the submarine has forced the surface ship to steam at high speed and on zigzag courses whenever it is in waters where an attack may be expected. For protection against such submarine activities, capital ships must be screened by a large number of destroyers or cruisers. The best defense against submarines is,

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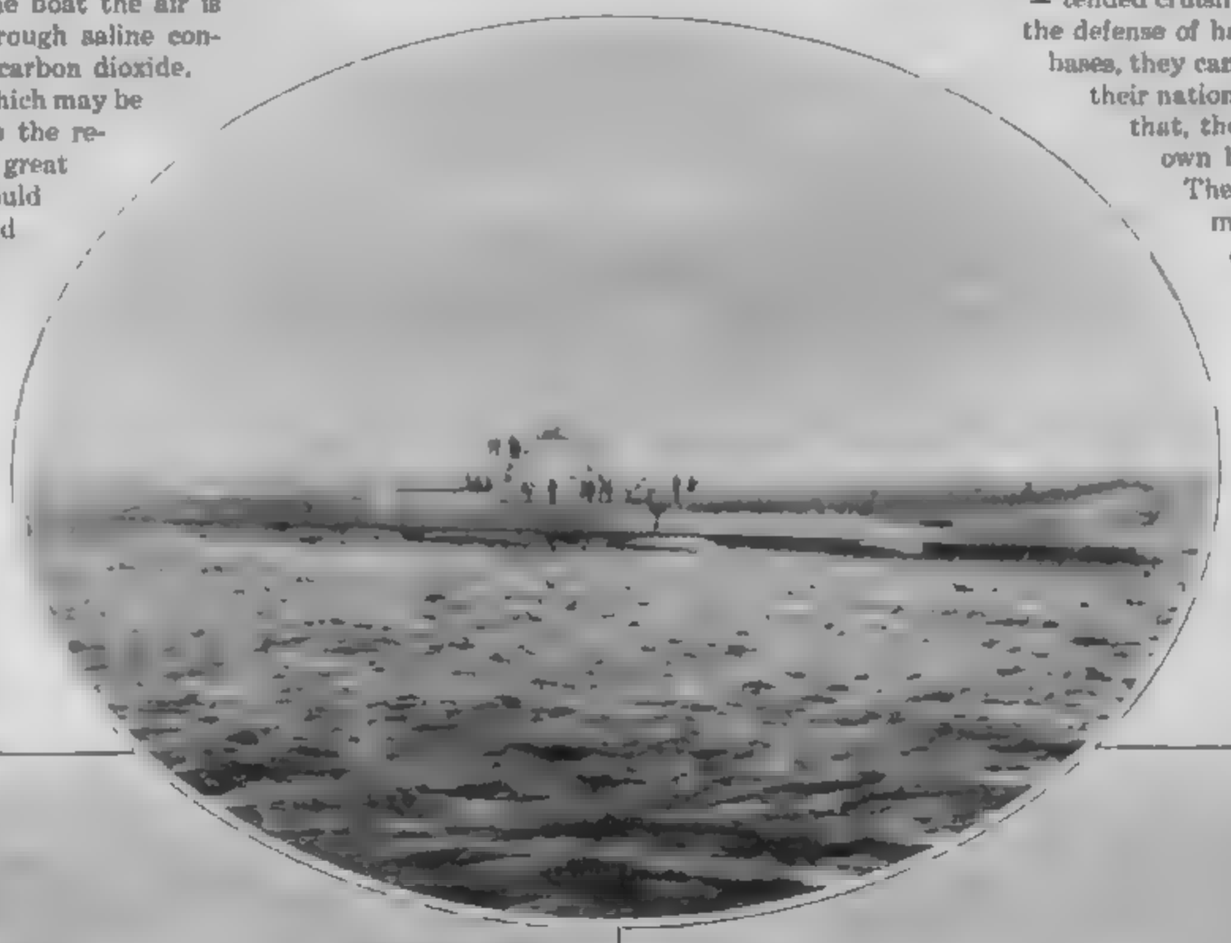

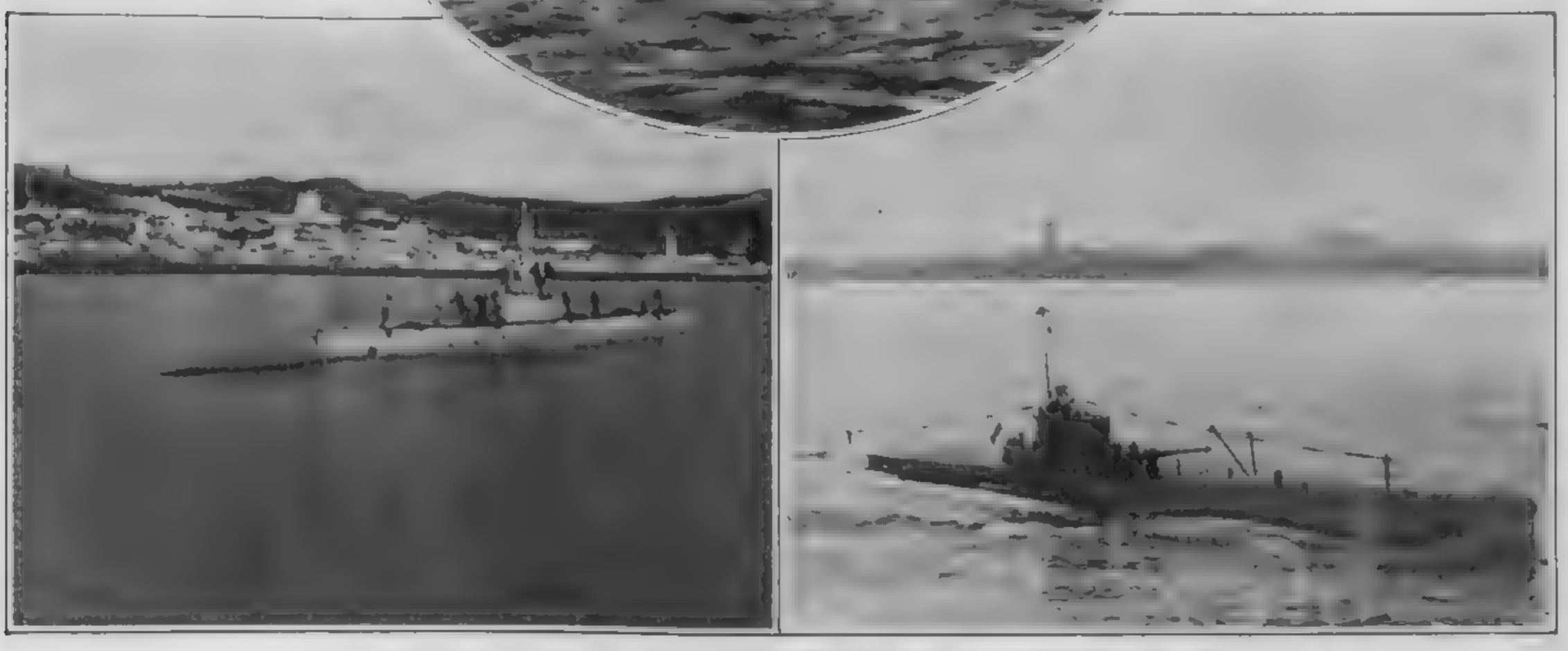

A K Boat at Horta, Azores. In Oval—V-1, the Latest Type United States Submarine. The S-28

THE TRAVEL TEST

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

MR. ALBERT SHAW and the brown lady with the little brown girl had sat opposite each other for some time and adjusted themselves to each other's presence.

Albert Shaw always arrived at French trains in ample time. If he came before the compartment was filled, he had found he was able to arrange his belongings more comfortably. Mr. Shaw liked comfort. He didn't like it to the extravagant extent of taking a *train bleu*, or even a *lit salon;* but if one keeps an eye open at the outset of a journey one can have a good deal of comfort in a *couchette*, granted that one's three neighbors are supportable.

The brown lady, without the little girl, would have ranked very high as a neighbor—perhaps eight in a scale of ten. True, she was French, and the French are high-strung travelers; but she was apparently undertaking this journey, which would last perhaps eighteen hours, with more calm than one had any right to expect of a Frenchwoman. Moreover, she was clean, she would not talk, one could probably come to some adjustment with her on the subject of ventilation. With a child sharing her narrow bed, her rating of course fell lamentably. Children can do ghoulish things on a train at night. They can ask for drinks of water at lost hours; they can throw up, with horrid cries. Albert Shaw had heard of their throwing up in their sleep, which would be even more unpleasant.

Together, the brown lady and the little girl might merit perhaps four. Albert Shaw put it so high because of his appreciation of the brown lady's character as written in her face—her long, judicious upper lip, her cold eye. The brown lady, he felt blessedly sure, would tolerate no nonsense. Certainly no child of hers would throw up from sheer animal spirits.

Miss Mint Played Chess Just as Albert Shaw Would Have Chosen That She Should Play It—Well Enough to Keep Him Alert and Not So Professionally as to Make Him Feel Stupid

Albert Shaw, as was his custom to amuse himself when he was traveling, searched about for a name with which to ticket the brown lady and fastened on Madame Fishy LeBrun, which seemed to him to cover her more salient physical characteristics and even indicate her maternity.

Albert particularly hoped the journey before him would be a pleasant one, because he was anxious to arrive in Cannes fresh. Although not in the least a romantic person, he had a romantic project afoot. In Cannes he intended to become engaged to a Miss Polly Boone. This was more romantic—or less so—because he had never met Polly Boone. He had merely heard about her for years, and everything he had heard suited his neat, fastidious mind.

She was three years younger than he. She was not a beauty, but extremely attractive looking; she had a small income of her own on which she lived intelligently and gracefully, and the people he liked best adored her.

Just recently Albert Shaw had realized that if he was to marry at all, he must marry soon. He was thirty-five and his character wasn't so pliable as it had been. He could feel himself crystallizing into a chronic bachelor, and bachelorhood, he had observed, though it was the pleasantest estate in the world up to a certain point, after that became pretty dreary except for the debauched. Mr. Shaw had neither the income nor the temperament to be debauched.

Harry and Joan Pryor's invitation to come to Cannes, where Polly Boone was to spend a month with them, had seemed an indication from destiny.

As he waited for the train to leave the Gare de Lyon, Albert Shaw was not thinking of his lyric project, however. He was wondering impatiently who else would come to complete his little four-bed world for the night. There was drama in the two upper places yet to be filled—inevitably to be filled, since travel to the Riviera was heavy that month. Madame Fishy LeBrun's expression indicated that she too felt it, that she too was dreaming of courteous, self-effacing mutes whose very presence would expand the compartment to quiet spaciousness.

Then invasion descended. There were four in the party—a pale and handsome gentleman, a dark and beautiful lady, a bespectacled child in checked shorts, and a French bulldog. The adults entered with an air of unspeakable strain.

"*Mets toi là,*" they cried to the little boy. "Sit there. Don't budge."

"*Mets toi là,*" they cried to the dog. They gasped while they thrust luggage into racks.

"*C'est à vous, monsieur?*" the gentleman demanded of Albert Shaw about a large suitcase which was occupying a strategic position. "This is yours?"

"What?" Albert Shaw asked, in a half-witted voice he had cultivated for such occasions. It often added to one's comfort to pretend to understand no French, and Albert was ruthless about employing such methods.

The gentleman groaned and didn't endeavor to dispute the position. With the luggage disposed of, he and the lady sank into seats, looked at each other and gasped some more. Albert Shaw was at the nadir of despair.

Of course all four of the newcomers couldn't be going to occupy the two upper berths, but the presence of any fraction of the party sent the average of the compartment waydown among the minuses. Nerves, a child and an animal! What additional disadvantages could they have had?

Nevertheless the lady and gentleman were a decorative pair. In fact about their joint soft beauty there was something almost ridiculous. They reminded Albert Shaw of the ladies and gentlemen on very refined French post cards, the faintly tinted post cards representing *amour* at its most delicate, depicting the scarcely tactile caress of cheek to cheek, the lover poised behind the rustic bench where lolled the ineffably beloved.

Monsieur et Madame Carte Postale, Albert Shaw christened them, though he felt that for them to have produced a leggy boy in checked shorts was distinctly out of character.

The train started. Monsieur Carte Postale had regained his breath.

"I will see the *contrôleur*," he said to Madame Carte Postale, and dashed from the compartment.

Madame Carte Postale leaned her head against the filet P. L. M. and pressed a hand to her brow. One could see that it had all been too much for her.

Madame Fishy LeBrun had been studying the arrivals, too, but she was a woman who could rise above misfortune.

"*Vois qu'il est mignon!*" she remarked to her little girl about the dog. "See how cunning he is!"

The little boy started to take off his coat. "Don't budge," Madame Carte Postale cried at him again.

Albert Shaw closed the book he had opened, with a gesture of resignation. He would have to suspend his mental processes entirely until the Cartes Postales had settled down, as much as they ever would settle down.

Monsieur Carte Postale came back with an expression Hiawatha might have had when he dragged exhausted and unsuccessful back to Minnehaha's lodge. "Nothing," he pronounced.

"Nothing?" It apparently had not occurred to Madame Carte Postale that life could be so cruel. She shut her eyes for a second; then, as though a wicked thought had been born to her, she opened them and turned them just slightly toward Madame Fishy LeBrun.

Monsieur Carte Postale understood. "Madame," he began, lipping the word exquisitely—and his voice was subtly, wheedlingly wicked—"I implore your pardon, but ——"

He too put a hand to his forehead. The sweat of anguish stood on it. Then he went on. Madame could see that they were three—he discounted the dog—and they had been unable to get three berths in one compartment. He had just tried again with the *contrôleur* and failed. The little boy was too large to share a berth and it would be necessary that he sleep apart from them. Madame knew children. Was it thinkable that madame would exchange her *couchette* for the one reserved for the little boy?

"Is it a lower?" Madame Fishy LeBrun asked.

"Oh, certainly one must not ask madame to exchange her lower for an upper."

Madame Carte Postale agreed.

"But yes, it is a lower. It is in every respect the equal of the one madame is occupying."

"Very well," madame consented.

One child out of the way, at least, thought Albert Shaw.

With innumerable "*Je vous en prie, madame's,*" Monsieur Carte Postale collected the Fishy LeBrun luggage.

"Ah, that's *gentille* of you," Madame Carte Postale breathed innumerable times. The laden procession left. "It's very *gentille* of that lady," Madame Carte Postale observed to the little boy.

"It is, indeed, *maman*," the little boy agreed. Then he began exciting his dog to bounds and growls with his caresses. "Oh, how cunning he is, my Loulou!"

"Don't do that," his mother adjured him brokenly.

In the silence which followed Albert Shaw could have read again had his mind been at rest, but the dog troubled him. The dog would sleep on the floor undoubtedly. He seemed an affectionate animal. It was quite possible that, mistaking Albert Shaw for his master, he might bound up in the night and begin turning three times on his stomach or licking his face. Albert Shaw didn't like the idea, and as though in payment, with interest, for his having borrowed trouble, there came the rumble of misfortune from the corridor.

Madame Fishy LeBrun, her little girl and Monsieur Carte Postale, a cloud of anguish almost obscuring his pale and handsome face, were all back. The reservation had been for an upper.

Madame Carte Postale cried, "*Non! Non!*" at the awful information.

"Naturally one couldn't ask madame to accept an upper for her lower."

Madame Carte Postale stole a glance at the calm face with which Madame Fishy LeBrun was superintending the replacement of her luggage. "But no, certainly not," she sighed.

"He will not sleep tonight—that is all."

That was all. The Cartes Postales met the fact with Knud Hamsun faces and Eleanora Duse hands.

"*Oh, tout de même,*" Madame Fishy LeBrun said philosophically. After all, it wasn't her child who wasn't going to sleep.

Then help came—miraculously, unexpectedly. Mr. Albert Shaw, the American, from whom they had expected nothing, not even comprehension, entered the drama. "Perhaps the little boy will take my place."

It was beyond belief. "But, monsieur, the place we have for him is an upper."

What, to Albert Shaw, was mere altitude compared with separation from a little girl and a dog? "That makes no difference."

So extravagant was the sensation that even Madame Fishy LeBrun joined the applause. "But how *gentil* of monsieur!"

Gentil! Gentil! Gentil!

It all had its effect.

Monsieur Carte Postale tried to help Mr. Shaw with his luggage, as he had helped Madame Fishy LeBrun, but Mr. Albert Shaw, by this time intoxicated with his own *gentillesse*, struggled for every piece.

Monsieur Carte Postale would take Mr. Shaw's papers then, and his book. Oh, yes, that!

In the corridor, misgivings beset Albert Shaw. What might wait in that other compartment? What garrulous Italians? What raging bronchitis? What pets?

But Albert Shaw had burned his bridges. He had begun his gesture and he must carry it through, much as he envied the wisdom of the less applauded Madame LeBrun, who looked before she slept.

He peered into his new abode with positive dread, but one glance reassured him as to the desirability of his superb sacrifice. There sat within an elderly couple in black and a lady reading a book through tortoise-shell spectacles—a lady every detail of whose appearance eliminated her from the limbo of the possibly objectionable.

Monsieur Carte Postale pressed Mr. Shaw's hand. He could not express.

It was so rare to find a person so *gentil*, so *sympathique* especially a foreigner. Certainly the little boy would not have closed an eye.

"Oh, don't speak of it," Albert Shaw begged him, looking self-deprecatory. "It's nothing."

"But yes, it is a great deal!"

The elderly French couple, too, had been concerned about the threatened tragedy under the layers of rich fat with which thousands and thousands of superb French meals had overlaid them. "Yes, it was very *gentil* of monsieur," they affirmed.

"And monsieur had a lower."

"Oh, *gentil! Gentil! Gentil!*"

The third occupant of the carriage had removed her tortoise-shell spectacles and she sat watching the little scene with a mouth pursed into the drollest of repressed smiles.

"Was it not *gentil* of monsieur?" The elderly Frenchwoman politely included her in the fête in honor of Mr. Shaw.

"Very *gentil*, indeed," she agreed in French; "and so cagy!" she added in English.

For an instant the remark distinctly displeased Albert Shaw, who had begun to accept his own *gentillesse* as a rather fine thing. He cast the lady an almost indignant glance, but it arrived considerably modified. She looked so charming as she sat observing them. Her wide eyes gazed from under an intelligent brow, her mouth was humorous, her nose all a nose could ask to be. She wore a sage-green suit, with primroses in her buttonhole, and a sage-green hat. Everything about her struck Albert Shaw as being right. She had exquisite hands and delightful long beige-clad feet.

"Wasn't it?" he replied to her remark, also in English.

"That compartment," she commented, "must be a junction of Bedlam and hell. I think this is going to be all right, although"—she glanced at the elderly couple "they have given some signs of premature sleepiness. Before the commotion about the little boy began they had spread newspapers over their heads. It was like riding with victims of the guillotine."

Monsieur Carte Postale left; Albert Shaw began arranging his belongings.

"Is this yours?" he asked the American lady, indicating a suitcase.

"No, it's theirs."

"Do you suppose they'd mind if I moved it? I like to have my things together."

"They'd howl like scalded wildcats. But you might ask them if it wouldn't be more convenient for them at the end."

"Are you sure they don't understand English?" Albert rebuked her slightly.

"Absolutely. I tested them when I first came." Then she dropped into excellent French: "Monsieur thinks it would perhaps be a little more convenient for you, madame, if your portmanteau were at the end, so that it wouldn't become confused with his luggage."

"Just so—just so," the Frenchwoman agreed.

"Thanks," Albert Shaw said, as he sat down.

"You're welcome." The green lady smiled at him, then she opened her spectacles. "Don't be afraid that I'm one of those people who talk," she remarked; and putting them on, she turned the pages of her book to her place.

"I wish you would," Albert Shaw told her.

She looked at him in a way which gave an amusing effect of peering over her spectacles.

"This journey," she reminded him, "is eighteen hours long."

Continuing his game, Albert Shaw found himself rather stumped for a name for her. She seemed almost above the familiarity of a tag. She was like something fragrant and pleasant, and yet not sweet. He had it—she was like mint! Miss Mint he called her.

Of course there might be an error in that. She might be Mrs. Mint. Still, she wore no wedding ring, and she was the sort of woman who would wear her wedding ring.

Miss Mint had named the elderly couple. They were Monsieur and Madame Guillotine.

Shortly the Guillotines spread newspapers over their heavy faces again and Madame Guillotine sat a strange, headless body, fanning itself with a small black satin fan. The initial jangle of the bell for first service in the *wagon-restaurant* galvanized them into life, however. Down were their newspapers in an instant and off they puffed.

Miss Mint looked up from her book. "I did wish they'd both try to get through the door together and be stuck," she said. "Wouldn't it have been fun?" She didn't wait for an answer, but resumed her reading.

It was unnecessary for Albert Shaw to ask whether Miss Mint was going to the second service. Of course she was, and of course she had obtained tickets for it before she got on the train, just as he had.

Miss Mint read until the bell for the second service sounded, then she took a small towel and soap from her suitcase, which was of dark green leather but protected with a canvas case.

Albert Shaw took soap and a towel from his and they approved each other at the expense of French trains.

"Those filthy roller towels!"

"That waxy grit they call soap!"

When Albert Shaw came back to the compartment Miss Mint had opened on her lap a small traveling case filled with enameled bottles.

"What?" Albert Shaw Asked, in a Half-Witted Voice He Had Cultivated for Such Occasions. It Often Added to One's Comfort to Pretend to Understand No French, and Albert Was Ruthless About Employing Such Methods

(Continued on Page 140)

ABRACADABRA

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

WHEN, in the presence of a formidable array of legal talent, John Caldwell signed his name on the dotted line and received a check for one hundred thousand dollars for the sale of the patent rights on his quick-drying varnish, there were two reasons why he did not inform anyone, not even his wife, of this unexpected piece of good fortune: First, because the whole transaction had taken place so quickly that it seemed more like a dream than a reality, and second, because he had a vague feeling that here was a situation which called for rather careful thinking. Going about his business as usual—he had a salaried position as chemist in the Customs Service and did his original work out of hours in a small laboratory of his own—he had no evidence, beyond the gray-bound bank book which he kept in a pigeonhole in his desk, that any change in his condition had occurred. Every now and then he picked up this thin little volume and stared at the single sober statement which read, under the heading of deposits: "December 15; one hundred thousand dollars." That, taken by itself, did not mean much. He could quote a hundred lines of Homer more picturesque and more suggestive. It was a prosaic record of fact which he might have been able to dismiss from his thoughts entirely had it not been for his wife.

In all ordinary matters he had absolute confidence in Claire's judgment and sound sense, but when it came to himself or the three children she was apt to let her emotions get the better of her. Within a week she had been after him to buy a new hat—what in thunder did he want with a new hat? Within a week she repeated to him, for obvious reasons, his daughter Alice's description of the new wardrobe Louise Barnett had brought home from a prep school for the Christmas-vacation festivities. To him it seemed absurd that a fourteen-year-old girl should be supplied with such luxuries, and he said so. Barnett had been his neighbor in Edgemere before he inherited from his wife's father his carpet business and the house on the Heights.

"Sam is spoiling the girl," he declared. "She's using rouge and a lipstick already."

"I don't approve of that," admitted Mrs. Caldwell; "but clothes ——"

"The one thing leads to the other," he broke in. "Her father is making her as vain as a peacock."

"Perhaps there's a happy medium."

"There is for us anyway," he answered. "Alice is dressed neatly and becomingly, and that's all we can afford."

Right here is where that bank book now rose like a specter to haunt him. He used to be able to close all such arguments definitely and conclusively with this honest declaration of the need of economy. His salary had been enough to build and furnish on the installment plan this pretty suburban house at the corner of Larch Road, and he had enough to run it modestly. He enjoyed it as only a man could who had to figure on every cent which went into it, even to the white fence covered in June with climbing roses. Never since they were married had they had a servant in the house. Claire did all the housework, just as he attended to the furnace and the minor repairs. This was one of the things which had made this building a home instead of a house. In the course of the past fifteen years they had worked themselves into every inch of it, until the place had become as closely identified with them as their names. Now the children were blending their budding personalities with the home by taking over a share of the work. Alice not only looked after her room but made the boys' beds, set the table, and washed the dinner dishes. Richard, fourteen, and Jimmy, twelve, beat the rugs, cleaned the windows, and on Saturdays helped with the sweeping. With such assistance Mrs. Caldwell did not find the labor burdensome. As a matter of fact, she appeared fresher and more girlish than most of the wives who devoted their leisure to bridge and cigarettes. It was only where the children were concerned that she did any fussing.

"Bill Canning has stirred up Dick again about going to his school," she remarked one evening after dinner. This was Bill's second year in a big prep school.

"I met the boy on the street yesterday," he answered. "He had a cigarette drooping from his mouth."

"I know, but Dick is of a different sort. His athletics would keep him straight anywhere. Bill says he'd be a star either in track or tennis if he had a chance to train."

"He goes to the community house every day."

"That old building is a disgrace to the town. They do their best with the little money they have. But really, John, as the boys grow up they need something more."

"Dick is decent and in good health—that's a lot to be thankful for."

"He Was Almost as Wise as You. I Shall Always Believe You Knew Who He Is"

"So it is," she agreed, "but if we could manage to give him a few years of prep school ——"

Once again the gray bank book appeared before him like a specter. For a moment, looking into his wife's anxious face, he was tempted to blurt out his secret, but he foresaw the consequences—the inevitable consequences. She meant well, this wife of his, but she, too, took a natural pride in seeing her children have everything other children had.

Yet, given her way in this, what would result? Alice would leave for boarding school with the possibility of coming back just such another conceited, vainglorious little cad as Louise Barnett. Dick would go to Bill's school, and though he might get more out of this than young Canning, there was a real danger involved. In time even little Jimmy would follow. Good Lord, before he knew it not a child would be left. Nor would this be the end of the matter. The next step would be toward the Heights and he would be dispossessed of even his home.

In looking at the problem in this light Caldwell was not altogether selfish. He would have sacrificed his house and everything else he had in the world as readily as Claire had he seen any advantage to the children coming of it. But honestly he did not, and that was because he appreciated Claire better than she appreciated herself. Athletic fields and competitive sports had a value, but they were no substitute for her fine influence. There was not a prep school in the country which could give the youngsters any adequate substitute for such a mother.

And so this argument, like those which preceded it, ended where it began. Caldwell gripped his jaws and shook his head when she put down a lapful of stockings and twined her soft arms around his neck.

"Nothing doing," he said. "Let's read a little Plato."

II

ONE evening in early March the Rev. Horace Stanley swung open the gate in the white picket fence before the Caldwell house and went slowly up the shoveled path to the porch. He paused at the door before lifting the brass knocker because, as a matter of fact, he was rather discouraged. He was a young man, too, who had no business to be in such a mood. Less than a year ago he had been called to his first pastorate at the Congregational Church of Edgemere. But in addition to his regular duties he had for the past month taken over the canvassing for the annual community-house drive to raise ten thousand dollars, a decidedly disheartening and unpleasant task, however worthy the object. Even after a door-to-door solicitation on the Heights, the greatest prospective source of revenue, less than four thousand dollars had been raised. Nothing remained now but an appeal to those men of moderate means from whom not more than ten dollars apiece could be expected and who, he knew well, could ill afford that. Caldwell was one of these, and realizing that he had three children to care for, Stanley hated to ask him for even this amount. Reluctantly, then, like one bearing tidings of bad news, he raised the knocker and let it drop.

Caldwell came to the door himself and received him hospitably, for he liked this earnest young chap with the thin, sensitive face and determined mouth. He had thrown open his library to him and together they had spent many an evening in appreciation of their favorite authors. Stanley had a fine taste in literature. Furthermore, Caldwell sympathized with him on his present mission. He had served on those committees himself in the past and knew what a thankless job it was. So, without making Stanley repeat his stock arguments, he wrote out a check for one hundred dollars at once and handed it to him. The latter stared at the amount in ill-concealed surprise.

"This is generous of you, Caldwell," he exclaimed. "If everyone gave in proportion ——"

"The whole amount ought to be raised on the Heights alone," Caldwell cut in sharply. "It's a shame for you to be bothered like this."

"I was a little disappointed by the lack of response from our more prominent citizens," admitted Stanley. "Yet, in thinking over their attitude, I concluded that perhaps I was a little unfair. Of course they do not take the same interest in this project that might be expected of those who use the community house more. Their children are away most of the time both winter and summer. Between prep schools and summer camps they are well provided for."

"I know," nodded Caldwell.

"I realized that when I began talking to them about money to build a swimming pool and a few tennis courts."

"I suppose those things cost a lot."

"I suppose so, and yet I don't know how parents could make a better investment. If some of the money spent on prep schools was spent in this way and the children kept at home, I wonder if it wouldn't be a gain all round."

"Eh?" questioned Caldwell with sudden interest.

Stanley smiled. "That's one of my study dreams," he answered. "Sometimes late at night I like to let myself go and make the world over. There must be twenty children sent away from home every year. Yet we have a good high school here. The only thing we lack is athletic equipment. A minimum of two thousand dollars apiece is spent on these youngsters—a total of forty thousand dollars. Invest that in the community house in which everyone could

"Her Father Is Making Her as Vain as a Peacock"

share—but of course that's nonsense. People don't think that way."

"It's a dream as far as those fellows on the Heights are concerned," admitted Caldwell, with a curious pucker in his brow.

"And the others haven't the money," concluded Stanley.

There was a new expression in Caldwell's face which roused the young man's interest. With sudden inspiration he leaned forward.

"Perhaps if you talked with some of them yourself ——" he pleaded.

"Gosh, I'm no good at that sort of thing."

"Have you tried?"

"Once. That's enough. Yet I can name twenty men up there who could give five thousand apiece and never miss it. With that amount we might do something real for the town."

Stanley gasped at mention of such a sum. He was in the habit of thinking in terms of church fairs where, after a month of preparation, a return of a hundred dollars was considered a success. As a matter of fact, Caldwell himself was not accustomed to bandying about such figures. However, it was easier today than it would have been six months ago.

"A hundred thousand dollars would give us a pool and half a dozen good tennis courts," he declared.

Stanley was young and a good sport, but he shook his head at this possibility. However, Caldwell was in earnest and Stanley sought to take advantage of this.

"If you'd only join me, together we might do something," he pleaded. "I'm practically alone. The others on the committee seem to be too busy to help."

Again Caldwell shied away.

"For the young folks in town," Stanley persisted. "Good Lord, they need all we can give them."

"It's such a picayune amount when we're through," said Caldwell.

"Perhaps we can make it more."

And at that moment Caldwell had an idea—an inspiration some might call it. His usually placid blue eyes took on that curious gleam which ordinarily was never seen outside his laboratory. He rose to his feet and paced the room once or twice. Then he came to a standstill before Stanley.

"All right," he said. "I'll go after that fund."

"Fine!" exclaimed the younger man, with renewed hope. "Somehow I have a lot of confidence in you."

III

THE plan Caldwell worked out he submitted neither to the Community House Committee nor to Stanley himself. Had he done so, it is doubtful if the scheme would have impressed either of them as brilliant or even as particularly original. Nor would they have been enthusiastic over its effectiveness. In just this lay its virtue. On the surface the proposal consisted of nothing but a harmless-looking memorandum, reading as follows:

> We, the undersigned, residents of the Heights, agree, in consideration of the fact that no further demands are to be made on us, to contribute to the Edgemere Community House a sum equal in amount to any sum which may be raised by citizens of the town proper between the dates of March 15 and April 15, 1925.

That was all. Its purpose was obvious, as Caldwell explained to Holwell, president of the Edgemere Bank, whom he asked to head the list of twenty selected names.

"What we wish to do is to pep up the drive in town. Stanley dropped in the other evening and says it isn't going very well—about four thousand dollars to date."

"I've already subscribed," said Holwell, a bit irritated.

"Sure you have, and so have all the other fellows. But you know how these drives act. After the start they sag in the middle. If we can rouse fresh interest by some such scheme as this, I think we can put it over in short order."

"Might be the quickest way of getting rid of a nuisance," agreed Holwell.

"That's one way of looking at it. Anyhow, it will give us a talking point. If we can say to some of the small-salaried men that every dollar they give will count for two, it wouldn't surprise me any if we collected a thousand from them without any trouble at all."

Holwell made a mental calculation. Admitting that Caldwell succeeded in raising this thousand—which was extremely doubtful—this would call for only fifty dollars apiece from twenty subscribers.

"Do I understand that this is final—no more solicitation?"

"Absolutely," Caldwell guaranteed. "We're through even if we don't raise a hundred dollars."

"Very well," said Holwell, signing. "I'm taking your word for that."

It looked to him as though he was going to get credit for a very fine gesture without having it cost him very much. And so it did to the others. In fact, most of them figured, on the basis of past experience, that they would rid themselves of this annual annoyance for less than ever before, because they had always had to make up the difference between the amount raised and the final ten thousand. Under Caldwell's promise no such last-minute comeback was possible. Barnett, as he signed, winked at Canning, who was waiting for the pen. Here was another example of Caldwell's childishness in the field of finance. These two even went so far as to help him secure the signatures of those who hesitated by pointing out to them, confidentially, this weakness in the plan. It brought into line all the more reluctant tightwads.

Even Stanley found it difficult to understand Caldwell's enthusiasm when, with the list complete, the latter burst into his study one evening and laid it on his desk as though it were a check for the full amount.

"Here's the whole drive underwritten!" he exclaimed. "Say, it was easier than I expected. They promise to double everything and we promise to bother them no further."

Stanley read the agreement through three times. He was no financial wizard and certainly no kill-joy, but he had enough common sense to see that Caldwell had committed the community house to a deal which might make local solicitation temporarily easier and pleasanter, but which might result, if this was final, in considerably less than the ten-thousand-dollar objective. The list of names was impressive, but to make them important it was necessary to raise some three thousand dollars in Edgemere proper, and the day of miraculously multiplying loaves and fishes was past.

"They—they haven't subscribed for any specific sum," said Stanley.

"No." (Continued on Page 133)

"I Don't Know But I Should Think He'd Ask for No Greater Reward Than to See a Bunch of Youngsters Made Happy and Healthy"

A COOK'S TOUR

By GEORGE RECTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

IF YOU ask an Italian *restaurateur* the name of the best dish in his *ristorante*, his mustachios vibrate in indignation and he says, "They're all best." He starts right in with the superlative and works up to the climax. So far as *pasta* is concerned he is right, for a good Italian chef can do more with flour, eggs and butter than a sailor can with a rope. He makes it into all kinds of *raviolis* for use in soup, entrées, sauces and desserts. The average English or French chef kneading dough is just a cook pummeling soggy flour, but an Italian chef performing the same operation is a Michelangelo of the bakery. He mixes his ingredients like an alchemist, pats the dough like a doctor comforting a patient, suddenly transforms himself into a sculptor and proceeds to model the mass into delicate statuary. There are hundreds of varieties of *ravioli*, including macaroni, spaghetti, *perciatelli* and *tortellini*, and each chef claims the winning recipe

The best form of *pasta* is *fettuccine*, and some of the finest *fettuccine* is published by Alfredo, Cavaliere della Corona d'Italia, whose ancestral *ristorante* is on the Via della Scrofa, Rome. Alfredo doesn't make *fettuccine*. He doesn't cook *fettuccine*. He achieves it.

Fettuccine is only flour, egg and water, even as the world is only land, sunlight and sea. In the sublimity of our progressive ignorance over here, we would call it noodles, which is a terrible name. I never did like that word "noodle." It sounds like the muttering of a wet toad. But when you say *fettuccine* the sound is like the rippling of a clear mountain stream rolling over gold-flecked pebbles to the valley below. Alfredo's place on the Via della Scrofa is just a little joint, seating sixty people at the most, proving the old adage about good merchandise coming in small packages. He runs the place himself, with the guttural enjoyment of a man cooking his ham and eggs while his wife is away in the country. Come to think of it, a man can have lots of fun around a kitchen. You can't do it in America because your wife would crease your hair with a hot frying pan. I watched Alfredo making *fettuccine* in his vapory laboratory

He put a kilo of flour—which is two and one-fifth pounds—into a porcelain mixing bowl. Then he dropped in five yolks of eggs, a glass of water and a little salt. He kneaded the mixture long and vigorously and then rolled it out very thin.

It was then cut into long strips and hung over a line, like wash on Monday morning, to dry out. It is still raw dough, for Alfredo never cooks it until it is ordered. The cooking is another operation.

Fettuccine made Alfredo a cavaliere of Italy. I do not know whether the king knighted him with the flat of a sword or the round of a spoon. But he has the decoration, nevertheless, and is envied by all the rival chefs in Italy. The seeker after *fettuccine* must travel devious routes to reach Alfredo's *trattoria*, and it is dangerous work traveling via a *via*, for the *vias* rarely have sidewalks, are narrow, and many taxi chauffeurs in Rome are horn drivers, meaning that the intersection of streets doesn't slow them up at all. They simply step on the gas and sound the horn. I have never heard a collision of horns, but it must be a terrible sound.

No such chauffeur would require three trips around the town of Jericho. He could bring the walls down in one short circuit

Near Alfredo's is a grocery store without windows or door. When an Italian grocer opens up his store in the morning he takes out the whole side of the building—which gives him plenty of space. If there is anything that an Italian grocer detests it is space. So he trots back to his safe-deposit vault and tickles the time lock with a feather. When the vault opens he ambles in and commences to bring out—cheeses! America knows only cheeses that are made from the milk of cows and goats. Every animal in Italy is subject to cheese. Cows, donkeys, goats, mares and sheep all pay tribute to the cheese maker. These cheeses are neat and gaudy, all colors and all sizes. Parmesan can be purchased in sizes ranging from a couple of grams to a dozen kilos. The biggest looks like a grindstone that has been rouged. *Caciocavallo* is shaped like an Indian club and is deadly either as a weapon or as food. The grocer takes all his fancy assorted *fromage* and piles it up in front of his store, effectually blocking all entrance. It is a beautiful barricade. Over it are hanging rare old tapestry portières composed of Bolognas, graduated in sizes from a baby finger to an elephant's trunk. They look like a monster pipe organ made of sausages. If you are able to climb over the battlements of cheese, you are low-bridged by the Bolognas.

The artistic effect is built up by all kinds of fruits and vegetables. The bread also arrives in all shapes and conditions of solidity. The *gressino* is the long stick of bread which you dip into your soup or poke around in your spaghetti. The biggest loaf of bread is like the cornerstone of a municipal building.

Parmesan is the big cheese of Italy, although Gorgonzola is a runner-up in the tournament. It is rarely eaten in lump form, but grated it is an accessory to most dishes. If it were not for Parmesan, then Alfredo would not be a cavaliere of Italia. It's the concrete that holds his *fettuccine*

(Continued on Page 52

Alfredo Picks Up a Fork and Spoon and Balances Them in Each Hand in Order to Find the Exact Center of Gravity. He Juggles Them a While and Then Smiles. He is Ready

LONDON AMERICANS

By Maude Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

A YOUNG man was sent abroad not long ago to take charge of the London branch of an American business house which desired to build up its British connections. The head of the company, a man of long international experience, insisted that Henry Blake was the best man they could find for this purpose. Some of his associates protested. One said that Blake had less knowledge of the business than one of the older members of the firm, and in answer to the president's argument that the position required social skill rather than economic, another proposed that they send a candidate whose wife had a large income and would enjoy spending it lavishly.

The company's head refused to be diverted from his choice of candidates. "Henry is a good shot and he has a hobby. These two qualifications are more important in the situation in which we find ourselves than knowledge of the business or a big income. I've lived over there. I know those people."

One of the men laughed outright. "Are you trying seriously to tell us that the boy's interest in old Waterford glass and his ability to shoot grouse are your sole grounds for giving him this job?"

"Yes, in addition to the fact that he's a nice-looking, well-mannered young bachelor, they are. You gentlemen have agreed that we want the friendly coöperation of our English confreres. Perhaps you don't realize that, although it's hard for us to understand them, it's twice as difficult for them to understand the average American. About the only way to get on any basis of friendship with them is genuinely to share their tastes. Henry happens to. And at that, it will be two or three years before he knows any of them really well. If he does make friends, though, they'll be good ones."

He talked to Henry at length before he left. "My advice would be for you to find someone over there to steer you right for the first few months. It's hard to get the hang of things otherwise, and if you wait for experience to teach you you'll have wasted a lot of time."

Out of Town

A LITTLE bewildered, Blake sailed the end of July. As his ship neared Southampton he leaned over the rail with the other excited passengers to see, near at hand in the rippling water, the old-fashioned royal yacht, built for Queen Victoria, from which the king and queen were viewing the famous Cowes regatta. The fleet's white sails against a clean sunlit blue sky made a delightful picture, but it did not occur to him that this sport would affect conditions in London.

He arrived in the city on a warm Saturday afternoon and took a high outmoded taxicab to the hotel his chief had suggested. He had been told he would have difficulty in obtaining rooms, but the suave blue-eyed Italian manager showed him one vacant suite after another. It seemed even more surprising that he quoted prices lower than those Blake had been warned he must pay.

"It will be worth it to you, though," he had been told, "because this place is unique in that smart English people are in the majority there. It's one of the few expensive hotels in the world where you can really see distinguished natives instead of tourists."

Blake wondered, when he found the rates lowered, if the place had lost its prestige. After he had chosen his rooms he turned to the manager: "Have you reduced your rates?"

"Our tariff, sir?"

"The Next Time She Had a Dance She Had Twice as Many Guests, and the Third Time It Was a Great Success"

"Yes." The American smiled as he remembered that this was one of the many words used with different connotations on the two sides of the Atlantic.

"Oh, no, sir, our tariff hasn't been lowered. Only it's not the season now. Of course we charge a great deal more in the spring and early summer. But after July no one's in town."

This statement was not regarded literally by Blake, who had heard his friends in New York and Philadelphia declare that of course no one was in town in the summer, and then go into a restaurant for dinner and bow to a dozen acquaintances. While he was dressing he remembered the difficulty he had had in getting a table on the last occasion when he had dined here, so he telephoned to the maître d'hôtel and made a reservation. He went downstairs about half-past eight. To his surprise he saw no one in the big circular anteroom which he had always seen crowded with people having cocktails before dinner, or coffee and liqueurs on the way out. For a moment he paused at the entrance to the main restaurant, unable to believe that the sole occupants of the huge room were idle waiters and two small groups of diners. As he made his way past one empty table after another to the place which he had so carefully secured, he felt as if he were invading the deserted place of fairy-tale fame.

His desolation was increased when he realized that one of the two parties whose presence served only to emphasize the emptiness of the place were Americans who had crossed on the steamer with him.

Afterward they joined forces outside.

"It's funny what you can hear about hotels," one of the other men began, biting off the end of a cigar. "Now, I was told as an absolute fact that this was an A Number 1 hotel that you could see more English swells here than in any other place in London."

"Well, so you could the last time I was here—a year ago in June," Blake affirmed. "The manager said that everyone went out of town the end of July. The king goes to Cowes and all the gayety's over."

A Great Discovery

THE other American looked at him in astonishment. "You don't mean to say that all the dukes and ladies and what not that I was told I'd see here, go away just because the king does? Why should they do that?"

"I don't know," Blake answered. "I guess it's a matter of tradition."

Before the question could be gone into more seriously the other group which had dined in the restaurant came out.

One of the American women looked at them observantly. "Men over here don't wear Tuxedos any more. An Englishwoman told me that last winter in New York, and you can see for yourself that every Englishman has on a dress suit with those very full trousers. I must say the women's clothes are dowdy, though—no, I take it back. Look at that lovely blond creature who's just coming in."

They all glanced at the main entrance, through which half a dozen young people were entering. The girl of whom she had spoken was beautiful and extremely chic in a cloth-of-gold evening wrap which seemed scarcely less glistening than her smooth short hair.

"Well," said one of the men, "I always say that Englishwomen on the whole aren't very attractive, but when you do see a pretty one, there's no woman in the world can compare with her."

Blake was destined to hear this platitude repeated time after time, always made with the proud air of discovery.

The new group had come to dance, but they carefully ordered against the eleven o'clock closing law before they went out onto the deserted ballroom floor. The orchestra seemed to take heart at their approach and played a fox trot so reminiscent of a current Broadway success that one of the Americans went over to the leader and said, "My wife and I want to dance. Do you know Hallelujah?"

The musician looked at him in astonishment. "But I mean to say we just played it, sir," he said.

After one or two attempts to dance to the last-winter tunes which lack of accent made tantalizingly unfamiliar, the Americans decided to go to a night club. Blake told the taxi driver to go to the place which had been the most popular for several years.

"Sorry, sir, it's closed," said the chauffeur.

The doorman intervened. "There's only one place open you'd care for, I think, sir."

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THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

Across That Open Space, Sharply Outlined Against the Sky, Had Passed Mules, Their Heads Bobbing Peacefully and Their Ears Flapping. They Drew a Rolling Kitchen, Its Chimney Rising Like a Periscope, a Thin Ribbon of Smoke Trailing From It

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

TWO men lay in the corner of a wheat field above the Marne. Daylight was coming, and the one who was awake watched the black woods in the distance intently. He was armed with a Chauchat rifle that he had set up on its tripod and that he turned about nervously now and then as if in search of a target. A road ran along the wheat field, gleaming white, for a full moon still shone that had not yet been paled by the rising sun. At the far end of this road suddenly appeared specks that moved, danced, changed form, then gathered into a distinct body, yet small because of the distance. The man nudged his companion.

"Wake up, Joe," he muttered. "Hey, snap out of it! Somep'n's comin'."

The other wakened with a start and with wide startled eyes looked about. The first man pointed, and the second, seeing the moving specks, licked his lips and then drew a semicircular clip of ammunition from the bag he carried.

"Think it's the boche?" he whispered huskily.

"Dunno," said the other. "They ain't comin' from the right direction. We'll get 'em against the sky line in another minute an' then we'll know. Lookit! Gimme that clip. Crawl back an' tell the looey there's somep'n on the road."

The second man went away, crawling backward through the wheat like a crab, to announce to the platoon behind him that dirty work was afoot. The man at the Chauchat waited, training his rifle on an open space in the woods across which the newcomers must pass and be outlined against the white of the eastern sky. He heard muttering, dry coughs, then the click of bolts being drawn back as chambers were inspected, the rustling and wallowing of men crawling through the wheat, the grunting of protesting sleepers being dragged back to consciousness.

The black specks neared the open space, and the man at the rifle moved the little lever on the side from Safe to Automatic Fire.

Suddenly his eyes jerked up from the sights and he rose to his knees. Across that open space, sharply outlined against the sky, had passed mules, their heads bobbing peacefully and their ears flapping. They drew a rolling kitchen, its chimney rising like a periscope, a thin ribbon of smoke trailing from it. Two shapeless forms were on the seat of the limber. A two-wheeled cart followed, and then a water cart, each plainly recognizable by its silhouette. They pitched and rocked like ships, having but two wheels.

The man at the Chauchat rifle gave a loud cry of joy. "Hey, gang!" he yelled. "Here's the chow wagons! Here's Marty with the chow!"

Men stood up everywhere in the wheat. In a few minutes the carriages could be made out plainly, and some of the men even ran out into the road to greet them.

"Here we are, Marty, old kid!" they called. "Man, ain't you a sight for sore eyes! Where yuh been all the time—gold-brickin'? Didn't yuh never think we was starvin' to death in these woods? Whatchuh got for chow?"

One of the bundles on the seat of the rolling kitchen stirred, then took definite shape as a man threw off the blankets he was wrapped in. "H Comp'ny?" he asked sleepily. "This H Company? Might know 'twas. There ain't another such bunch o' crabbers in the Army. Been huntin' ye all night. Now never mind poppin' off. I gotchuh some food. Where's the skipper?"

"Take 'em int' the farm, sargunt," spoke an authoritative voice. "Got anything fit to eat 'sides sirup?"

"Well, I hope to spit in your mess kit, lieutenant," answered the man on the seat. "Where's this here farm? That it over there? How's a man git there?"

"Turn right off the road here," called the Chauchat rifleman. "Mind the ditch. 'Tain't far in there. There's a nice shed to park under and plenty o' room to swing a cleaver in. Whatchuh got for breakfast?"

"Hot biscuits 'n' maple sirup."

"Gwan!" howled the platoon as one man.

"Well, almost's good. Been souvenirin', what I mean. Got all the chow here that was in some Regular outfit's ration dump."

The rolling kitchen turned off the road and followed a narrow track through the wheat that, curving, led into the shadowy courtyard of a farm. It took several minutes for the journey, and news of the kitchen's approach had already reached the farm when it arrived. Men poured in from the fields through the gates or the breaches in the shell-shattered walls. The mules and horses were unhitched, the rolling kitchen, water cart and ration cart rolled under a shed by many willing hands, and then the helpers stood about and watched with watering mouths while the cook replenished the fire and the K. P. dragged out several huge pans from the limber and set them on the stove top to get hot. The captain, out in the fields inspecting his outposts, heard the glad news and came hurrying in.

"Marty," exclaimed the captain, shaking hands violently with the mess sergeant, "you done somethin' worth while when you brought that kitchen up here. We haven't eat a thing since yes'dy noon. What's in the ration cart? That's a side o' beef, I c'n see. I wish I could give you a medal. By gum, you'd get the Medal of Honor if I could give it to ye!"

"Yes, sir, captain," answered Marty, "we had a piece o' luck. There was a ration dump across the road from us an' I went over there with a little mite o' rum I had, to talk to the sentry. Well, he said he got orders to leave the dump, 'cause the outfit it belonged to was too far away now for 'em to git the food. Sye, 'Well, what's to prevent me from fillin' up 'fore ye go, all peaceful, an' not scramblin' with Frogs an' all the riffraff o' the place that'll be here the minute your back's turned?' Sezee, 'How much o' that rum is left?' Sye, 'Enough for one man to get tight on.' Sezee, 'Load up. Anyone bothers yuh I'll shoot.' So we got a side o' beef, four sacks o' potatoes, bread, coffee an' fixin's."

"Good for you, Marty!" exclaimed the captain. "You're a prize. A week's leave for you an' thutty dollars o' my pay the next time we hit rest billets. Sargunt Blanchette, skip out to the fields an' have each squad send in a man with canteens for hot coffee. Tell Loot'nant Barnes and Porter we'll feed by platoons in—how long?"

"Thutty minutes, Joe?" asked Marty, turning to where the cook had already attacked the side of beef with a cleaver.

"Well, yes," said the cook, bending over and squinting at the state of the fire. "I guess we can start in thutty minutes. Better make it forty—no, thutty. Stuff'll be cookin' for the rest while one's bein' fed. Coffee's all made anyhow. Made it comin' up."

The sky lightened rapidly and the men from the fields came in in ever-increasing number, rattling their canteens and huddling about the stove, for the chill of the night in the wheat was in their bones. The pans on the stove grew hotter, smoke poured from the kitchen chimney and mounted above the shed roof, the permanent K. P. cut off a slice of fat and began greasing the pans. A most pleasant smell of frying meat wafted out to the nostrils of the waiting men, to drive them almost frantic. They had not eaten hot food for days, nothing but dry hard-tack and leathery

canned beef, and they fairly watered at the mouth at the prospect of steak.

Marty, the mess sergeant, appeared from behind the kitchen hauling a sack of potatoes. It was lighter now, and it could be seen that the mess sergeant was an older man than any present. His face was red and his hair was turning to gray. Upon his blouse were two faded ribbons—the Philippine Insurrection and the Cuban Pacification. This company belonged to a regiment of the National Guard, and Marty, next to the captain, was its oldest member in point of service.

"How's for some volunteers to peel these spuds?" demanded Marty. "Won't take but a minute if everyone pitches in."

All leaped forward and fell upon the potatoes. Into the watering trough of the farm, the only thing big enough to hold them, they dumped the sack, then fell to with jackknife, mess-kit knife, even bayonet, to remove the skins. War might rage and these men might die that night, but they would eat first. Joy reigned. The men began to sing, beating time with the empty canteens:

"Oh, the war will soon be o'er, an' we'll see our homes once more;
But we've got a few more miles of trench to pass.
Then the Yankee boys so brave, they will dig that Kaiser's grave,
And they'll shove ——"

"Hey, duck!" A shout from a man at the main gate of the farm cut short the song instantly. For a second or two everyone held his breath and remained motionless. What was it—shell or air raid? As though it had come upon a stage, a side car rolled into sight at the gate and stopped. A man descended and entered the farmyard with quick steps.

A deathlike silence greeted him. No one breathed, no one moved. They knew this man. They recognized the enlisted man's uniform, which he wore just as it had come from the quartermaster. They recognized the silver eagles on the shoulders of the blouse, the thickset, under-height figure, the bowlegs in their untidy-wrapped putties. This man was their colonel. He wore neither arms nor gas mask, but under his arm he carried a small box, such as the cigars of commerce are sold in. Upon the front of his steel helmet was a peculiar device—a globe and anchor, the insignia of the United States Marine Corps. Since the regiment in question was militia and had nothing whatever to do with the marines, this was strange indeed.

The colonel halted in the center of the yard and surveyed all with a hostile eye.

"Ra-a-a-h-h!" he began, clearing his throat. "What the hell kind of half-bottomed militia business do you call this? What do you mean by ganging up in the yard like this? The first plane over will see you and the boche will shell the place until hell wouldn't have it! You! What's your duty? Where are you from?"

An unhappy soldier mumbled something about the third squad and a shell hole in the wheat.

"Get back to it!" barked the colonel. "Get out of here, all of you! What are you doing here anyway?"

"The captain gave orders, sir, that the men—each squad, that is—should send in a man with canteens for hot coffee. The men ——"

"Well, send 'em back again. Don't want 'em here at all! One man at a time is all that should come in. Weakens the firing line. Makes a target in the yard. One shell would kill off half the outfit. Get out of here, all of you!"

He walked over to the kitchen. "Put out the fire in that galley!" he ordered. "You can see it all over the sector. If we want the boche to know this place is occupied we'll send 'em a letter."

The colonel selected a cigar from the box under his arm, and biting off the end, he lighted it. The erstwhile singing men sullenly gathered up rifle and pack and began to go slowly away.

"Who's in command here?" demanded the colonel.

Marty silently pointed. The captain was approaching across the yard and the colonel went to meet him.

"Good morning, captain," began the colonel in a voice like a buzz saw biting into a knot. "What's the situation here?"

"Good morning," replied the captain. "Sir, this is H Comp'ny, occupying the sector from the intersection of paths at 55.79 to La Tourterelle Woods. We have one platoon on the knoll in front of the farm, a machine-gun crew at the road fork, another in the attic of the farmhouse for anti-aircraft, one platoon in the drainage ditch along the road. Third's in reserve behind the farm. Patrols on the front and flank, no signs of enemy activity."

"Huh!" grunted the colonel. "What are you waiting here for?"

"Why, the operation order said to wait here for the flank units of the Third before advancin'," said the captain in surprise.

"And you'd wait here until all was blue, I suppose, until they showed up?"

"Those are my orders, sir."

"Bah!" Thus the colonel. He puffed at his cigar a moment. "It never occurred to you to see what you could do to clean up those woods out there, did it? This is just the sort of thing that I was sent to this bunch of recruits to correct. Stand around with your anchors apeak and your thumb in your mouth."

"Colonel, this isn't a bunch o' recruits. This is H Company from Barkers Falls. There ain't a better comp'ny in the Army, bar none. I been with 'em man an' boy for twenty-five years, an' I know what I'm talkin' about."

"Well, why haven't you gone on with them then and cleaned up things? If I'd been in command of this company I'd have been through those woods and taken Le Charmel two days ago."

The captain was not a young man, and slow to anger, but he halted, and his hawklike face, bronzed from years of

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A Group of Men Leaped From the Edge of the Wheat and Made for Them. There Was a Moment of Conflict

SLEEPING DOGS

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

SHE said: "We drove eighteen mile the day we was married. Then we'd only got halfway to his shack and part way across the land he claimed. I'd been a bride for a week and just stopped crying for mamma when they rode up and told him Buffalo Horn and three hundred Cheyennes were coming down from the north. Todd says: 'Idelle, if you want potatoes and onions for fall, you've got to spade the plot yourself and get water to it somehow. If there's shootin' to do, you use a rifle, don't waste ca'tridges tryin' to use a revolver.' He kissed me and rode off. I didn't see him for nine weeks. The morning before he come back, I woke up and found a rattlesnake in bed with me. Yes—coiled up against me to keep warm. Seven rattles and a button. . . . Oh, sure! I smashed it with the Dutch oven."

Her hair, at seventy, had the blue-black luster of a magpie's tail. I wondered why, for the third generation of her body, part of it now exhibiting Parisian stockings on the tennis court against a back drop of far peaks, was golden blond and freckled distressingly in the mountain sun. Sagebrush tea, I reflected; the mountain wife brewed it for everything from loco poisoning to melancholy, and it would have made the fortune of a club barber on Forty-first Street. She had never tried to mitigate her cheeks or those hands that Rodin had not quite foreknown. Dressed in tailored tan silk, she sat on her sandstone veranda—from the 90's—that overlooked all Windsor and half the world, and the peace of a great wisdom was in her eyes.

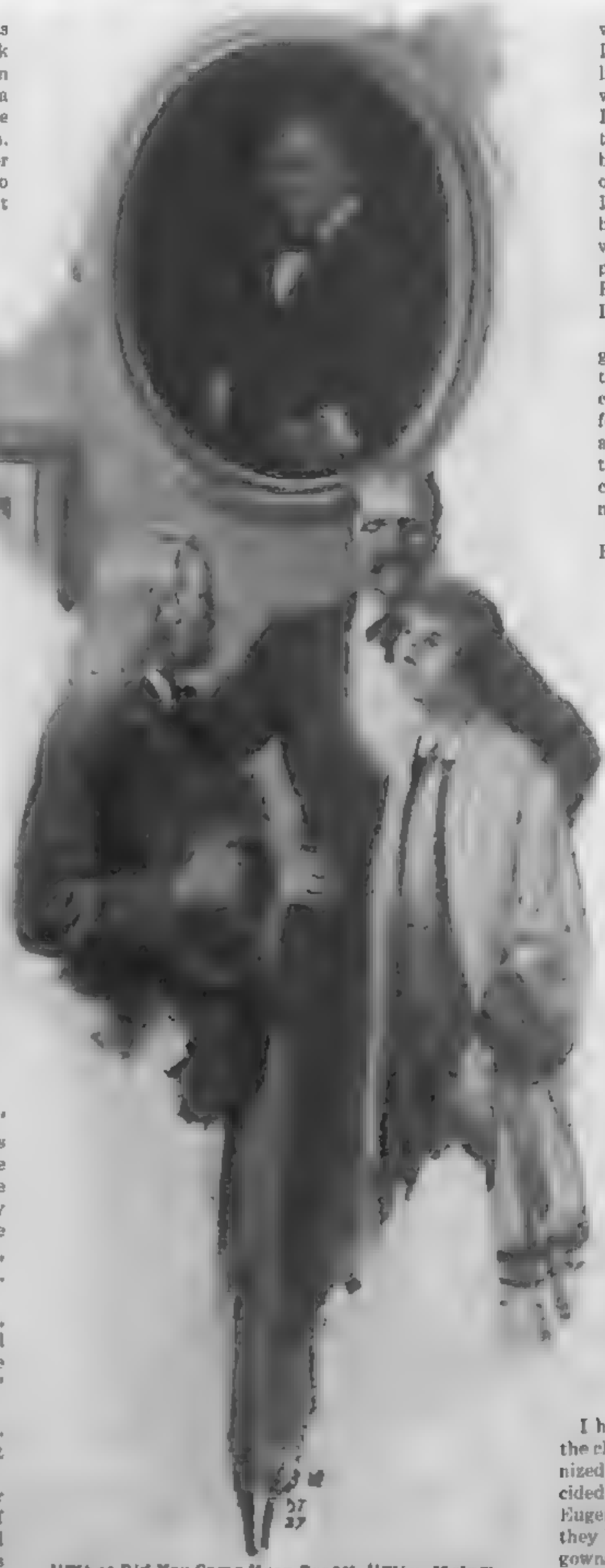
There was applause at the tennis court, only half hidden in landscaped blue spruce, where striped jerseys glowed like gems in the sun. Mrs. Yancey's mouth softened. She had, I knew, infinite affection for the third generation, but only contempt for the second. "That's Ann," she said. "She tells me she'll go as far as the quarter finals this year at—is it Forest Hills? She won some cups in the South, but they don't seem to count. Skinny little thing, isn't she? Ann, Elizabeth, Jane, Sarah ——" She—well, she chuckled. "They pick out names like that, like my ma's name, if you don't christen 'em that way. It's a fashion. I had a Dorothy, Ruby, Marietta and a Grace May. Ann would spoil her lipstick laughing at names like them. I guess they fitted girls that wore balloons in their waists and seven underskirts. Ann, now, she puts on her brother's running pants and a handful of chiffon and she's dressed."

She turned away from the issue of her line to matters more immediate: "I wouldn't have sent for you all the way from Chicago if I hadn't needed help. When it's sue or settle, John Rawlins and his son have handled my business for twenty years. But no Rawlins ever knew the family skeletons like you ought to, with your pa and ma, and this may be more skeletons than law before it's done. It's Belle Fantee again."

I had feared as much. It always had been Belle Fantee, in Windsor. I shuddered, realizing that my most painful apprehensions could not possibly come up to the torture in store for me. "When will that poisonous old fool die?" I said.

"She's a year younger than me, Roger, and claims five. She's been a widow just as long, too, and that tends to set a woman. Well, you've heard of the Civic Center?"

I ought to have heard of it, since it was the fruit of her ten years' determination that her city should be worthy of her love for it. For ten years Mrs. Yancey had bullied mayors, councils, legislatures, luncheon clubs, newspapers and tax-paying corporations. For ten years she had organized and fought and agitated. And now, looking three miles down the hill that her gardens crowned, I could see, outlined white against the blue peaks, her dream realized. There was an athletic field, with concrete stands. A playground thrust gleaming steel framework into the sun. Beyond it, white marble meant a hemicycle that was at once an open-air theater and a war memorial. There was, too, a museum and a convention hall in native travertine. Still farther, terraced lawns stepped downward, with winding drives masked by shrubbery, to the landscaped edge of the river. This had been dammed to make a lake, and here there were marble bridges, vistas of Lombardy poplars and weeping birch, white pergolas, flowers in rock gardens and intricate beds. Here too—the flash of its ripples reached us on the hill, through trees—was an enormous



"What Did You Come Here For?" "Why, Ma'am, When I Heard They Was Doin' Honors to My Old Pardner, You Couldn't Kept Me Away With a Sawed-Off Shotgun"

swimming pool, led off from the river. And all this had been tule marsh, ulcerous railroad dumps and refuse from the copper mills. Windsor lapped it about, and, far beyond, the peaks stood up blue, olive, rose and gray.

Mrs. Yancey chuckled—it was not really a chuckle, but a contralto ripple. "You'd ought to, seeing I made you send enough money to be a patron and make sure your family's name was on the corner stone. Well, it's all about the Civic Center, and the shortest way to explain is to say that after the last appropriation was squeezed out of city, county and state, and after we'd milked dry everybody who would give, there was still a deficit. Well, to be out with it, I said I'd pay for the swimming pool myself. It cost me aplenty, but I was glad to do it. Seemed like I'd spent a good part of my life believin' water was more precious than liquid gold. Honest, Roger, I was forty before I counted on there bein' enough to drink in August, and to this day I skimp on every bath I take. That's what happens when you grow up on a ranch in the dry country. The second summer I was a bride, our crops burned out underfoot and I bathed my first baby with a teacup and a rag. Anyway, if I hadn't paid for that pool myself, I don't suppose I'd have had the gumption to interfere with Belle Fantee's museum when the dirt came out. But now I've got it, and that's why you're here."

The tennis seemed to be breaking up. There was a general donning of blazers and much laughter amid the blue spruce. Several roadsters shot round the curved drive and down the long hill toward Windsor, followed, after an interval, by a limousine in nickel and gray truly staggering. I recognized the insignia that so preoccupy certain British novelists. Black calf and horizon blue were, I divined, only a chauffeur, not a field marshal.

"That's her granddaughter, Eugenie old Lem Fantee's last descendant. I never understood why Ann liked her. She's going to lose Fantee off her name this summer and that will be the end of it. Yes, Sir Francis—as Belle takes care to pop off every fourth word. A nice boy, too, and they say he's not fond of leaving the ranch to go back to Dorset. And that's going to complicate our job, Roger, for I wouldn't want Eugenie upset; but, at that, it may deliver Belle into our forceps."

Ann appeared through the blue spruce, a pleasant-enough youth swinging rackets at her side. She smiled recognition of me, though she had been in tears over a forbidden jelly cake when I had last seen her ten years before. "I knew you were coming, Roger," she said. "This is Forrest Bagley, with whose uncles and aunts you probably rode the first safety bicycles in Windsor. He'll borrow your room for a shower, for he insists on staying to luncheon."

"Take him to your mother's room," Mrs. Yancey suggested. "He'll find narcissus bath salts there."

Young Bagley grinned. "You see, sir, Mrs Yancey feels that anyone fit to wear hair pants feels an irresistible attraction to State U, and in an effeminate moment I went to Yale."

"You knew the U made Idelle a regent?" Ann twiddled a derisive finger at her grandmother. "I'm sure they count on a laboratory, at least. Will you endow a chair in swine husbandry, darling?"

Mrs. Yancey glanced at me as she led young Bagley away, and I saw her eyes travel on to Ann. I was not yet adjusted to the mountain air; the white and carmine stripes of her sleeveless frock seemed to burn luminously, even in the shade.

"What sort of person is Eugenie?" I asked.

"So that's why you're here! You know, Roger, for once I'm likely not to be on Idelle's side."

I had not yet learned what side that was. Ann shook the close-cropped hair away from her forehead and scrutinized my cigarette case. "No, not a one till fall," she decided. "I won't stand for anything that's likely to hurt Eugenie. . . . Oh, Eugenie's a darling, Roger. Of course, they brought her up a Fantee—seed pearls on her nightgowns and all-lace panties. She had a maid and a chauffeur when she was at school. Her mother and the old squaw have prayed heaven to make her languid. I think the child shudders at her own half-Mayfair accent."

"Didn't she live in England for a while when she was small?"

Ann smiled, throwing her head back into clasped hands to gaze across the blue valley. "You may bray us in a mortar, but there's one scent of the West will be with us still."

"Yes?"

"Ask her how she thot they cot the dotter laffing hottily. . . . I'll see you at luncheon."

I grinned. She had put her finger on the potter's mark. I had lived twenty years away from the mountains, talking most of the time, and with people whose speech was as unwatermarked as any. Yet justices on the bench still stared whenever an *au* sound left my tongue.

Mrs. Yancey led me to the dining room. "Ann's mother is at the Springs for rose fever and contract bridge. Her pa wouldn't dream of driving three miles for luncheon. He's got to go to the Oquirrh Club and gabble two hours about approach shots. Poor Fred—seems like he'll never resign himself to let the children play his golf. He spent too many years at the sacking pipe of a thresher. By the time Todd moved to Windsor and began to get ahead, all the boys' hands were spoiled. Fred won't break a hundred and twenty before they carry him off with sun hemorrhage."

Fred, though Idelle's favorite son and the one who shared the sandstone mansion with her, had never quite had her respect. Instead of him, Ann, under her grandmother, managed the household. A Filipino—did the brilliance of mountain white live on even indoors?—moved soundlessly about. I reflected, observing an avocado cocktail and jellied crabs, on the rattlesnake that had shared Idelle's marriage bed. Idelle, under my eyes, laced a crystal of charged water with lime juice and kirsch—and Buffalo Horn's Cheyennes, naked, parading the scalps of neighbors, had swept down upon her. Ann talked of tennis and coupés and White Sulphur Springs—and Buffalo Horn's naked Cheyennes were a crawling ant hill at a river ford where wagons blazed under the mountain sky.

Young Bagley dutifully disengaged himself from Ann's clear eyes and turned to me. "I suppose, sir, you're here for the dedication?"

The Filipino set a casserole before Ann. She looked at it fixedly.

"Dedication?" I said.

"Half the world will be in Windsor next week to see Plaza Fantee baptized."

"I hadn't heard it was to have that name."

"Yes," Idelle said, "after Lemuel Fantee, Belle's husband."

"He was mayor of Windsor," Bagley informed me, "when they first piped water from the peaks. That's held to be the beginning of our local grandeur. He was an Indian fighter, too, and grew to be a millionaire—oh, one of the giants in those days. He didn't attend State U, Mrs. Yancey? . . . Never mind, he gave us mountain water."

"Darling Forrest!" Ann said.

I glanced at Idelle. She remarked, imperturbably, "Belle Fantee built the museum for the Center. She's giving a portrait in oils of old Lem to hang there, with the historical relics."

"It's one of those that flooded Windsor in the 90's. Some dauber seems to have made wholesale rates. He did three or four Bagleys and there has been a neurotic strain in the family ever since."

Idelle nodded at Todd Yancey, preserved in oils, beard, choker and all, on the wall opposite the door. "We were learning to be genteel. Anyway, Roger, it turns out there was a clause in the acceptance making it obligatory to call the whole thing Plaza Fantee."

"Well," Bagley said, "if the park has to have a name, why not a piratical old buck like him?"

"Darling Forrest!" Ann repeated.

The boy flushed. "Am I playing in a bunker?"

"They called us the left wing of Price's army," Idelle said, apropos of nothing. "After the war, you'd travel from Southeast Colorado to Northwest Idaho and not hear a Yankee syllable one out of ten. My pa brought me and the rest in a wagon from near Memphis in '65."

"The Bagleys are imitation. They originated nowhere in particular—Iowa, I suppose, or Indiana. They began calling the offspring Forrest and Stuart and Jackson to counterfeit the true Windsor article."

"Todd Yancey was older than me, but not old enough to have carried a musket, though his pa lost a finger and two toes with Jeb Stuart. Then there was Indian wars. Todd did get into them. So did Lem Fantee. I remember Lem claiming a pension."

"You see, Forrest," Ann said, "Idelle knew the giants in person."

"Then Eugenie hasn't even a granduncle among the saved?"

"Lem was an upstater from New York, and he isn't known to have had any relatives at all."

"Darling," Ann said, "I forgot to tell you I've asked Eugenie and her mother and her grandmother to dinner tomorrow; Francis, too, if he's in from the ranch. And I've got to do something for them soon, if Forest Hills is going to keep me from being a bridesmaid."

Even Forrest must have observed a grimness in Idelle's eyes that was, to me, simply oratorical.

"Belle and I have et together before this without resorting to scalping knives. I'll take Roger out in the sedan this afternoon ——"

"Wouldn't you like me to drive you, Idelle?"

"What does your pa pay a chofter for? Roger will want to see places that would give you a headache—ennui, you'd call it. You run along with Forrest, Ann."

She ordered me to don the lightest clothes I had, for to my lowland nerves, three o'clock of a June afternoon in Windsor, she said, would be crossin' an alkali flat with a covered wagon in a sandstorm fifty miles from a water hole. Her eyes brooded on the city that glided past us—the city she had seen grow from a huddle of shacks between the railroad and the hot-pot springs. To me it was merely Windsor, but to Idelle, I had always known, it was a shining and a splendid city from a vision, an elder child that she had suckled.

"If there was a new jail," she said, "Lem Fantee's name could go above the door without a peep out of me. But not my park. You see what your job is, Roger."

I saw, and I had no stomach for it. "Isn't it rather a public way of expressing your dislike of Belle Fantee?"

"Belle? She's nothing but an old fool that's never forgive me for havin' et at the Dutchman's Railroad Lunch in '78 when she was washin' dishes there. It's not Belle—it's that old coot Lem. You must know, Tom Whitaker owned the city in '84 and picked Lem from behind Jake Cartright's bar and made him mayor so's Tom wouldn't have no trouble about the contracts. Lem begun to prosper from that day. The city's only getting back a wee mite of its own money in this historical museum."

Her tanned old cheeks were high with rage. She fairly growled: "They only went back twelve mile for water anyway. Twenty-five years later Jeff Farrand piped to Magpie Lake, fifty mile away—but there's no talk of calling it Plaza Farrand. . . . No, Roger, honest folks worked hard to make this city, but Lem Fantee's thievery, that made Belle so refined it hurts, lasted up to the day he died. Put his brand on a city that decent folks lived in and slaved for? Not while I'm on four legs! What I want to know is just how much I got to remember. For you can lay to it, I'll remember what's called for."

"Isn't it too late to do anything?"

"Belle slipped in that clause about namin' it while the rest of the committee must have been desert-blinded. We didn't fully tumble till last week."

She dropped me at the City and County Building, the sort of castellated bull ring that Windsor architects of the 90's thought genteel. "You'll find all the Civic Center

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"If You Want Potatoes and Onions, You've Got to Spade the Plot Yourself and Get Water to It Somehow"

THE JOINTED ACCOUNT

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

SUSIE ZUBLER came to town riding on a buckboard and with all her worldly possessions stowed beneath her feet. All, that is, save a house of ten rooms, a farm of one hundred acres and a bank account of fourteen hundred dollars. The house, the farm and the account she had inherited the month before from a great-uncle. The nonagenarian had hated his relatives even more than he had hated other people; he had, the day before his death, hinted obscurely that he would leave his property to the one of the pack who had left him the most severely alone; and here was Susie. Here was Susie, and she stopped on the way and bought a broom.

"For," said Susie, her amiable Pekingese eyes upon the storekeeper, "it's the dirt from forty years I got to be redding out."

But she had no dirt whatsoever to redd out. She went from one room to another, her full, round eyes growing fuller and rounder through each door she entered; each room seemed as clean as the cake of soap of which it was redolent; in each room a window had been hoisted a precise couple of inches; one floor was still damp.

In the corner of the back yard was a sizable heap of rubbish, old rags, papers, filthy clothing, which she surmised had been reft from the house.

"Now who could of did it anyhow?" marveled Susie aloud, and sat down upon the back porch. She hadn't been here for twenty-three years; the two girls who had been her intimates in her school days had moved away. "If it don't beat the very Dutch yet!" murmured Susie, wiggling her inconsequential nose, wrinkling her round forehead and settling her short legs; thus looking more like a pleased Pekingese than ever.

Around the corner of the house came a man. He walked slowly, but he walked purposefully, toward the heap of trash. He carried a broom and he began to sweep meticulously, a leaf here, a scrap of paper there. He felt in his pocket for a match.

Susie watched him. The tip of a pink tongue protruded from the side of her mouth.

"I didn't guess I'd heired a man with the place," she observed.

The man dropped the match and stepped into the fire. He stepped out of it and his face was redder than the flame. He was a large man with a round face surmounted by a dome entirely bald. One would not have expected him to have hair, however, any more than one expects a baby of a certain lusty blue-eyed male type to have hair. He gazed at Mrs. Zubler with his serious blue eyes and appeared uncertain whether to laugh or cry. "I was just passing," he defended, "just taking a walk that way — "

"Do you usually walk with a broom at?" inquired Mrs. Zubler. She clasped her palms about her round knees and doubled forward, laughing. "Come up here and set alongside, Amos. Leave me say my thanks; then we'll talk about the old times that way."

Thereupon the visitor grasped the broom with the strength of panic and started toward the gate.

"Och, now, Amos!" Mrs. Zubler started to her feet. "Listen oncet. I'm going to make biscuit till awhile yet. Stop and eat along."

"It's gittin' late on me," stifled the man. His broom stuck in the gate and he wrenched it loose with a violence which broke a picket. Whereupon he loosed all holds. His large feet plowed up a cloud of dust which received him, like Elijah of old, out of Mrs. Zubler's sight. "I'll mend it tomorrow," came agitatedly back.

Mrs. Zubler sped through the house. Her visitor was negotiating the front gate, this time without apparent damage.

"And I'll be making biscuits tomorrow night. Now, Amos! I ain't forgot how I plagued you oncet to pack my schoolbooks and you up and run from me. I ain't forgave you of it neither."

"I Wouldn't of Married You if You'd of Been the Last and Final Man on This Earth," He Heard Susie Zubler Sobbing

Nor had Amos forgiven himself. Around a bend in the road he descended from the cloud, hoisted an agonized foot, kicked himself, sat down under a beech tree and ate a broom straw. He hated, despised, loathed the craven thing within the body which was called Amos Knickiner. But if she hadn't been sitting there on the back porch as he had imagined her sitting thousands of times and if he hadn't been sort of pottering about the back yard as he had blushingly imagined himself thousands of times, well —— But, no, it wouldn't have been any different. So long as he was Amos Knickiner nothing could have made it any different. There was that schoolbook episode which he had deplored vigorously for twenty-three years. Now here was a companion episode to deplore for the next twenty-three. He rose, knocked the dust from the broom against the beech and went home.

His cousin Boaz, with whom he lived, moved and had his being, was already home from the store which they jointly owned. Amos convulsively thrust the broom behind him.

But Boaz merely applied another dab of stove polish and brushed his best shoe. "Been sweeping the henhouse away?" he inquired casually.

Amos hesitated. "The back yard yet," he said, honestly enough. He eyed the shoe. "But tomorrow ain't Sunday."

Boaz flourished the brush. "Till a couple days maybe I start on my trip a'ready. The fall lines are in."

"But ain't you ahead? You ain't ever starting behind the first of the month."

"Yes, but maybe you're forgetting to remember the five-year camp meeting starts the first of the month, too; and I don't want fur to miss all the jumpin'. Preacher Matt Zubler comes this year and he certainly can make them conwert theirselves." Boaz spat rakishly into the stove polish. "Nur neither I don't want to be skinched fur time at the city this year."

Amos sat gazing at Boaz, heavy with wonder and admiration. What did Boaz do in the city upon these buying trips which he relished so much? But he must cut a dash! Boaz had plenty of everything—plenty of hair upon his head, plenty of words in his mouth, plenty of everything which Amos did not possess. Well, no, there was one thing in which Amos secretly knew that he surpassed Boaz, and that was in business sagacity. It was a pleasant game with Amos, this quiet manipulation of the business which Boaz took all the noisy credit for, this watching their establishment grow from a grocery at the crossroads into one of the largest mercantile emporiums in the county. The most anxious periods, of course, were these times when the impetuous Boaz was about to start upon the fall trips for the purchase of the winter supplies. It required all of the tact which Amos possessed to inculcate without rancor into the other's mind his ideas as to the best methods of expenditure.

"I mean to say," Boaz was saying, "a man like what I am, this here little place gits some tiresome. I like to see oncet somepin of this here world, a late up-a-date movie or somepin. So I might mebbe stop off extry for a couple days or such. It won't be costing nothing in real cash money, fur I'll be stopping at the soopurbs ag'in by Herman Pfefferheffer. You mind to that coffin he ordered off us fur his first wife. I ain't got that boarded out of him yet."

"It went good fur us that he moved aways from here before his second fell off fur him."

"Well, coffins now. That's a healthy line," Boaz eyed his partner speculatively. "I hear old Eri Misenhelder ain't anything so well. And they have wery bad hopes of Zerubbabel Kutz."

"Coffins ain't fur us," Amos squared his knees decisively. "Look oncet at the two we bought how they used us. Pfefferheffer went and begun on a second wife before he paid away fur the end of his first. And look—worse yet at the one we got ahead of time fur Conrad Heisenmuller. There it sets in the loft fur fifteen years a'ready, gittin' dirtier all the time and nobody in the county big enough to ever be wearing it."

Boaz flushed to the roots of his lush chestnut hair; that unfortunate purchase had been one of his own rash ideas. "Heisenmuller was always a sly one," he grumbled. "Who could have guessed anyhow, that he would of up and took a trip at the oceans with all his kidneys floating fur him?"

"They never floated him to the top, anyway," remarked Amos. "So there sets his coffin. But leave it set," he added pacifically; "we got to have somepin to the overhead."

"If it don't suit you overhead," retorted the aroused Boaz, "fetch it down: put it anywheres. And this I will say, and I make it my bet, too: Some day we will git us a use fur that coffin yet."

His Clothing Was Not There! It Was Not There. He Said the Words Aloud and Still He Did Not Believe Them

Amos shuddered. "I tell you it's too dirty fur any corp to wear. I wouldn't bury a dog in it. The white linings at is gray a'ready with the dust settled in and the ——"

"So filthy clean like what you are, it's a wonder you wouldn't be cleaning it out, then," sliced Boaz. "Bathing yourself every day out of a tub yet. Who ever heard the likes? A cleaner by the days, that's what you'd ought to be. Maybe you could git you a job off Susie Zubler. Her house is dirty enough to keep you busy till a while yet, I guess."

Amos stared at Boaz and began to perspire.

"Well, she's here," said Boaz, looking up. "She bought a broom off me this after."

"How does she look?"

"Round like always. Satisfied lookin'." And added after a moment, "Maybe she won't be so satisfied when she finds she's all et up with mortgages."

"But she ain't."

"Ain't?"

"He just made it out that way so we'd throw him something off his groceries. Lawyer said anyway."

Boaz was handsome—oh, very—as he sat with his chestnut eyes wide and questioning, the rich red of his lips flaring beneath his luxuriant mustache.

"Ain't no mortgages?"

Amos shook his head.

Boaz gathered his shoes. "And her hunert fences into my forty," he murmured.

The day was warm, but the cold speculation in his eyes as he made this geographical observation was sufficient to chill the perspiration upon Amos' forehead. It froze, finally, into a resolution to fix that picket tomorrow night; and the biscuit—yes, he was going to sit and eat those biscuit too. Susie Zubler had asked him to eat biscuit with her!

He did fix the picket, and he got there early to do so. Susie was in the orchard gathering apples into the apron which was tied about her little round middle.

"I suppose you ain't liking apple pie or whatever!" she greeted him gayly.

"No, I ain't liking it," said Amos gruffly and then hit his thumb.

Ten minutes later he flogged himself to the kitchen door. "Yes, I do like it," he brought up from hoarse depths, and plunged at once down the steps.

"I knew a'ready you was just passing off one of your jokes," she called after him carelessly.

Oh, she did make it easy for him! At least, he found himself finally seated at her little table—across from Susie Zubler at her table! And he did eat. The fact that he ate one baked potato after the other under the impression that he was eating biscuits is of minor consequence. He did eat and he did hoist his voice once in so often to the upper levels of his throat.

"And what was you doing fur a living?" she inquired.

"Keeping store yet."

"Why, but Boaz he kept saying yesterday 'my store' this here and 'my store' that there ——"

Amos sprinkled pepper into his coffee.

"Oh, ain't that just like Boaz!" laughed the widow after an instant. "And I bet you're doing the heft of the brain work for the firm too. Ain't he married with no one yet?"

Amos shook his head.

"Oh, ain't that just like Boaz!" bubbled Mrs. Zubler.

For the first time Amos ventured a direct look at her as she bisected the pie. Beneath her black hair her cheeks were flushed and her lips were smiling a little. What had she meant by that remark now? It was well known that she had not been averse to his cousin's attentions in their youthful days; but, then, what girl had? What had she meant by that cryptic remark?

"My, how it does pleasure me to talk over the bygones!" exclaimed the hostess. "Do you feel toward your pie now?"

No, Amos did not feel toward pie at that moment. He had stiffened and was listening intently. Did he hear footsteps? He did, and Mrs. Zubler heard them too.

"Who could this be anyhow?"

The widow Zubler rose and went to the door.

Who? Amos could have told her. The cold pit of his stomach had recognized the steps.

"You was standing on the door a waiting fur me, huh? Well, I thought oncet I'd just drop by that way and—my gosh!" Boaz, resplendent in white shirt and polished shoes, fumbled back upon the threshold. "How did you git here?"

"I plagued him to fix my fence," the widow said. "Take a seat and set down. Have a piece apple pie."

"And that I will oncet." Boaz smartly tipped his chair and thrust his thumbs beneath his suspender straps. "Apple pie, huh? Say, do you know what I always thought about you? I always thought you looked like you'd just et apple pie."

"Well, my lands, what a speech!" exclaimed the hostess, not displeased. She turned toward Amos. "He means to say I'm fat and squushy that way; don't you think anyhow?"

"No," said Amos.

"He says he don't think," interpreted Boaz.

"Ain't you the wit, though?" bubbled Susie.

"You sure made some hurry around here," Boaz glanced about the immaculate kitchen. "But I bet it's the only place in the house fitten fur to set in."

Amos' knees drew. His pleading eyes turned slowly toward the widow. But she was not looking at him. "I'm not the betting kind," she parried.

"But, fur all, you're better'n most," sparkled Boaz. Oh, but Boaz was in fine form! He convulsed the widow more than once during the two hours which followed. Once she choked and Boaz patted her upon the back. Boaz patted Susie Zubler upon the back, just like that—as though it were nothing!

Amos had never admired Boaz so devastatingly as when they walked home together through the moonlight, Boaz, his soft hat a trifle to one side, stepping, as always, slightly in advance. He had given Susie Zubler a wonderful evening, and for that Amos was humbly grateful. Of course it had been hard, just sitting there, looking on, not knowing when one of those barbed shafts of wit was going to speed his way; but at any rate, he had sat it out. He had

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Mrs. Pfeifferheffer Got Her Voice, But It Was an Odd Uncertain Soprano, "So You're Here Yet Then?"

Why it Costs So Much to Eat

By JAMES R. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TO YOUR favorite waiter who has pulled out the chair for you and now stands waiting to take your order, you say, "Gus, I'm pretty hungry; how is the corned beef and cabbage today?"

"Fine, couldn't be better." Gus would say that, of course; you knew it all the time. If Gus had replied "Terrible, lay off it," you would have wondered, not what was wrong with the corned beef and cabbage but what was the matter with Gus. For this we have conversation.

"Bring me a nice, large portion of it. I've got an appetite like a horse today."

"Yes, sir," says Gus. And he means exactly that—he will fetch you a nice, large portion of it. But he knows something you don't. He knows that if you had ordered a nice, small portion, instead of large, he would have brought you exactly the same thing, which, in the case of corned beef and cabbage, invariably happens to be a nice, large portion. For Gus does not regulate the size of portions. Nor does the white-aproned kitchen assistant who doles out the helping to him; nor the chef, nor the steward. It is the understanding shadow which tends to all of that. And the understanding shadow, which is the invisible force hovering over all well-regulated restaurants of this generation, knows that corned beef and cabbage is ordered only by hungry persons, not by dyspeptics or those with delicate appetites.

Conversely, suppose you had said "I'm off on my feed today, Gus; bring me something not too much—say, a nice, little sweetbread," the acquiescent Gus would have placed before you a sweetbread of precisely the same dimensions as though you had said, "a nice, large sweetbread." In other words, no matter what adjectives you might use to describe to your waiter the size of the portion desired, you still get the same thing. The understanding shadow, working conjointly with the safety valve, has previously determined what you shall receive.

You have heard about great automobile factories being so systematized that all John Smith does the livelong workday is to tighten Bolt Number 36 in Part Number 72 as the assembling car passes Station Number 12, where he stands. Well, the same principle of business efficiency has spread at last to the spot where extravagance and wastefulness and negligence thrived only recently in all their iridescence—the restaurant kitchen. Another John Smith has come to hand, and all he does the livelong workday is to remove Cut Number 3 from Section Number 6 as the short loin passes Station Number 4, where he stands. The kitchen has become a factory; meat axes, carving knives, pots and pans have become precision tools.

You Pay Generously for the Flunkied Service and an Atmosphere of Lavishness Which the Fashionable Restaurant Gives

Lest wrong conclusions be reached, let us get ahead of our story and say that the reformation of the kitchen does not rob the *selle d'agneau tardif* of any of its subtleties or convert the Châteaubriand into a machine-made product of high-powered organization. No, the spirit of Brillat-Savarin still hovers over the cook pot; and the disciples of La Puruque and Ranhofer, master chefs of their day, are yet at hand to compound sauces and devise dishes which delight the palate of the gastronomist and bring gladness to his heart. Art has been tempered with system—that's all.

Prohibition did it. Go back eight or ten years to the pre-Volsteadian era and you will find why the reorganization of the hotel and restaurant kitchen is interlocked with the Eighteenth Amendment. The one consistent, dependable producer of profit had always been the bar. Rain or shine, good times or bad, the revenue from this department could be relied upon to roll in without interruption and was at hand to make up any deficit from abnormal depression in the two other chief sources of income, rooms and food. So satisfactory were conditions that comparatively few hotels thought it necessary to make a scientific analysis of receipts to ascertain exactly what the proportionate profit and loss might be from the three principal channels of money-making. In a general and more or less vague way it was known that the business of renting hotel rooms was sound and moderately lucrative, that restaurants were necessary for the convenience of customers and were doing everything that could be expected of them if they broke even, and that the business of selling drinks, either at the bar or in the dining rooms, was inevitably the same, year in and year out—the one item which was sure to be recorded on the right side of the ledger.

Where Was the Profit?

IF THE hotels in those days could have confined their activities to renting rooms and selling drinks the industry would have prided itself upon being the first to reach a real Utopian condition. Many hotel men who have come through the violent changes resulting from the severance of their main artery of profit will tell you that the food department was looked upon as an actual sore spot of the business which had to be tolerated. This was especially true in the smaller hotels, which could not effect the economies of quantity buying available to the larger ones and which found it inexpedient to put on a gaudy front of lavish decorations, liveried flunkies and high-priced dishes, the device by which menu charges could be raised to the ultimate point the traffic would stand. Their customers were more interested in good, wholesome food at reasonable prices than in the fashionable trimmings.

Kitchen leakage and waste were the hotel man's nightmare. It seemed a physical impossibility to keep a close check-up on food supplies. All the help had to be fed, which was a two-way expense, in that the original item of cost was increased by reason of the fact that the cooking staff could cover up any overproduction of ready dishes by serving them at the employes' table. Food takes a circuitous route in its passage from the receiving clerk's office to the restaurant. Butter, for instance. From the storeroom it is being issued constantly, to pass through a labyrinth of departments comprising the culinary factory. In a large well-regulated kitchen there are all kinds of subdivision heads—broiling and roasting cooks, fry cooks, sauce cooks, vegetable cooks, soup cooks, pastry cooks and even specialists in making ice cream and opening oysters, though the two latter, however, do not happen to be butter users. Hotel men couldn't see then, as they do now, how it was possible to keep track of each pound of butter when there were so many fingers in it. They reasoned that even if a workable system were devised it would be more expensive to operate than it would save, thereby defeating its own purpose. Not much stock was taken in that newfangled idea of efficiency which some theoretical collegians were trying to foist on the business world.

It shouldn't be imagined that all restaurants were losing money on food and making up the deficit on drinks. That is not the point. Undoubtedly many restaurants were producing a fair enough profit, but the trouble was that the owners couldn't determine what it was, because of their inability to solve the confusing problems which arose in connection with the sale of food. Portions lacked uniformity. A portion of this or that was whatever the undercook happened to put in the dish. If returns seemed to indicate that ham and eggs were money-makers, was it the ham or the eggs which did the trick, or was it both? They didn't know. If a bottle of champagne went with dinner for two, it was known that this particular meal was served at a profit, but how far did that margin of profit go in taking care of the loss incurred in serving the drinkless meal at the adjoining table, assuming there was a loss? They didn't know. How extensively did the repetition of orders apply to the showing of the balance sheet? They didn't know. In fact there was almost an endless chain of things they didn't know about their own business. But, of

Ten Per Cent of the Guests Spend One Dollar a Day With the Valet

course, they did know the great essential thing—namely, whether they conducted their business at a net profit on the year. And further, they knew that the main bar and service bar were their mainstays. It was A B C figuring here—the cost of the raw material against the price paid by the consumer, with a relatively small labor charge and approximated overhead for rent, and so on.

Big profits, steady profits, easy-to-figure profits—no wonder practically every hotel from coast to coast signed articles of agreement with the same copartner. The preeminent hotel man of the country was John Barleycorn.

Economists credit American business men with a genius for rising to situations when necessity demands. Well, when prohibition made that demand upon the American business men engaged in the hotel industry, rated about the fourth largest in the country, they had ample opportunity to give a demonstration of how this gift works out in a practical way. Figuratively, they awoke one morning to find the props knocked from under their structure. The literal interpretation of what prohibition said to them was this: "You've been operating a tricycle; rooms and food have been the front wheels and drinks the hind wheel, from which balance and driving power were obtained. After this you'll have to get along with the front wheels only. It's up to you to make the necessary mechanical changes to provide a new motive force."

Putting Food to Work

THE obvious recourse of the hotels was to raise room rents and menu prices. But it happened that a devastating war was but recently ended and all living standards were upset, so that any advance in charges, unless so violent as to bring about a possible public boycott of hotels altogether, could merely be sufficient to take care of their own increased expenses. Truth dawned upon them in all the unpleasant raiment which truth oftentimes affects. It was this: To attempt a sweeping sudden rise in prices was playing with dynamite; the public would have to be educated gradually; the stop-loss remedy would have to be fashioned from the two remaining channels of revenue and not from any new device of profit-making which would appear miraculously in this crisis.

Now comes a paradox. Prohibition, which had threatened to tear the country's fourth largest industry asunder, actually put it on a sounder basis; if not as profitable, at least more scientific and economical. Confronted with the alternative of making a quick shift of scenery or closing up shop, hotel men turned their attention to the only quarter which seemed to offer a possible solution of their problem—the kitchen. Wasn't there some way by which the restaurant could be made to offset at least a part of the lost liquor income?

Food suddenly assumed a much greater significance in the industry. It would have to be put in harness and made to work. And higher price being a dangerous explosive if handled precipitately, it would have to be made to work from the other end—lower cost of production. The idea was so radical, so contrary to long-established traditions, that some wise and experienced hotel men doubted whether it could be done. These accepted what seemed to be the proper alternative; they closed up shop. If your memory goes back eight or nine years you will recall their passing, accompanied by the prediction that others would follow the lead. And others would surely have done so had the awakening been long delayed.

Quite a remarkable feature of these critical times for the industry of running American hotels is the fact that the practical application of the only known remedy came not from the Napoleons of the business but from the private ranks. In New York were two naturalized Americans, brothers and Hungarians by birth, possessed of an average school education, who had been washing dishes for a living. As they toiled at this menial occupation they studied the methods employed in the purchase and distribution of the 700 or so different articles of food handled daily in the kitchen. It was impossible for the chef to keep an exact record of these commodities without sacrificing his main responsibility of creating palatable dishes which would attract customers to the establishment.

The brothers, their sense of thrift constantly provoked at the waste which went on, set to work evolving a system for plugging the leaks and putting the whole food department on the same orderly footing which had proved successful in other branches of business. They took no stock in the old tradition that a hotel restaurant was a necessary evil, the losses of which were properly charged off to advertising. A cursory glance at conditions convinced them the margin between profit and loss was so close that the scales could readily be turned in favor of profit. So they worked out their plan and got it over. It was called food cost accounting.

Three Tags for Appetites

THERE is not a large hotel being operated in the United States today into which this comparatively new principle of scientific management has not seeped in some form or other. Combined with its extensions to clarify all the confusing problems which arise in connection with the operation of a large hotel, such as the exact status of rooms as a revenue producer, it has meant that hotels can be run in these days of high costs in a manner commensurate with the ability of the public to pay, a statement sponsored here by hotel men rather than by accountants who specialize in this field. To put it in popular terms, the information gleaned through slow, painstaking effort is a spotlight on the great American appetite, revealing it in the subjugated form to which laboratorial work has brought it. This once rampant force has been captured, tamed, analyzed and isolated.

The two invisible entities previously referred to as dominating the régime of kitchens have sprung into existence from the illuminating data adduced in this research task, which has been in progress for the last decade. A whole multitude of appetites, stretching, as the spellbinder would say, from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny slopes of California, was assayed to determine what the average food demand of the normal person is. Appetites were found to possess distinctive dimensions and characteristics, grouped in three general divisions, as follows—the fashionable-restaurant species, which may be classed as medium; the tea-room brand, labeled dainty; and the cafeteria or chain-restaurant variety, indexed as hearty. Portions are arranged accordingly. If you sit down to a meal in a fashionable restaurant the understanding shadow assumes that you are moderately hungry; if you go to a tea room this silent force takes it for granted that you demand daintiness in place of quantity; and if you visit the cafeteria or chain restaurant the conclusion is that you are looking for quantity as well as speed. In other words, you get a custom job in meals, made strictly to your own measure—that is, with regard to size. Every hotel man and restaurateur must be his own judge concerning quality.

The twin of this student of appetite lore is the safety valve, which is the daily tabulation on gross profits, distribution, and so on, and blows off when the danger mark is approached. At a specified hour each day, usually in the afternoon, the control sheet, showing the number of portions served, restaurant receipts, percentage of gross profits on cost and other itemized detail for the preceding twenty-four hours, goes to the executive offices, and the management is able to see at a glance the whole story of the day's business. Let us say that something is wrong with the gross profit on roast beef. In the roast-beef column the safety valve is bellowing out its alarm. The management thereupon starts an immediate investigation to see what is wrong. A supplementary report furnishing complete details regarding roast beef, is prepared, the trouble is quickly located and corrective measures are applied.

Food cost accounting, or food control, as it is sometimes called, became possible only after a series of false starts. Its secret was mastered when it was discovered that its basis should be cost units and not sales units, as in factory cost accounting. E. J. Horwath, one of the two brothers who worked out the principles in use at present, summarizes its method of operating in this manner: "A food-cost-accounting system, in the final analysis, consists of a combination of the portion sheet with the analysis of food cost in such a manner that the various groups of costs are directly applicable to the groups of sales, so as to arrive at the resulting gross profit and thus furnish the management with a reliable guide as to the economy of operation.

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"All Restaurants are Robbers" is a Firmly Fixed Belief in Many Minds

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

OPUS RANDALL, portly star of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., was enjoying his dinner. There were two reasons why his pleasure was undiluted: First, it was a most excellent meal, and second, it was being paid for by Mr. Jasper De Void, once of Dothan, Alabama, but now a prominent colored citizen of Birmingham.

Jasper, long and lean and decidedly awkward, stared raptly across the table at his distinguished guest. He found difficulty in believing that he, an ordinary citizen, was undergoing the honor of dining with Mr. Randall. Opus was internationally known. His fame as a stellar attraction in Midnight's excellent two-reel products was exceeded by nobody and equaled only by the undersized Welford Potts.

Opus was distinctly at ease. He had ordered the menu and was engaged in absorbing it. He was in a genial and expansive mood, and if his attitude was somewhat patronizing, that was only what the humble Jasper expected.

At length the after-dinner coffee was served and Jasper pressed a gold-banded cigar upon his guest. Opus inhaled, then blew a cloud of aromatic smoke across the table.

"Swell meal, Jasper—a durn swell meal."

"I sho is happy you liked it, Mistuh Randall."

"I ain't got a kick." The eyes of the gorged star dwelt on the thin, eager face of his companion. "Now, as us was sayin' this afternoon, Jasper ——"

"Yas-suh, tha's it. It sholy is."

"H'm!" Opus drummed lightly on the table. "Do I understan', Mistuh De Void, that you crave to become a pitcher actor?"

"Oh, golla"—Jasper leaned forward tensely—"that's the one thing I don't want to do nothin' else but."

"An' you came to me ——"

"'Cause they tol' me you was the mos' influentialist pusson in Midnight. I tried to see President Latimer an' I tried to git a word with Director Clump. They woul'n't even talk to me. Then Magnesia Jones, which I is sort of engaged to commit matrimony with, she said that you was the mos' likely pusson to have 'fluence."

"She was right, Jasper. I is really a power in that comp'ny. What I says always goes, or usually so. An' does I walk up to Cæsar Clump an' Orifice Latimer an' announce I has got a friend which craves to act in pitchers, they woul'n't dare not do what I requires."

"Gosh, ain't you somethin'?"

Mr. Randall observed a twin to his cigar protruding from the breast pocket of Jasper's coat. He reached across the table and abstracted it. Then his eyes dwelt speculatively upon his host.

"How much do you know 'bout pitcher actin', Jasper?"

"Nothin', Mistuh Randall, or even less than that. But I promise "

"Is you willin' to start at the bottom an' work up?"

"Man, I'll start lower than that. Honest, I ain't never in all my life craved nothin' so much as I does to become an actor. I don't care what they make me do."

"Some of the work," suggested Mr. Randall, "is distinckly unpleasant. Us don't make no drammers. We does slapstick comedies where folks git knocked in the haid an' fall all over the place, an' ev'ything such as that."

"I know, Mistuh Randall—I know. I has sawn 'em all on the screen an' I think it's awful funny the way folks gits knocked aroun'."

"Maybe you woul'n't think it was so funny if it happened to you."

"Yes, I would. I give you my word an' honor."

There was a long pause, during which Mr. De Void's fingers twisted nervously. At length Opus broke the silence:

"If I gotten you a job with Midnight, Jasper, you'd have to do some excitin' stunts."

"Excitement is the fondest thing I is of."

"An' fu'thermo', I coul'n't promise that they'd keep you fo' mo' than one pitcher."

"Tha's all right. Even did they fire me, I could always say I used to be an actor. An' maybe they woul'n't fire me neither."

"Maybe they woul'n't," came the gloomy answer. "You'd mos' likely resign."

"Not me, I woul'n't. Resign away fum a swell job like that? Gosh, Mistuh Randall, you talks plumb foolishment."

"We'll see. And now, there is one mo' thing, Jasper; one mo' item tha's real impawtant."

"Yas-suh?"

"I is a busy man an' I don't often fool with extras. My time is vallible ——"

"I pays you cheerful, Mr. Randall."

"Good! Then I get you a job with Midnight. My charge is two hund'ed an' fifty dollars cash money."

Mr. De Void was a sport. He blinked once. Just once. Then he produced a bank roll of such amazing girth that Opus felt he had been a piker.

"There's yo' two hund'ed an' fifty, Mistuh Randall. When does I commence actin'?"

"I lets you know tomorrow. You start maybe Monday. But don't you tell nobody 'bout this li'l' deal of ourn. It woul'n't seem dignifried fo' me to be takin' money fo' gittin' folks movie jobs."

"I reckon not. Anyway, I don't say nothin' 'til I starts workin' fo' you-all folks."

Jasper settled the sizable check and bade his friend good night. Then he walked up the street, dazed with happiness. All of Jasper's youth had been spent on a farm near Dothan. Within the past year he had achieved a lifelong ambition—a migration to the urban glories of Birmingham. He arrived in the city with a comfortable cash capital and a great eagerness to learn. That he had done well was attested by the fact that he had lived luxuriously since arriving in the city and was now possessed of three dollars for every one which had belonged to him on the day of his arrival.

But of all the things in the Alabama metropolis which dazzled the tall, lean country boy, there was nothing which quite compared to the walled-in lot of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. There was a successful manufacturer of two-reel pictures; comedies of and by negroes which flickered proudly in more than two hundred first-class, first-run houses throughout the United States. There was a fascination about the screen and the stars who twinkled thereon which was irresistible to Mr. De Void, but until tonight he had not confessed, even to the fair Magnesia to whom he was engaged, that there lurked in his skinny bosom a great Thespian ambition.

Maybe there wasn't any particular fortune in the profession of acting, but it carried enormous prestige. He, Jasper De Void, screen actor! He thrilled at the thought. What would the boys at Dothan say when they saw him on the screen? And what did he care for hard knocks? Reckon he could stan' as much as them other cullud folks! Yas-suh, he sho could!

But if Jasper was happy over the arrangement, Opus Randall was fairly laughing aloud. Fat fingers probed into the pockets of his pants and caressed the two hundred and fifty dollars which Jasper had donated. He thought of several things.

The following morning early Opus Randall presented himself at the modest shop of a jeweler in the loop section. He waved a large paw toward the window.

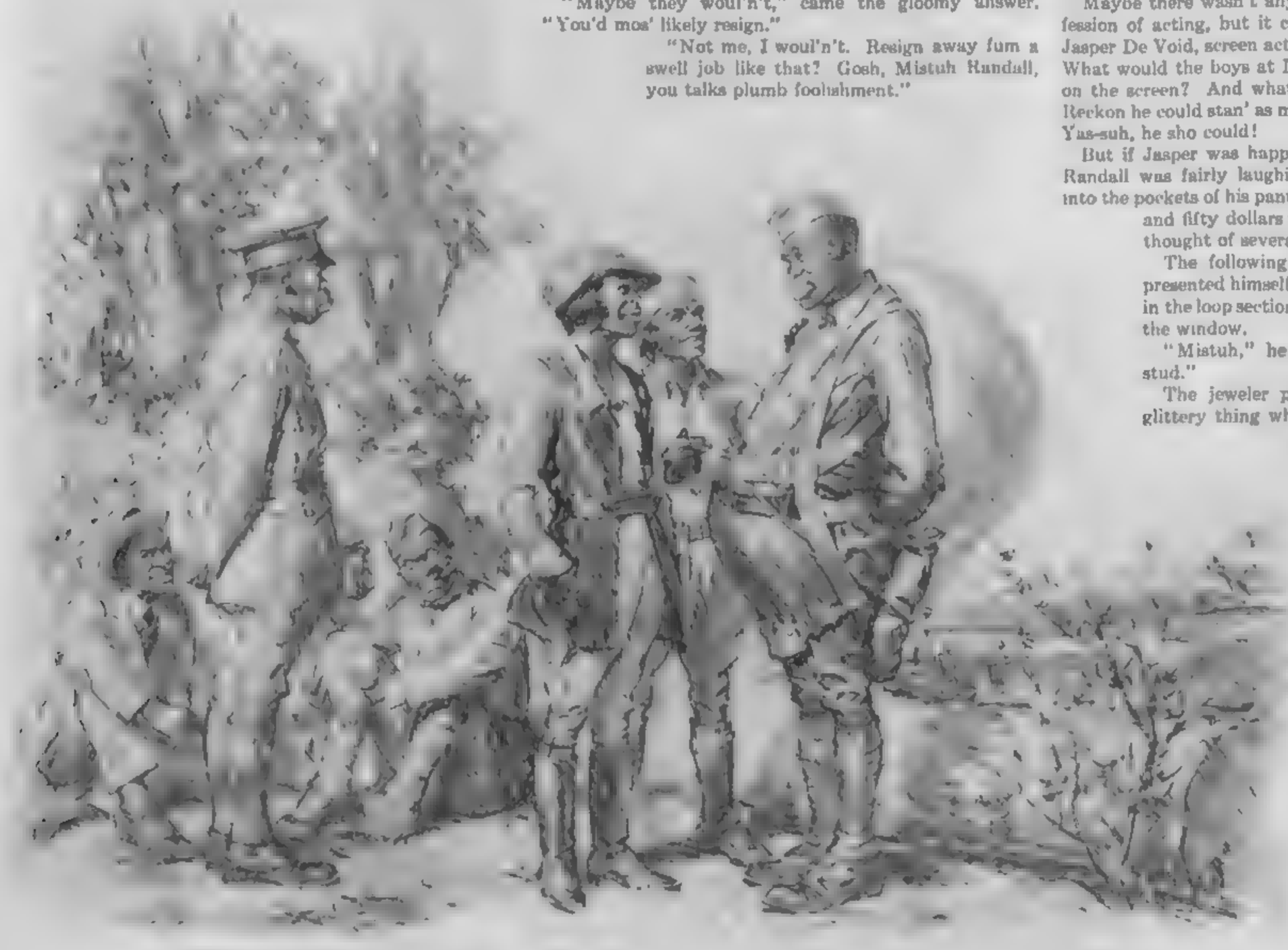
"Mistuh," he said, "I craves my di'mond stud."

The jeweler produced the gem—a gleamy, glittery thing which filled Opus with profound joy. "You have paid two hundred and fifty on this, Opus. There is an equal amount still due."

"Write me out a receipt, cap'n, 'cause heah's the diff'ence."

Across the counter Opus shoved the entire sum he had received from Jasper for getting that gentleman a job in the movies. He accepted the diamond stud and affixed it to the bosom of his new blue-and-white shirt, where it sparkled like the morning star.

He strutted toward the headquarters of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. He passed through the outer offices and into the executive rooms. A half dozen men stopped their conversation to stare at



Cæsar Patted Him on the Shoulder. "Atta Boy, Jasper. What Us Has Got fo' You is Plenty of Pride"

him, and Welford Potts—Opus' co-star and deadly rival—murmured approval.

"Great wiggilin' tripe, Opus, that sholy is some headlight you is sportin'."

"Uh-huh. 'Tain't so bad. Seen it in a winder while I was on my way to work an' thought I better buy it."

A lowly film cutter shook his head enviously. "How much did it cos', Mistuh Randall?"

"Five hund'ed dollars." Mr. Randall snapped his fingers. "A mere nothin'."

He moved across the room and tapped on a ground-glass door. A voice bade him enter and he found himself in the presence of Julius Cæsar Clump, thin, dynamic, spectacled, puttied director in chief. Mr. Clump was immersed in a cost sheet and he sighed at sight of his visitor.

"A'right, Opus; what is it?"

"I just brung you some glad news, Cæsar."

"Glad to heah it. I ain't shooken han's with any good news in six weeks. Shoot!"

"It's this: You can go ahaid with that captive-balloom sequence any time you want."

Instantly Clump forgot the annoying facts presented on his cost sheet. He rose and stood behind his desk, staring beatifically at his most ponderous star.

"You mean ——"

"I has withdrawed my opposition to bein' kilt, Cæsar. Us can shoot the balloom ascension and parachute jump any day you gits good an' ready."

"Hot dam! Opus, you is a true artist. Man ——" The director went off into a delicious reverie. Here was the solution of many difficulties and a rare opportunity to put across a picture which inevitably would be crowned with sensational success.

Forcep Swain, Midnight's official author, had concocted a burlesque of the World War in line with the hundreds of such burlesques which are earning fortunes in the movie houses of America today. This one was composed of a thousand laughs, and Opus Randall had been cast for the leading rôle because of his enormous girth and melancholy manner.

The real truth of the matter was that Forcep's inspiration was derived from the bankruptcy of a balloonist who had been traveling with a carnival. The carnival had gone broke near Birmingham and the balloonist in question had offered his outfit to Midnight cheap. Cæsar bought, informed Forcep of his purchase, and the former owner of the balloon was now somewhere in the far Northwest.

Forcep's authorship had never shown to finer advantage. His picture piled laugh on laugh to the great and glorious climax where the villain—Welford Potts—caused the hero—Opus Randall—to ascend in a captive balloon which is afflicted with a slow leak which the villain has engineered.

Both men are in the service and the girl over whom they have been fighting is on hand to witness the ascension. According to the Swain story, Opus was to make the ascension and then discover the slow leak. Welford has given him the wrong set of signals and those on the ground do not understand that the gentleman in the gas bag is anxious to be drawn to earth again.

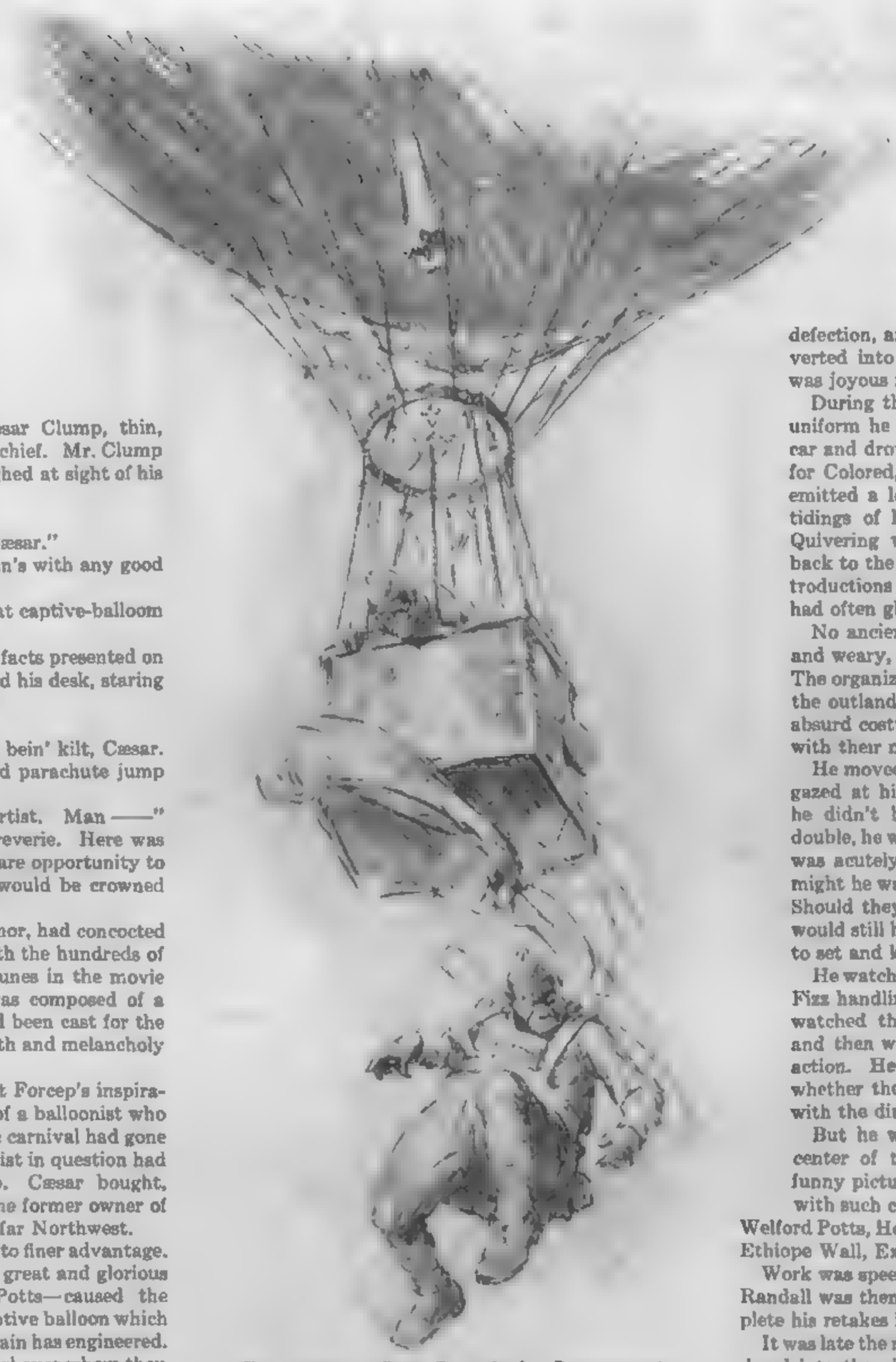
Comedy shots of Opus' terror over the discovery of his slow leak and the wrong signals were to be taken on the ground. But the grand climax was to come when the imprisoned man—taking his choice between certain extinction and a mere chance thereof—makes a parachute jump.

Forcep's scenario demanded that he fly through the air with the parachute and come down with sudden and violent force on the head of Welford Potts, the arch enemy; the crash to be taken later, of course, but the parachute jump to be very real indeed.

A large portion of the preliminary scenes had been shot before someone explained to Opus what he was expected to do later in the picture. And it was at that precise moment that Mr. Randall balked. He declared fiercely that he wasn't goin' up in no balloom an' wasn't goin' to come down in no parachute. A committee composed of President Orifice R. Latimer, Director J. Cæsar Clump and Author Forcep Swain begged and pleaded. Opus was as unshakable as the Rock of Gibraltar. They threatened to discharge him and he merely smiled.

"I got bawn on earth," he declared, "an' I aim to stay heah."

And so, amid a quantity of weeping and wailing and gnashing of executive teeth, the portion of the picture already taken was shelved. It looked like a dark day for Midnight. Yet there, bright and chipper, was this same Mr. Randall volunteering to perform the parachute sequence.



He Closed His Eyes, Breathed a Prayer and Stepped Off Into Nothing

Clump's troubles dropped from his shoulders like a discarded cloak. He circled his desk and pumped Opus' fat and fishy paw with obtrusive enthusiasm.

"Tell me how come you to change yo' mind, Brother Randall."

"Art," returned Opus. "My devotion to art."

"Dawg-gone!"

The eyes of the big star narrowed. "'Co'se you remember, Cæsar, that you tol' me I could git a double fo' the balloom ride an' jump."

"Oh, a double?"

"Yeh. I ain't gwine risk my skin. But I got you a man that will. He's tall as me an' you can pad him out so he'll look fat as me in long shots. An' he ain't never been in no balloom, neither."

Cæsar was nodding slow approval. "Soun's good. But if he's such an amachure will he jump in the parachute?"

Opus grinned an unholy grin. "Make him!"

"How?"

"You know where the scenario says that gas bag has got a slow leak in it?"

"Yeh."

"Well, make that slow leak real!"

Clump's head moved faster. "Durned if you ain't got a real brain in yo' haid, big boy. Make a genuwine leak an' then he's gwine have to jump. . . . Say, who is this feller which is such a fool as to jump out of a balloom?"

"Jasper De Void!"

"What?" Clump was amazed. "You is kiddin' me."

"No, I ain't, Cæsar. That feller ain't got one single sense in his haid. He craves to be a movie actor. I tol' him that he was gwine git some terrible bumps, but he said he di'n't care; he'd do anythin' to git into the movies. 'Co'se"—righteously—"I had to pay him a li'l' money to git him to sign up; but, by golly, we got him an' I'll bet tha's gwine be the funniest pitcher Midnight ever turned out."

Cæsar rushed over to Latimer's office to spread the news. The ponderous president was even more delighted than his chief director. An investment of nearly eight thousand dollars lay on their shelves because of Opus' defection, and now to learn that this could be converted into a big profit and a substantial success was joyous news indeed.

During the lunch hour Mr. Randall, clad in the uniform he wore in the picture, borrowed a studio car and drove to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, where he found Jasper. Mr. De Void emitted a loud cheer when he received the formal tidings of his acceptance into the Midnight fold. Quivering with happiness, he accompanied Opus back to the Midnight lot and bashfully received introductions to all of the luminaries whose faces he had often glimpsed on the silver screen.

No ancient traveler, arriving in Bagdad footsore and weary, was ever so impressed as Mr. De Void. The organized confusion, the shouting and bustling, the outlandish skeleton sets, the blazing Kliegs and absurd costumes—they combined to impress Jasper with their magnificence.

He moved about the lot, wondering why so many gazed at him sorrowfully. Perhaps it was because he didn't belong; perhaps because, being a mere double, he was as dust beneath their feet. But Jasper was acutely conscious of the fact that come what might he was in the process of having an experience. Should they propel him from the lot tomorrow, he would still have had the glory of wandering from set to set and knowing that he belonged.

He watched the direction of a scene; Edwin Boscoe Fizz handling the megaphone for Sicily Clump. He watched them go through innumerable rehearsals and then was amazed to see two cameras click the action. He saw musicians playing, and wondered whether there was to be a dance. His ears echoed with the din of hammers and saws.

But he was in movieland. He was in the very center of the confusion from which convulsively funny pictures emerged. He was brushing shoulders with such celebrities as J. Cæsar Clump, Eddie Fizz, Welford Potts, Herod Spangle, Forcep Swain, Sicily Clump, Ethiope Wall, Excelsior Nix and Exotic Hines.

Work was speeded up on the production in which Opus Randall was then starring. Clump figured he could complete his retakes in two more days. And then ——

It was late the next afternoon when Florian Slappey wandered into the vicinity of Jasper De Void. Mr. Slappey wore the expression of a mourner.

"Wha's this I heah 'bout you, Brother De Void?"

"I guess it's the truth, Florian."

"That you is gwine double fo' Opus Randall?"

"Yeh."

"Why?"

"'Cause a movie actor is the most thing I craves to be."

Florian shook his head. "Idjit what you is. Doublin' fo' a man ain't actin'."

"Feller has got to git a start somewhere," observed the philosophical Jasper.

"P'raps. But not such a start as yourn."

A superior smile adorned the lips of Mr. De Void. "Reckon if I ain't worryin', Florian, nobody else needs to."

The sybaritic Mr. Slappey walked away. There was no fool like a movie-struck one. He had thought that Jasper had some sense, but unquestionably he was mistaken. Why, the man actually seemed happy. Florian was supremely disgusted.

Two days later Jasper was ordered to the wardrobe department, where he was misfitted with a uniform. It flapped about his spare frame like the garments of a debauched scarecrow, but he swelled with pride at the thought that at last he was costumed as an actor. He emerged from the dressing room and saw that other uniforms were appearing on the lot; Opus Randall was wearing one and so was Welford Potts. Ethiope Wall wore one which fitted him amazingly well, and the pop-eyed Jasper learned that Mr. Wall had served with a combat division in France.

The loose ends of the unfinished production were gathered together. Clump's dynamic energy was thrown into the task of rushing things through before any further

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PEOPLE AGAINST MEADE

He Paused in the Doorway; a Woman Rose From a Lounge and Joined Him. They Went Together Into the Street

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"PERSONALLY, Meade," said the cashier of the Mutanzas and New York Bank heartily, "I don't doubt your innocence of this robbery in the least."

"I thank you, sir," said the bank's ex-messenger, speaking with the accent and precision of an educated Latin-American. "It is then presumed, I understand, that when I am established innocent on the trial of Michaels I shall restore my career with the bank?"

"But, Meade," said the cashier, kind and patient, "we've told you already that if the bank's loss of one hundred and ten thousand dollars should be substantially made good, there need not be any trial—any trial of anybody, Meade."

"I understand," said the young man, rising stuffy. "I bid you good day, sir, and good-by."

The blue eyes that were his from an American grandfather were hot and scornful as he walked through the bank to William Street. He walked slowly, holding his smooth chin high, swaying his well-set-up body and obviously aching to snap his long and nervous fingers under somebody's nose. He knew most of the clerks present, but the faces of all of them were vacant of recognition now; their attitude, for which they were more to be pitied than censured, taunted him into impudence. He stepped suddenly to one of them, seized his hand, and wrung it hard, crying delightedly, "Hello, my friend!" The hand stirred feebly in his grasp, and the man mumbled "Hello, Al, glad to see you," and turned a greenish white.

But when he was away from the bank and was fitted exactly into a chink in the crowd in a homeward-bound Subway car, his bravado went from him. He was only twenty-one, was partially crippled, was married, had a dollar and twenty cents to his name and no job, and had just lost one of his chief reliances, and with it, it seemed, his friends.

They believed he had been the accomplice of the men who had set upon him on that February day and taken from him the package of bonds. He had been careless; he had been reckless. A car had drawn up beside him and an occupant had called to him in French, called him by name, and he had gone to the car, to be twitched in by unseen hands. How could he identify this Michaels, having never seen him?

A shudder of passionate feeling swept over him. He shifted his feet, whereupon a stenographer who had been sleeping on his shoulder fell into his arms. He received her with an ungallant effect of fighting her off; his left arm, in which were scars from machine-gun bullets, failed him under her assault.

He got out at One Hundred and Eighty-first Street and walked to One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street and Wadsworth Avenue, to his bright little three-room apartment in the front of a smart new walk-up. He was paying twenty-five dollars a month, and the landlord, secretly thinking the rent extortionate, had forborne to dispossess him despite his being two months in arrears.

Ruth, his wife, was not at home. He missed her greeting, although she had been increasingly strange and cold of late and although he had come resolved to quarrel with her furiously. Because he was ashamed for her, he would have been furious; he had decided to tax her with undue friendship for the man Heywood to whom, in their straits, they had let one of the three rooms. He had planned to mention to her lightly the things he had heard, leaving earnestness to her in explanation; but he knew himself better. He would go pale with anguish if he spoke at all, and in his heart would be murder.

She had been gone for hours; the apartment was insufferably close. He threw up a window for a June breeze and sat down to the letters that he had taken from his box in the vestibule below. There were bills, stamped in red with phrases meant to bring a blush to his cheek and to convulse him into a little something on account; and there was this, in a lone letter from a friend:

> I went to your father when I was in Matanzas and I spoke to him touchingly of your condition. He said to me, my friend, "I have raised my hand and said I have no son, and I do not repent. Be silent, man. . . ."

He shrugged his shoulders and dropped the letter; that Señor Patricio Meade was inflexibly set against him was not news to him. He had had a choleric letter from his parent when he had left Yale in his junior year in the winter of 1916-1917; and nothing that he had done since had closed the breach. His rhapsodic account of the blond and beautiful Ruth—he had found her behind a ticket window on Broadway—had returned him a storm of reproaches. He had planned a surprise visit to his father in Cuba which should result in a rapid and easy conquest by Ruth of the elder Meade's love and respect, but his detention as a material witness had anticipated that. He was even resentful, and not entirely without excuse; the bank's attitude would have been less hostile if his father, answering the bank's careful letter, had washed his hands of his ungrateful and disobedient son with a little less vigor. His father—a tropical plutocrat and a tyrant in his own little world—wrote the bank: "Your shocking intelligence justifies my opinion of Alfredo. From disobedience one goes to evil companions, and thence to a life of crime."

He was in the living room, which, since they had rented out the bedroom of the apartment, was their sleeping chamber also. He went to the kitchen to see what had been done about dinner. A sheet of note paper was tacked to the kitchen door; he supposed it was a message from Ruth telling him where she had gone and when to expect her back. He read it, took it down from the door, returned with it to his chair and read it again.

He sat quite still, staring at the cluttered and rusty fire escapes and streaked walls of the tenements across the rear court. His face was blank; he seemed to be listening intently; his eyes were wide and vacant, and his lips were lightly parted. Twilight was shading into darkness and the stack of kitchen windows across the court was a column of light when he drew a deep breath and got up from his chair.

The note, which he crushed in his right hand now and thrust into his pocket, was in Ruth's writing. It said:

> *Alfredo:* My mother told me what would happen to me if I married a Cuban, and I guess she knew something. Your ring is over the door. I don't want to ever see you again. I guess I know where I'm appreciated, and that's where I'm going. Wishing you all the luck you deserve,
>
> RUTH.

He went with hastening steps down the private hall behind the kitchen and tried the door to Heywood's room. It was usually locked when the roomer was out; he was out now, but the door was unlocked. Alfredo Meade flung it back against the wall.

Heywood had evidently taken his departure for good. The bureau drawers were pulled out and empty. Looking about the room, which had lost its familiarity during the several weeks then last past, Alfredo remembered the night whereon he and Ruth had bought that five-piece bedroom set; she had discovered it in the window of a secondhand store on Amsterdam Avenue, where it was priced sixty dollars. They had run there, she pulling him. The set, which was as good as ever, would do credit once again to the window of the secondhand store.

He went to the telephone and called up a number on the Cathedral exchange, somewhere about Cathedral Parkway, which is One Hundred and Tenth Street.

"Is Mr. Andress there?" he asked.

"Who, sir?" said a male voice in the neighborhood of One Hundred and Tenth Street.

"Andress! Mr. John Tillt Andress."

"He will be here directly, sir, and will call you back. What is the number, please?"

Alfredo gave his number and stood beside the instrument after hanging up. He had waited less than a minute when the gentleman he was seeking rang up:

"Hello, Meade. My man here tells me you called me just now."

"Mr. Andress," said Alfredo breathlessly, "where is it that one may see this Heywood? You told me, you will remember, that you knew him."

"What's the matter, Meade?"

"Never mind this," said Alfredo, lifting his crippled arm and shaking it. "Where is he?"

"Why, I—I really couldn't say for certain, but I know where the fellow hangs out. He frequents a curiosity shop on lower Sixth Avenue, run by a rather doubtful character named Ma Bonn. Why do you ask? But I shan't quiz you. Let me say this, however, as a friend: If you anticipate a row with Heywood, be prepared to protect yourself. Ma Bonn's is a resort of dangerous men. I do hope—by jingo, Meade, say the word and I'll jump into the Subway and be there with you in half an hour."

"No, it is entirely a personal affair," said Alfredo. "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Andress." And he hung up.

He snatched his hat and bolted from the apartment. He shouted to a taxicab that was rolling southward on Wadsworth Avenue. The vehicle swung in toward him.

"Do you know Ma Bonn's place on lower Sixth Avenue?" he demanded.

"That place away down in Greenwich Village, across from Jefferson Market?" queried the cabman.

"Wherever," said Alfredo, with a swing of his good arm. "I have one dollar and twenty cents and no more. May I ride there for so much and very quickly?"

"You'll be company anyway," said the cabman, whose business had languished since the theater curtains had risen. "Hop in."

He stepped on the accelerator, eager to leave a section whose inhabitants wanted a ride of eight and a half miles for a dollar and twenty cents.

To Alfredo Meade, crouching forward in the seat with a hand on the door to fling it open, and with eyes burning into the darkness, the cab seemed to crawl. They thundered southward on Broadway.

II

IT WAS 7:55 P.M. of Monday, June 17, 1918, when Alfredo seized his hat and raced from the apartment on One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street. It was just eight o'clock of the same evening when an underworld character known as General Green gave a toast at a dinner in the stately dining room in the rear of Ma Bonn's curiosity shop hard by Jefferson Market. The General's offering, which was interrupted by the solemn and musical chimes of a standing clock in the room, was: "To the Appellate Division!"

The General—whose lank frame, long and furrowed face and shock of iron-gray hair made him look like some American politician of the whisky-bibbing era—sat down amid applause. Little Amby, sitting between Fat Ben, the professional bondsman, and the virago who was the hostess, bowed to the applause, accepting it on the part of the august Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court. His client, Pembroke Michaels, alias New London Mike, whose opinion of the law had improved since he felt its halter loosen, cried with maudlin amiability, "Hurray!" The cold gray eyes of Ma Bonn, whose boast it was that her affairs were extremely select, flicked Michaels, causing him to relinquish his clutch on a bottle; she said to him in a low voice, but with positiveness, "If you can't be a gentleman, you will land out on your ear."

Michaels was, as much as anybody, the guest of honor. It was to his indictment for robbery in the first degree, predicated on his taking the package of bonds from the messenger of the Matanzas and New York Bank, that Little Amby had demurred in General Sessions. That wise and wary court found that the indictment was defectively worded in that the indispensable fear or force was alleged to have been employed in the escape and not in the taking of the bonds, and felt obliged to sustain the demurrer and give judgment for the defendant; instead of reindicting at once and saving time, the People went to the Appellate Division, which, upon due consideration having been had, confirmed the judgment of the court below.

The People were free to reindict, but precious time had been lost. The driver of the robbers' cab, who had not been considered a party to the crime and who had been bonded to appear as a witness, had departed into the unknown. The honest citizen who had knocked Michaels down and held him for the police was gone with the snows of the hard winter of 1917–1918—a man who will cheerfully take his own chances will blench when the helpless members of his household are approached and threatened by thugs. There remained to the People Alfredo Meade, the messenger, and he claimed to be unable to identify Michaels and was under grave suspicion of being party to the crime. The bonds had never been found.

It was likely that the indictment would come to rest in the district attorney's lemon grove—a quaint term for the last resting place of indictments that would not be pressed. Some day when there was nothing much else to do, it would form part of a big batch brought into court and quietly dismissed. Little Amby would have his substantial fee; Fat Ben, the bondsman, could have his collateral released; a crooked broker would turn a crooked dollar in cashing the bonds; New London Mike would seek new business with an easy heart, and the Matanzas and New York Bank and its insurers would whistle. Alfredo Meade would remain under a dishonoring suspicion, nor could any effort of his serve to dissipate it.

The foregoing prospects, all of which were calculated to distress honest folk, did not weigh on the spirits of the select gathering which occupied the sixteen oak and red-leather armchairs about the Jacobean oak table beneath the huge crystal chandelier in Ma Bonn's back room. Now that New London Mike had promised to be a gentleman, Ma Bonn was her genial and hospitable self, smiling with a show of teeth that would not have discredited a lady ogre. She overheard a questionable story that Soapy Heywood was telling to Lily Mayer—young and pretty wife of the General, but preserving her maiden name because of her personal renown as a shoplifter—and shook a playful finger at Heywood, saying, "I'll smash you." She did not cease to smile when Robin Lavean, a well-to-do professional beggar, broke a forty-dollar place plate while showing a balancing trick to Sadie Marks, the confidence woman, but she was grateful to Fat Ben for drawing Sadie Marks away by giving a better show; Lavean, who was prodigal when he was out, was reaching for more plates.

"Try this on your own piano, Robin, my old tomato," grumbled Fat Ben jealously. And he balanced a whole roll on his double-jointed thumb, when the roll, seemingly of its own motion, flew into his mouth like a pigeon.

"A natural!" cried Sadie, running to him worshipfully. She sat on his knee, which was like a bench.

The guest list at this dinner is a matter of record, having been saved from oblivion by the police, but there is no point in setting it out here in full. However, we shall not omit mention of Lester Mooney, bank sneak and masked burglar, and Thee Magrath, bank burglar, as among those present. They completed the dinner's tale of professional lawbreakers, and were among those whom the police sweated that night—crimes are committed by criminals, commonly.

It was growing steadily hotter in the room, whose only access to the open air was through two small windows,

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To the Company in Ma Bonn's Back Room the Voice of the Pistol Was as the Voice of Conscience

AIR-TRAVELED GERMANY

By W. JEFFERSON DAVIS

THE *männerchors* and *rathskellers* are still on the ground in Germany, but no one can say how long it will be before they are in the air. I have just been aloft with flying burgomasters, grandmothers knitting as they fly, chess players, itinerant German bands, scarred young duelists taking their *Wanderjahr* in the air, German professors bound for Switzerland minus books but with their alpenstocks and knapsacks, field glasses and what nots, diplomats in morning coats, schoolboys in smocks, matrons and maids, and even babes in their mothers' arms.

Germany not only is in the air herself but she has practically taken the commercial aviation of Europe. Limited for several years under the Versailles Treaty solely to the manufacture of commercial planes, Germany concentrated her commercial and mechanical genius on the development of air traffic as a national business. And so astounding a record has been the extension of her air lines that the development of commercial aviation in Germany is one of the most interesting stories of all postwar enterprises. Today the Luft Hansa has more than 100 beautifully equipped airports; in fact, in Germany every city of any importance owns and operates its municipal airport.

The Tempelhof Airdrome at Berlin

Fledglings of Air Transport

THE Luft Hansa has some 220 planes flying on daily schedule over fixed routes, almost as definite as a railway, and estimates that its airplanes during 1927 will have covered a distance of 46,600 miles daily. Not only is every important German city in the air chain but there is a German line to every important city of Europe. Recently my wife and I flew more than 20,000 miles over twenty-three European countries, and all in German planes.

This record development of commercial aviation in Germany is due very largely to the enterprise, the skill and foresight of one huge aviation company—the Deutsche Luft Hansa. The organization and success of this company are due very largely to the vision and energy of Otto Merkel, one of its present directors. The financing was done by German shipping interests and the organization combined the Junkers and Aero Lloyd companies into one system.

Merkel and Wronsky came from the Aero Lloyd and Milch, the third director, from the Junkers Company, and most of the sub-executives of the Deutsche Luft Hansa corporation had experience with one or the other of the German pioneer companies. Organization of the Deutsche Luft Hansa corporation was made in January, 1926, with a capitalization of 50,000 marks, and on June 15, 1926, the capital was increased to 25,000,000 marks. The preliminary years of hard pioneering by the German Aero Lloyd and Junkers corporations enabled the Luft Hansa company to start almost full-fledged.

In 1926 the airplanes of the Deutsche Luft Hansa made an average of 25,000 miles a flight day, and in 1927 this was increased to a daily average of more than 46,600 miles, or nearly 100 per cent.

In 1926 the system transported 93,000 passengers, 1,080,000 pounds of mail and 840,000 pounds of freight. It handled a great deal of valuable express, including the especially valuable parcels and letters of the German postal department, gold shipments, stocks and bonds, fresh flowers from Holland, furs and caviar from Russia, gowns from Paris and Vienna and the latest table delicacies for hotels and cafés. Great quantities of newspapers went on special airplanes daily to different parts of Germany. The growth in passenger business and in freight has been steady and rapid. The standard of efficiency in service is maintained at better than 97 per cent and in safety at around 98 per cent. Everybody in Germany seems to expect the Luft Hansa airplanes to arrive and depart with a promptness equaling or bettering the best railroad standards

Otto Merkel is an interesting personality; a vigorous, middle-aged man of the best German type, distinguished in carriage and dress, tireless in his activity for the Luft Hansa corporation and very broad and farseeing in his viewpoint on commercial aviation. He lived for some time in the United States and speaks English perfectly.

In his voice and appearance and in his pleasing informality one could sense a keen, searching intelligence intent upon every detail that might prove of value in furthering the plans of himself and his associates for a far-reaching German air program. He was as eager to gain any knowledge I could give him about American air commerce as I was to learn about German attitudes and progress. I was interested in meeting him, because to me Herr Merkel personified the new German economic statesmanship which the world has not yet taken into full account.

The Newest Type Luft Hansa-Junkers Twenty-Seven-Passenger Plane

Looking Beyond the Sea

WHEN we talked of German air commerce I found him emphatic, direct, convincing. His replies to my queries were straightforward and thorough, and every now and then they would be illuminated by flashes bringing into relief the vision and the depth of aero knowledge of the man. He threw back at me direct questions regarding commercial aviation in the United States—questions not at all casual, although they bore upon future possibilities of world-wide air commerce. Although Herr Merkel told me that he had no desire to accomplish bravado exploits and was contenting himself in seeing that people are furnished with a safe means of air transportation, it was quite evident that he was informing himself on all details allied with future transoceanic flying, and that when the time comes when this will be entirely practical and safe, the Deutsche Luft Hansa will be prepared to enter the field.

The day before I met him he had commissioned Baron von Schroeder, one of the officers of the Deutsche Luft Hansa corporation, to go to South America to develop plans for the extension of the system's air commerce to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro by way of Madrid. He wanted to know comprehensively the regulations of the United States governing the landing of a German seaplane in New York harbor, and was much interested in the details I was able to furnish him showing that this is covered in our air-commerce act.

Otto Merkel and his associates are building the business of the great Luft Hansa company purely with the view of making it a solid commercial success Its value to Germany as a nation is, of course, not underestimated, and from the first the Luft Hansa has been subsidized by the government; but it is the hope of

the directors to render the company entirely independent of any need for subsidy as speedily as possible. They are studying the problems of transportation from every angle. They are making endless experiments in the way of cutting down the cost of fuel and in economy in handling passengers and freight, and they are firmly convinced that air transportation will soon be a paying business.

They have laid the foundation well. They have begun at the very bottom. They recognize that to make aviation profitable they must make it convenient, safe, comfortable and not too expensive. Their first step was to lay out landing fields properly. This they have undoubtedly done far better than any other country in the world. Their landing fields are not only convenient but they are colorful. Practically every city of any importance in Germany has its municipal landing field which is laid out and arranged according to the regulations prescribed by the Deutsche Luft Hansa company. These landing fields are not merely places for airplanes to kick up the dust and passengers to crawl into their seats, but they are becoming centers of social interest.

A Pullman-Type Airplane Made Down for Day Flying

In fair and pleasant weather the German airport is usually enlivened by the folk who come to meet or say good-by to friends, with others who like to watch the airplanes leave and arrive. Airports in Germany are not merely fields; they have all conveniences and buildings which make up a harbor. Many of them have restaurants and some have summer gardens.

Down to the Depot

TEMPELHOF CENTRAL AIRPORT, the great airdrome of Berlin, is especially attractive, both in equipment and in administration. It is a favorite place for Berliners on summer afternoons, when they can take afternoon coffee, visit together and watch the planes and passengers. There were 36 arrivals and departures daily of regularly scheduled airplanes at Tempelhof field in August, 1927, exclusive of special flights, newspaper airplanes and other nonscheduled flying.

Visitors may see the field operations from either of two cafés, one an attractive summer garden with brightly colored umbrellas over the tables, and the other a more conventional restaurant. When an airplane is coming in, a siren is blown to give notice of its arrival.

One party may be waiting for the 5:15—in Berlin it is scheduled to arrive at 17:15 o'clock—the afternoon plane from Paris and Cologne. Around seventeen o'clock at Tempelhof field, or five o'clock in the afternoon if we put it in the American manner, there are the Paris airplane, the plane from Stockholm and Stettin, the airplane leaving for Leipsic, the arrival from Zurich, Stuttgart and Leipsic, the plane from Cologne, Cassel and Magdeburg and the plane coming in from Dantzic, Königsberg, Moscow, Riga, Reval and Helsingfors. There is a great parking space for automobiles close to the administration buildings and restaurants, and it is well occupied by field visitors who drive out from Berlin. An entrance fee of forty pfennigs is charged as one drives into the field. The general effect of the buildings with their flags, the attractive summer garden near the airplane runway, the rows of airplanes and the great extent of the field itself make a decidedly pleasing and interesting impression. The American invariably asks himself or his companions why our large cities cannot have something like this

While you are seating yourself at a table the siren blows and those in the summer garden rush to the rail to look for the airplane which has been checked by the man in the watchtower. Soon you sight it yourself and watch it circle around and glide gracefully into the field, then taxi up in front of the principal building on the field. Attendants in uniform are ready as the plane stops, a smart young boy opens the door, the passengers disembark, the boy salutes smartly as they come out. A very short time is required to unload the passengers and baggage and to comply with the passport regulations if the airplane has come across the border. The passengers are conducted to a luxurious car, almost in state, so polite and yet so semimilitary are the uniformed men and boys of the Luft Hansa. One coming into Tempelhof field by air for the first time has the feeling that he is taken for some ruler, ambassador or other dignitary, so impressive is his reception, so luxurious is the car waiting to take him to the hotel and so completely is every facility provided.

How Girls Go Shopping in Germany

Before the passengers are away from the field the siren wails again and another airplane comes in and taxis up, perhaps with passengers who had left Moscow at three o'clock or Oslo at 7:35 o'clock that morning. It's all in the day's journey to come from Moscow, Helsingfors, Stockholm, Oslo, Copenhagen, London, Paris or Zurich. Visitors to the Tempelhof airport will see two airplanes arrive at the same moment from widely separated parts of Europe.

However, one is not impressed so much while at the field by the tremendous ramifications of the aero system as by the more immediate efficiency shown in the administration of the airport. There is no confusion. Everything is taken care of with marvelous precision. No one runs about heedlessly. The planes come in and the planes go, passengers arrive and depart, baggage is handled, and all this is done with smoothness that evokes admiration.

As we get airports in America they will always be very attractive to nonflying visitors, just as the crowds for years have gone to the "deppo" to see transportation in action. It will be important, therefore, to plan American airports with facilities and conveniences for crowds. Perhaps a primary feature will be the café, and along with this must be ample provision for automobile parking in clean and well-cared-for parking spaces. At nearly all American airports there will be occasions when there will be large crowds, and the facilities should be anticipated accordingly. When Colonel Lindbergh made his flying visit to Los Angeles on his special tour, arrangements were made for parking 100,000 cars alongside the airport and within sight of his landing spot.

These are mechanical and routine developments, important in the shaping of an airway system, but they are minor compared to the relations an air line must develop in regard to people generally and in regard to nations. The airway executive must be as expert in this viewpoint as he possibly can to plan the comforts and conveniences of his system satisfactorily. In its transportation pioneering the air line will certainly clear away old thoughts and old prejudices, and open roads to great and progressive improvement.

Asleep in the Clouds

THE Deutsche Luft Hansa company recognizes that strong element in transportation known as convenience. The ease of reaching the air field or reaching one's hotel after landing plays a very important part in the patronage of a transportation company. Hence they have made it exceedingly attractive and convenient.

The matter of safety, of course, is one of the very big elements, and from the first they have concentrated all their mechanical genius on producing planes of the most dependable type, and of training pilots of the greatest skill and reliability. So successful have they been in avoiding accidents that during the whole year of 1926 there was not a fatality on any of the lines of the Luft Hansa. This is a remarkable record, when we remember that during that time their planes flew an average of 25,000 miles a day.

The four prevailing types of planes in use by the Luft Hansa are the Junkers all-metal monoplane, the Rohrbach, the Albatross and the Dornier Super-Wal. These planes not only have every safety device known to aeronautics but they are arranged to afford a surprising degree of comfort and luxury. They carry from eight to twenty-seven passengers. The heavy night planes are arranged much like an American Pullman, so that the seats may be made up as upper and lower berths for the night, and it is astonishing how comfortably one can sleep in an airplane. The Pullman-type airplane was developed by Doctor Hutt, who during the war constructed some 10,000 Albatross fighting planes for the German Government.

The Interior of an Eight-Passenger, Three-Motored Luft Hansa Plane

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The Prince Serves His Purpose

She Found Herself Thinking, "Well, Why Not?" Here at Least Was a Life and an Interesting One

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

II

REDMOND ORR was usually said to be a good athlete and to love sport, but what he really loved was competition. He played good golf, tennis, rackets and bridge, for the reason that he enjoyed pitting his wits and skill and strength against another man's—and winning. This was also true in his admiration for women—he always admired the most conspicuous charmer of the moment. He had known Felicia, not well, but all his life. He had never thought about her at all, but now the idea that the prince was attempting to carry her off—her and her money, but money was no object to Orr—forced him into the running, and once aware of the girl, stimulated by the difficulties of the situation, he found himself deeply interested.

Things began to move rapidly almost from the start. In fact, the third morning of her stay, when Felicia woke up and found her breakfast tray had been brought to her bedside, there was a little sealed note upon it. She had waked with a sense of joy, and had, as was her nature, immediately begun to mitigate this elation—to reflect that in the first place she had no real evidence that she was much admired by the young men of the house party; that probably only her own ignorance gave her this impression; and in the second place, what did it amount to anyhow—these trifling attentions, when she had so hopelessly failed in the only relation of her life that made any real difference to her. She had almost succeeded in making herself feel sad again, when she saw the note and opened it. Written with a fine pen, it said:

"Do you know this verse by our great national poet?" And then there was a quotation of four lines which, translated roughly, meant: "How can a man sleep when the sun dazzles his eyeballs, or I, when the thought of you is shining in my heart?"

Felicia found herself smiling. It was a very pleasant morning greeting. Then, observing that the lady's maid was watching out of the corner of a shrewd French eye, she hastily arranged her countenance and began uncovering dishes with a critical manner, although she had never, even in her own house, been known to object to anything set before her.

When, an hour or so later, she came downstairs, she found the prince and Mrs. Brenton on the terrace.

"I hope you slept well," he said in English.

She could do no less than express the same hope for him, and he answered in his native tongue: "How can a man sleep when the sun is dazzling his eyeballs?" At which she colored a little and looked lovelier than usual.

Mrs. Brenton was about to take the prince on a tour of her gardens. About this she was relentless. She knew in her heart the young man did not want to see her gardens, that the palace gardens at home were a thousand times more beautiful. Of all things in the world, she would have said that she wanted him to enjoy his visit, and yet she found herself insisting on his doing something he did not want to do. The prince, seeing no escape, suggested that Felicia accompany them.

"Oh, she's seen the gardens a dozen times," said Mrs. Brenton.

"Wouldn't you like to see them again?" said the prince. Felicia could not say no, although, as a matter of fact, she intensely disliked the spectacle of Mrs. Brenton showing her gardens. It seemed to her like a Roman tyrant showing the labor of his slaves. When Mrs. Brenton said, "I made this rock garden two years ago," or "This was just a ragged hill until I built this wall," she did not mean that she had with her own hand planted one flower or set one stone.

The prince's manner was perfect; that, at least, was something that royalty understood—the art of being shown objects of interest. He could do it, as it were, with one hand while with the other he held Felicia's attention.

He asked her if she remembered something in the royal gardens at home. Of course she didn't, and said so. "I suppose I shall never see them again," she said.

"That," he answered, "rests entirely with you."

Felicia said to herself that it was absurd that her heart should beat faster at a statement so self-evident. Of course, since the gardens were open to the public, her seeing them again depended on herself; but her heart did beat faster, and she had increasing difficulty in keeping her mind on her hostess' explanations.

"This bougainvillea, sir," Mrs. Brenton was saying, "is the finest specimen east of the Alleghanies."

"How very interesting," said the prince, who did not know offhand just where or what the Alleghanies were.

He was attentive and civil for exactly twenty minutes. At the end of that time, he began to convey—though Felicia, watching, could never say just how it was done—that his good nature was being imposed upon and that the tour of inspection must end. It did.

Late that afternoon he was to attend a club of his countrymen, who formed a large proportion of the workmen in one of the factories. Here again Felicia found cause for admiring him. The idea of making a speech turned her cold with terror. How could anyone do it?

"Doesn't it make you nervous?" she asked him.

He looked at her in surprise. "What? To say a few sweet things about this country and home to these poor fellows?" He could not even get the idea of fear.

On her other side—it was at luncheon—Redmond Orr was saying, "Well, heaven be praised, that is something we common folk don't have to do—to go and listen to his nibs addressing his subjects."

"Oh, but I want to go," said Felicia. At which Mr. Orr paid her the compliment of going into a sulk, from which she, quite inexperienced, and fearing that perhaps he did not feel quite well, spent the rest of luncheon trying to win him.

It was useless. The only way to make him stop sulking was to do what he wanted, and as Felicia had no intention of doing that, he turned and drowned his sorrows in Katherine Marly's deep-blue eyes. He had been carrying on a desultory and unconvincing love affair with her for many years. It did not excite him to take Katherine to play golf, but that is what he did, while the prince and Colonel Razzoff, accompanied by Mrs. Brenton, Betty and Felicia, went down into the town and, in a small room over the ice-cream parlor, heard the prince address his countrymen.

Felicia was delighted that she went. She had heard about his being a prince, but now for the first time she saw him as one. She, who since their first meeting had regarded him with a protecting, an almost maternal eye, now saw him reverenced, adored. There was something touching and romantic about his small graceful figure, surrounded by his countrymen. The old men had remained bronzed simple peasants, but the younger men had become American workmen. Felicia saw at once that the prince knew exactly what to say to them—nothing very original, but technically perfect. One old man knelt down and kissed his hand. Some of the others were less impressive. The prince had been warned, indeed, that there were reds among his fellow countrymen, and Colonel Razzoff had been inclined to asking for police protection—at least a plain-clothes man. But Carlo Eugenio would have none of it.

"No, Razzy," he had said, "the last heroic gesture left to royalty is to pretend their own subjects love them."

One young red was rude and rather threatening. He wanted to know who was paying for the prince's trip—whether the money was being wrung from the sweat of the peasants at home. The young man was hissed by his friends, but the prince insisted on answering him. He smiled brilliantly and said no, the government was not yet eager enough to get rid of him to pay his expenses out of the country. His trip was a gift from his mother. Before he got away, he had promised to speak to his uncle—which meant the king—about a brother of the young radical's who was in prison at home. Felicia heard Colonel Razzoff murmur to Mrs. Brenton, "What tact! Ah, if this boy were king!"

"Well, it isn't impossible, is it?" Mrs. Brenton murmured back.

If not impossible that Carlo Eugenio should be king, then not utterly impossible that Felicia Marion should be a queen. She couldn't help that thought popping into her mind: "King Carlo and Queen Felicia opened the new hospital this afternoon with appropriate ceremonies. . . . King Carlo and Queen Felicia left the capital this morning on a special train to visit King George of England. . . . King Carlo and Queen Felicia were at the railroad station this afternoon to greet a distinguished American lawyer, Lawrence Holmes, who will be their guest at the palace."

She suddenly became aware that they were in the car driving home and that her royal consort was asking her whether she had liked what he had said. He was asking with a simple, childlike and rather attractive egotism. He seemed to her once again a nice little brown-eyed boy, and not a king at all.

Two days later Mrs. Brenton was having a dance for the prince—only she did not put it that way. She was a fanatical devotee of the casual. She said that she had asked a few people in to dinner, and if they felt like it afterward they could dance. This meant that about fifty of her most carefully selected neighbors within a radius of a hundred miles had been invited. A good orchestra had been brought from New York to play. The terrace had been hung with colored lanterns, the orchid houses stripped of orchids, the gold plate got out and everything prepared for a magnificent party.

Felicia had never enjoyed a dance in her life, and had not been to very many. They had a terrible effect upon her. To get herself there at all required an effort of the will and she entered the room with a face set like granite. After she had been in the room a few minutes, her eyes began to ache and all the muscles of her face to feel cold and hard. As soon as anyone danced with her, she became convinced that his one desire was to get away again, so she began to think up avenues of escape for him. She had usually invented something good by the time they had made one circuit of the room. Oddly enough, the young man usually had the impression that he had been snubbed—certainly that he had been shelved. Thus her partners became fewer as the evening went on.

But to this dance she came in a very different spirit. She had known for some time that the question was not whether she would have partners or not, but whether two of her partners would come to blows over her. Both the prince and Orr had made attempts to take bonds from fate and get her to promise them her undivided attention. The prince in this case was the less well situated. He had obligations not only to Mrs. Brenton and Betty but to all the distinguished country families who had been asked to meet him.

The ballroom at the Brentons' house had been added thirty years ago. It was built out clear on three sides and a little below the level of the main house, so that you came down three steps into it. Opposite you as you entered were four long glass doors opening on the terrace. The room was lit by innumerable cut-glass *appliqués;* but bright as it was, the four doors shone with a pale-green luminance from the full moon outside. For, as Mrs. Brenton playfully said to almost all her guests in turn, she had taken a great deal of trouble and ordered a full moon for them. The only decorations were the masses of high variegated flowers, standing in tall earthenware urns in the corners of the room and in the recesses of the windows.

Felicia stood a moment at the top of the three steps and looked down. It was the first time that she had looked upon a ballroom as a stage set—and this time beautifully set—for her enjoyment. Instead of feeling as if she were entering a school assembly room where she was about to fail in a public test, her heart beat high with pleasant excitement; and when the prince, dancing wanly with Mrs. Brenton, smiled up at her, she flashed a lovely quick smile at him and turned to greet Orr, coming from behind her, just in time to convert the same smile into a welcome to him

To the local magnates Redmond Orr was as great as any South European prince, and, glancing down the table

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"Well, Sir," Said Orr Briskly, "When I See a Young Lady Has Been Crying, I, of Course, Ask Myself What Has Been Happening to Make Her Cry"

THE BORDER JUMPERS

VIII

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

MR. SAMUEL GILKY, sheriff of Armajo County, and widely known as Uncle Sam from his long lean figure, hawk's nose and white goatee, sat with feet propped comfortably upon his desk and gazed abstractedly through the window upon the plaza of Mogala, the county seat. He roused from his inertia and peered with quickened interest upon a figure that moved diagonally across the plaza toward him.

"Morning, sheriff," the newcomer greeted, looming in the doorway.

"Well, well, if it ain't our young friend Larry," Uncle Sam responded with mild enthusiasm. "Come in, son, and put your feet up. How's cows?"

"Thriving, likely," said Carson. "To tell the truth, Uncle Sam, I've been sort of neglecting the cow business just of late. I've been slightly occupied with other pursuits."

"Yeah?" the sheriff queried. "Mining, maybe."

"Somebody told you!" Carson accused.

"It did come to my ears that you had come into the Armajo country and was scouting for a lost mine," Gilky confessed. "What was you up to, actually, boy—just between the pair of us?"

"I was helping out the Immigration Service," Carson testified.

"Sho! And I didn't even know you'd joined it."

"I haven't—not exactly. I'm holding myself in reserve, sort of, and the Immigration Service is still unaware of my support."

"Prob'ly there'll be glad rejoicing when the news leaks out," said Gilky.

"It looked like things had come to such a pass that I ought to do something about it," Carson explained.

"Well, well! So what did you do first?" Gilky inquired interestedly.

"First," said Carson, "I organized the vigilantes, with a charter membership of one, and went into executive session, delegated full authority to the field forces, then took the field. Are you anyways interested in rewards?"

"Only in the abstract, son. There was a time—but not no more. Present conditions don't warrant any but an academic interest, if you're getting on in years like I am and hoping to collect rewards before my time comes to twang the golden harp. Reward offers are mostly worded upon arrest and conviction. I can attend to the first specification, but the second has run out of bounds. Convictions nowadays are too protracted, if at all. It's like throwing sand at a mark.

"Was a time, Larry, when we tried a man to find out if he committed the crime and why. That ain't the vital issue today. We're getting smarter, what with good legal-trained minds on the job to instruct us in proper procedure. If fifty witnesses was to swear that they lined up along the fence and watched John Doe, whom they'd known for years, cut the throat of Richard Roe from ear to ear, completely severing his esophogus and producing death, rob the pockets of the deceased, wipe the bloody knife on his shirt, remark 'Howdy, neighbors,' and saunter off down the road, you'd miss your guess a mile if you thought that was what it was all about. It'll turn out that the vital issue at stake is that Richard Roe did not fall in Jones' pasture, as hereinbefore falsely and erroneously allegated, because the new survey of the section line moves Jones' line fence three feet southeast by east, proving that Jones did not even know where his own land was and that aforesaid witnesses did not even know where they was at time of alleged commission of crime.

"It'll go on like that for days and months and years. Then some astute legal mind discovers the misplaced comma and the whole thing is throwed out or comes back for retrial. Then it's ferreted out that some stenographer misspelled esophagus, and how could Doe have severed something that Roe didn't ever have?

"But if you think that ain't the proper procedure, it's only because you're a poor simple-minded layman and you've never had the light shed on your benighted intellect by a good legal training, so how can you even expect to comprehend the necessity for rules of submitting evidence anyway, you poor misguided woodpecker? The sacred rights of the downtrod criminal must be safeguarded. Furthermore deponent saith not, except to inquire, son, just why the hell I should be interested in rewards."

"You shouldn't—since you've put it so lucid. But just think of the opportunity for a young buck like me, who's not interested in rewards a-tall, but who merely aspires to become a deputy sheriff for fame and glory."

"Which none of both is what you'll get," Uncle Sam amended. "Suppose now that you was to go out to gather in a hard one and was forced to bring him back feet first. There would be considerable comment upon the colorful career of the deceased—unusual, since he'd started on it by killing his kid sister in a burst of childish naughtiness—recounting the number of banks he'd robbed since, how many officers he'd killed and how many penitentiaries he'd resided in, only to be turned out of them to kill and rob again. The inference would be that he was a prominent and interesting national character and that his passing was to be regretted, and that you should be reprimanded for not letting him shoot you first. Likely the coroner's jury would exonerate you. Nowadays, exoneration is the best break an officer can hope for."

Carson grinned. "Then why not hope for the best?" he cheerfully submitted. "Matter of fact, I was hoping, kind of, to arrange for exoneration in advance."

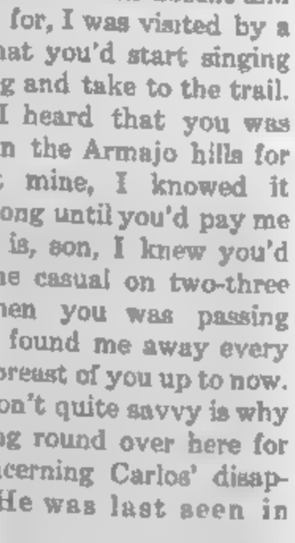
"Not a bad idea, at that," Uncle Sam conceded. "Anyway, you'll come nearer to it as a deputy than if you go operating round alone as a self-appointed vigilance committee of one. And I do need a young and energetic deputy to go out scouting for malefactors. I'm looking for a bargain in deputies, you might say one who is eager to work without pay so's not to put a strain on the finances of Armajo County."

"In me," said Carson, "behold the fulfillment of a long-felt want. Pin on my credentials, put a plume in my hat and I'm off to the wars."

"I'd anticipated you, Larry," Uncle Sam testified. "When I heard that Carlos Martin was absent and unaccounted for, I was visited by a conviction that you'd start singing your war song and take to the trail. Then when I heard that you was prospecting in the Armajo hills for some wil'cat mine, I knowed it wouldn't be long until you'd pay me a call. Fact is, son, I knew you'd looked for me casual on two-three occasions when you was passing through, but found me away every time. I'm abreast of you up to now. But what I don't quite savvy is why you're looking round over here for evidence concerning Carlos' disappearance. He was last seen in Bisbee."

"That's why. He wrote me from Bisbee, likely the last words he ever penned. I knew from a former letter of his that the Immigration men had heard rumors to the effect that a well-known ranch somewhere along the border was being used as a clearing point for one hell slew of smuggled aliens, mostly Chinese, and that Carlos was prospecting for evidence.

"This letter he wrote me from Bisbee read, in part: 'Odd thing, Larry, but the solution of the thing I've been flitting the length of the border in search of may be right in my own back yard—or what used to be my own yard—and I'm going to slip in unannounced and find out for sure.'



Snell

"Now it so happened, Uncle Sam, that I was apprised of the fact that the old Teepee Ranch was once his own back yard. Also, I was aware of the fact that once he found the solution to the riddle he was seeking he'd be in trouble a-plenty if the solution saw him first. When I heard that he was missing, it seemed likely that his deductions had been correct, and it was logical to believe that his finish had come at the point where he solved the problem.

"Assuming both those surmises to be correct, it seemed plausible that the point where Carlos finished was the one best point for me to start, with the result that here we are. Langhorn, one of the Immigration boys, is working with me. What's to hinder you closing down the sheriff's office and taking a few days' prowl with us? There's one point I want to make sure of. My car's outside, equipped with bedding, provender and water."

From Behind His Rock, Carson Shot Back at the Flash of Jarrat's Gun. Then Blake Went Into Action and Shot Twice

Sometime later they were rolling eastward along the highway, which, in common with the railroad, flanked the southern extremity of the Armajo Mountains. At this point a road of sorts branched off to the south to the little Mexican town of Elnagorta, just across the border and some fifty miles distant. The highway and the railroad continued to skirt the hills in a northeasterly direction toward Teepee Siding. Carson stopped his car.

"I'll give you an outline of their play, Uncle Sam," he said. "The border lays fifty miles south of the highway and the railroad at this point. The Teepee Ranch is about thirty miles due north across the Armajo Mountains. This outfit has reverted to the old-time method of walking aliens up across the desert. They start from near Elnagorta under two guides, one with the aliens and one acting as rear guard a couple of miles in the rear. If officers grab the one guide and the aliens, then the rear man don't need to come on and get snatched.

"If officers cut the trail and start working it out, they come onto the rear guard first. He'll signal—rifle shots, likely—and the head guard can take to the chaparral and let the aliens get caught by themselves. Even so, it would be a difficult matter to cinch the rear man, for he'd be caught two miles from any aliens and he could proclaim that he'd been out a-hunting cottontails and didn't know there was a Chinese this side of Hong-Kong. A car will be scouting back and forth along the highway to make sure that Immigration men haven't moved camp to the pre-arranged crossing place.

"Once they've crossed the highway and the railroad, it's a straight shoot across the Armajos to the road that runs in across the desert from Teepee Siding to the ranch. They strike it four or five miles out in the desert, where the car—or cars, according to the number of aliens—picks them up at night if the signals are right and takes them on to the ranch.

"Even in case some Immigration man should work out the cold trail to the road, the tracks would end there nothing to connect the occupants of the ranch with the business at all. It would look like outside smugglers had been making use of that isolated road to gather their walk-ups, doing it far enough away from the ranch so its occupants wouldn't notice.

"The aliens hole up at the ranch until the plane comes over. It's likely that the pilot brings in a cargo of opium every so often, trying to time it about the night a group of aliens land there. The Immigration and Customs men keep a tolerable close check on all planes that do much pesticating round the border, so it's probable that this party has a hang-out well down in Mexico somewheres. He'll hop over at night and land at the Teepee when he gets his signal. Next morning the aliens start walking up to the old Hopewell prospect. The plane puts out and skirmishes round the Hopewell to see if the coast is clear, and lands in an alkali sink a mile or two off.

"The aliens can make it in one hard day's march. The water is let out of the tank, the opium and Chinese are loaded into it. From the tracks, I judge it's the pilot that turns chauffeur and trundles his load of live baggage and dope northward over the stub road to the old east-and-west highway, then on west to whatever point he meets the pay-off men, gets his money and drives back to the Hopewell. In case he's picked up, there's nothing to connect him with the rest of the gang. Then he makes his long hop back down into Mexico—maybe dropping the guides at the Teepee en route; I don't know as to that; maybe they walk back—and prepares to do it over again next week.

"One of the others at the ranch—Snell, in fact—drives the guides from the Teepee in his car, switches off down this Elnagorta road and they cross over the border to pick up another batch of recruits. Jarrat, near as I can figure his part, plays the border towns and instructs such aliens as he wants to handle to toddle on over to Elnagorta and get in touch with the guides. Then he posts on back to the ranch to meet the guides on their up trip to instruct them as to what arrangements he's made for the next one."

Uncle Sam Gilky

"And hands the guides the fit-ups," Langhorn amplified. "Identification slips," he explained. "The way they work that is to give each alien something to prove to the guides he's all right. Usually they tear pieces of paper in half maybe some certain kind, but anything will answer—and give one piece to each alien. The other pieces are sent to the guides. Then when an alien turns up and says it's been arranged for him to be taken north, the guide can act like he don't know what it's all about. The alien hands him a slip of paper. Later, the guide compares it with his slips. If it fits up with one of them, O. K. If not, then he no savvies a plenty. That's to keep the Immigration Service from sending Americanized Chinese down into Mexico to pose as aliens anxious to break into the States, coming along up with a crew and turning up the whole outfit."

"And what about the Chinese servants at the Teepee?" Uncle Sam inquired.

"Probably a pair of Americanized Chinese that's in the ring with the pay-off men, stationed there in dual capacity. Such Chinese as have played out on the long fast walk to the Teepee may have to rest over a trip. The resident Chinese handle such as servants if any unexpected visitors turn up at the ranch."

"Not many turn up, I expect," Uncle Sam surmised. "No call for anyone to drive up the length of that rough stub road to the ranch. And Blake has let it leak out that Paige is in a bad way—that he's been retained to ease Paige off of the dope habit. He's consulted a doctor or two

(Continued on Page 93)

"You're Riding Round Broadcast, Looks Like," He Said. "Miss the Trail?"

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The Tariff Tiff With France

IN A RECENT editorial on the French debt it was stated that a commercial treaty with France ought to be negotiated. In the friendly tariff controversy now pending between the two governments the particulars are likely to overshadow the principles in the mind of the public.

There is considerably more in the situation than the mere fact that France has granted to goods from other countries lower customs rates than are being levied on corresponding goods from the United States. There is more than a direct discrimination. There is a fundamental distinction in procedure involved.

A protective tariff in the United States is a wall against foreign products, but a wall of equal height for all. In the present law are two sections providing respectively for change of duties, within limits, on the basis of demonstrated differences in production costs, and for the imposition of increased duties in reprisal against inequitable procedures by foreign countries. Otherwise the tariff is the same for one and for all.

Great Britain, which has been a free-trade country for decades, occupies the same position with regard to tariff. Following the war, Parliament, for the purpose of safeguarding essential industries, provided for the placing of protective duties on certain goods, the commodities and duties to be determined from time to time according to an established procedure. But a duty once imposed applies to goods from all foreign nations. In short, tariff rates in the United States and Great Britain are levied for undiscriminating application; there is no provision for bargaining.

On the Continent of Europe, on the other hand, tariffs have commonly been more or less flexible arrangements for bargaining. The tariff law there may be little else than a basis for the execution of commercial treaties. A most-favored-nation clause means a conditional most-favored-nation clause, the conditions to be determined by negotiation and set into a commercial treaty. It is a matter of give and take, and politicians in Continental countries profess to see no essential discrimination in such arrangements.

If German electrical goods are admitted into France at a lower duty than is charged against corresponding American goods, that is because Germany has paid for this advantage by some concession to French goods entering Germany; if we wish the same rate for American electrical goods, it is up to us to offer some concession to French goods entering the United States.

By the Continental political mind this is regarded as a normal form of barter. When a Frenchman is told that such bargaining is not legally authorized in the United States—or in Great Britain—he finds it difficult to believe that this is true and impossible to understand why it should be the case.

A concession to another country that to us amounts to a direct discrimination against American goods is not regarded as discrimination in most Continental countries. As a matter of fact, discrumination—in effect, if not in spirit—may go further than this in international trade relations. The price of rubber, under the Stevenson plan, is the same to all buyers in the world. But if the United States takes eighty per cent of the rubber production, the United States is hardest hit.

European trade relations have been filled with discriminations and reprisals. A Scandinavian country excludes a Mediterranean wine, and the Mediterranean country retaliates by excluding the Scandinavian codfish. This is an extreme illustration. But from bargaining tariffs to discriminations, reprisals and embargoes is a continuous series.

The bargaining tariffs of Continental European countries have their origin and find their explanation in bloc politics and in the geographical subdivisions of the Continent that correspond to races rather than to resources. Under the system of bloc politics, particular producers are able to enforce demands that could not be secured under two-party politics.

The more or less artificial frontiers of Europe furnish provocation and afford justification for bargaining tariffs. A large country like the United States, with extensive and manifold resources, is put under little temptation to bargain with tariffs; but the little countries of Europe, trying to advance their commercial interests under artificial conditions of trade, have often felt constrained to adopt the practice.

It does not seem possible that the episode will develop into a tariff war. The heavy artillery is all on our side. There may be some moves of the pawns of the game on both sides, but we may expect adjournment before checkmating.

Prestige is at stake for France, or at least the feeling of prestige. More important, probably, is the compulsion that France may feel to preserve her tariff-bargaining powers with other countries while yielding in a settlement with the United States.

Our International Account

THE annual report issued by the Department of Commerce on the international balance of payments of the United States, first begun in 1920, has become with each year a document of greater interest and importance. Each year more items have been included and the accuracy of the estimates made more precise. In particular, with each year our knowledge of the so-called invisible items has been amplified. It is becoming clear that the invisible items are in some respects the most important parts of our international account. These reports have evoked a vast amount of comment by economists and business men. We feel it appropriate here to comment on certain outstanding points.

Foreigners continue to invest their money in the United States. During 1926 the reported new investments of foreigners in the United States were thirty-two million dollars, and changes in previous foreign investments corresponded to a further increase of one hundred and two million dollars, or a total of one hundred and thirty-four million dollars.

Before the war that would have represented a goodly transaction, but now it is only an incident—significant, however, as indicating that some foreigners find our properties highly desirable.

The new foreign investments of American nationals for the year 1926 aggregated one billion, three hundred and thirty-three million dollars; but changes in existing foreign investment of American nationals reduced this by some six hundred and forty million dollars. It remains, however, an impressive figure. We wonder whether the values secured by Americans in investments abroad were equal to the values secured by foreigners making investments in this country.

The total private investments of American nationals in foreign countries are given as eleven billion, two hundred and fifteen million dollars. The figure is stated to be incomplete, and a private estimate by Winkler stands close to thirteen billion dollars. The total foreign investment in this country is believed to be in the neighborhood of three billion dollars. The net income on our private foreign investments is now more than five hundred million dollars, while the 1926 payments on government war debts were only one hundred and ninety-five million dollars.

In 1925 we had a net export of gold of one hundred and thirty-four million dollars, accompanied by considerable approval by theorists. In 1926, however, we had again a net import of gold amounting to ninety-eight million dollars. It seems clear that neither event can be explained by anything so simple as the settlement of merchandise accounts. As the report puts it:

"Large quantities of gold have come to us for the payment of nothing."

The study of trading practices is making it clear for the modern world that gold is more important as an invisible than as a visible item in trade accounts.

Side by side with our position as long-term creditor nation we have become a short-term debtor nation—a deposit-holding nation. At the close of the year foreigners had on deposit in American banks some one billion, four hundred and forty-three million dollars and had, further, on deposit with American agents and trustees American stocks and bonds to the value of some one billion, eight hundred and seventy-eight million dollars. Americans, of course, have corresponding deposits in foreign banks, but the sums are relatively small. Part of these foreign deposits is fugitive capital; some of it belongs to banks of issue in foreign countries and serves the uses of fiscal policy; some of it is gold; much of it is commercial deposit for use in business transactions; some is collateral for accommodations; some of it is held here to draw interest. These facts are highly interesting in themselves, but they serve also to illustrate how intricate is international business.

Our exports of goods totaled four billion, eight hundred and eight million dollars, our imports four billion, four hundred and thirty-one million dollars, an excess of exports of three hundred and seventy-seven million dollars. This was the smallest favorable balance since the war. However, this balance may be regarded as fictitious. In the international account American tourist expenditures and immigrant remittances from the United States stand in the column of debits below imports of goods. As the report points out:

"The goods and services our tourists purchase and consume abroad are in a sense imports by the American people, although they are not valued by the customs inspector."

Correspondingly, for immigrant remittances it is stated that "Residents of the United States, when they make money gifts to persons abroad, consume foreign goods by proxy instead of importing them to consume in person." There are tourist expenditures and immigrant remittances on both sides of the account.

If we assumed on both sides that half the money in these items is expended for goods, and adjusted the figures for exports and imports of merchandise accordingly, it would come out that the figure for exports for 1926 was four billion, eight hundred and eighty-three million dollars, while the figure for imports was four billion, nine hundred and seventy-three million dollars.

In other words, if half the money in tourist expenditures and immigrant remittances on both sides were to be regarded as spent for goods, our imports of goods for the year exceeded our exports by some ninety million dollars. This hypothetical calculation may serve to give a grain of satisfaction to those who are convinced that all creditor countries must have an unfavorable balance of trade at all times.

The Complex of Radicalism

By GILBERT SELDES

BY COMMON consent the inhabitants of a number of American cities have subjected themselves to a definite system of traffic control. At metropolitan crossings the familiar red and green lights are fortified by the presence of city police; on Long Island, in the outlying streets of Chicago and elsewhere the lights alone compel the obedience of the motorist. So far no better system has been evolved; and although it is a nuisance to wait two minutes when you are on your way to catch a train, the lights are almost universally obeyed; offenders, if and when caught, are severely punished.

The system can be attacked in many ways. It may be argued that while the lights speed up traffic on the average, they slow down the individual who is particularly skillful in dodging through traffic; it may also be said that they may block a doctor on an urgent call. To some people the system would appear excessive, regulating by law what ought to be regulated by custom and mutual forbearance; to others it would seem not to regulate enough.

To such criticism and complaint the answer must be that the system now working represents a mean between two extremes, that it is based on the average man's ability to drive in traffic and meets the average requirements. It remains true that some people always are lucky and slip by before the signal changes, and others seem to be always stopped. The accidents and the special cases have to give way to the general good.

But there is another point of attack. To a certain temperament the mere existence of the traffic tower is abominable. It is unnatural, runs the argument, for human beings to be controlled by a mechanical device; so long as man is left alone he does not erect towers to tell him what to do. In fact, man doesn't communicate by lights—he uses his voice or his hands; the idea of red and green lights is against human nature. Besides, this system places a premium on good eyesight; the man who is color-blind is placed at a disadvantage, and furthermore, it is an incitement to reckless driving. For a blind man, with hearing preternaturally acute, listens for the footfalls of people crossing in front of him and drives slowly, whereas the man who depends on lights drives fast. What is more, the system creates criminals; if there were no traffic laws, there would be no traffic courts and no lawbreakers.

Fantastic as this argument is, it might be treated with respect until one learned that it was being made by a blind man. As soon as that became clear, the animus behind the attack would overpower whatever justice there was in the argument. We would see instantly that an individual, defective to begin with, was setting up his standard against the standard of the average and was insisting that his lack of vision was in fact a benefit. Society would say to this complainant, "You are doing exactly what the reckless driver is doing, and it is the function of society to curb you both." To which the blind man's reply would be, "All curbs are against Nature." The vicious circle would be complete.

The blind man in this imaginary situation corresponds to one temperamental type of radical. It is impossible to say that he is the typical radical, for the motives of radicalism are as complex as any other human motives, and the type changes, adjusting itself to its surroundings. The conservative, in every age, considers the current type of radical particularly dangerous and his theories particularly new and wrong. Yet the more one studies the history of radical movements and the careers of experimenters, the more one comes to believe that the novelty is all on the surface, that the temperamental urge of the radical may be discerned under all its various forms, and that underneath these always-novel-seeming forms lies a mass of assumptions as old as time. To discover what they are one must banish from mind the particular forms which radicalism takes today,

(Continued on Page 182)

"BUT WE HAVE CLAMS, LADY"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Sport Model 1870. "Oh, Mother, Look at the Rumble Seat"

Thanksgiving Ode

HEAR us, O goddess Eupepsia,
regent perverse of gastronomy,
Smile on our feast ceremonial, grant dietetic immunity;
Curb our omnivorous foragings, guard us from false, deleterious
Anaphylactics.

Bless every sedulous vitamin, sinister ptomaines disorganize;
Save us from decadent fowl and from fickle, senescent crustacea;
Render us wary of potables, mordant, productive of ultimate
Hyperacidity.

Peccant explosives alleviate, neutralize pestilent toxamine;
Bitter extractives and irritants help us in peace to assimilate;
And, with the wane of festivity, give us surcease in beneficent
Soda bicarbonate!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

What Noah Missed

$100,000 from news syndicates.
$200,000 from vaudeville contracts.
$300,000 in royalties from book, Forty Days and Forty Nights.
$400,000 from song, Let it Rain, Let it Pour.
$500,000 from movies.
$600,000 from testimonial for gopher wood.
$700,000 from testimonial for animal crackers.
$800,000 salary as president of Ark Shipbuilding Co.
$900,000 salary as publicity agent for animal circus.
1,000,000 marriage offers. *—Russell Wilks.*

The Lobster

THE lobster believed his ambition
To be served à la Newburg patrician.
He remarked with a sigh:
"We lobsters must die
In order to win recognition." *—Otto Freund.*

Gentlemen of the Press

"Little Gurrel, Your Mouth Was Just Made to be Kissed!"
"Is Zat So? Well, Your Face Was Just Made to be Slapped!"

The Information Booth 100 Years From Now

NO, MADAM, there's no diner on the 8:18 for Paris. None of the local planes carry diners. . . . Yes, sir, change at Le Bourget for Moscow, or you can get a through plane to Leningrad. Oh? Your cousin lives in Moscow? Well, that's just ten minutes on the air line. . . . No, madam, you can't take your pet race horse on the 4:52 to London; that plane carries no baggage. Take the 12:27 or the 9:06. Full fare for a race horse. Only polo ponies and poms travel half fare. . . . Kottbus? The Chamberlin local leaves in ten minutes on Runway Eight. Yes, sir, that's the through plane to Kottbus. . . . No day coaches on the Lindbergh Limited to Paris, madam, and there's only room for one.

Honolulu, sir? Better take the fast mail to Oakland connecting with the Maitland Express. . . . No, ma'am, the 5:52 for Berlin doesn't run Sundays or holidays. Yes, it stops on signal at

(Continued on Page 91)

What a Flapper's Mirror Tells Her—and What It Doesn't

What a Lounge Lizard's Mirror Tells Him—and What It Doesn't

Considered a meal in itself

Here is the soup which is famous for the generous amount of real food it contains—both solid and liquid. It is the soup with the reputation for heartiness, as well as delicious flavor.

Serve it for luncheon or supper today and see how filling and satisfying it is. Fifteen different vegetables. Substantial cereals. Invigorating beef broth. Fresh herbs and dainty seasonings. Thirty-two ingredients in all, blended with the rare skill of Campbell's French chefs.

And so convenient. You simply add an equal quantity of water, and allow to simmer a few minutes! See also the complete list of twenty-one Campbell's Soups printed on each label.

12 cents a can

Campbells' SOUPS

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

IN THE WHEAT PIT

By James A. Patten
In Collaboration With Boyden Sparkes

SPECULATIVE corners in grain are a thing of the past in the United States. Public sentiment is against them, and that is a force which can make itself felt in this country.

There was always a rumbling of discontent after every one of the spectacular deals on the Chicago Board of Trade, which were too loosely, I insist, called corners. Tight situations in the market were invariably spoken of as corners.

Back in 1888, when Old Hutch held contracts for the delivery of more September wheat than the men who had sold those contracts could deliver, he settled with some of them at a price of two dollars a bushel. That time a man named T. V. Powderly, head of the Knights of Labor, issued a circular inveighing against corners in foodstuffs. Whenever Armour or Old Hutch or myself was successful in anticipating a shortage of grain with the result that the men who had guessed wrong — the shorts — began frantically to bid up the price on themselves, traders would say of the successful operator:

"Well, the angels have kissed him again."

The traders used that expression, but there were always people who felt that they had to talk about a subject whether they understood it or not who would say much harsher things. Before the war the board had adopted an anticorner rule. Under that rule a seller could not be pinched for more than the commercial value of the grain, plus a penalty of from 1 to 10 per cent. Finally, after we had gone through the war with the Government in control of the grain trade, the feeling that corners were immoral was expressed in a piece of legislation which seems to have made it possible for the Board of Trade itself to outlaw corners.

With the advice of the Supreme Court of the United States to help read itself around constitutional obstacles, Congress, in 1922, found a way to give control of future-contract grain markets to the Department of Agriculture by treating the movement of grain from farms to consumers as a stream of interstate commerce.

A Mammoth Grain Elevator at Buffalo, New York

The Long and Short of It

SINCE the passage of the Capper-Tincher Bill, which is now known as the Grain Futures Act, the Chicago Board of Trade and other contract markets in the country operate in accordance with rules and regulations made by the Secretary of Agriculture. Those rules were designed to provide him, at any time he requires it, with information about any transactions in the market.

As long as there is intelligent administration of the Grain Futures Act there is not likely to be any hurtful economic result from this control. In so far as the Federal law by licensing the contract markets makes them legal enterprises, it is a good thing. Any time that the Secretary of Agriculture finds that his rules are being disobeyed, the law says he may, with the consent of the Attorney-General and the Secretary of Commerce, sitting with him as a commission, revoke the designation of an offending market and thereby suspend its operations. I do not think there is even a bare possibility of that ever happening so long as there is at Washington an administration interested in the welfare of the country's farmers.

In the present scheme of things it is a committee of the membership of the Board of Trade which acts to prevent corners. Members of the committee pledge themselves to the exchange that they will not speculate for their own account in any commodity traded in on the Chicago Board of Trade during the period of their service.

The business-conduct committee, as it is called, is charged with the duty and authority to prevent manipulation of prices, as required by the Grain Futures Act, and has general supervision over the business conduct of all members, particularly in so far as such conduct affects nonmember customers, the public at large, the state government, the Federal Government, public opinion and the good name of the exchange. The committee may employ auditors or other kinds of assistants. The findings and conclusions of the committee, based on its investigations, are final and without appeal. If it orders a member to desist from a certain course of conduct and he fails to obey, or if he fails to submit his books and papers for examination when ordered, he is charged with an offense against the Chicago Board of Trade. Conviction means expulsion, or at best, suspension. Such a penalty is as serious for a grain trader as disbarment for a lawyer or unfrocking to a clergyman. It seems to be a sufficient threat.

The business-conduct committee keeps a watch on the volume of trading, and when the members discover that the market is out of balance, that bull traders hold contracts for the delivery of more grain than there is in the market, they order the long interest to sell. It has always been the shorts who have sent prices skyrocketing in a tight market, and the critical time occurs in the final days of a delivery month. Nowadays the business-conduct committee of the Chicago Board of Trade surveys the situation before that final mad scramble for grain is likely to occur. They may say to a short, "You buy at once." They may say to a long, "You sell at once." It is a czar-like power that is wielded by this committee, authority that is delegated for the time being by the Secretary of Agriculture, on the theory that it is better for business to regulate itself than to be regulated by bureaucrats.

A Grain Steamer Ready to be Unloaded Into the Elevator at Buffalo. The Elevator Moves Along the Trucks to the Ship

With the Help of a Futures Market

THIS is the line of authority: The Government can close an offending contract market, though it cannot penalize an individual trader; but the Board of Trade, which can penalize a trader, stands ready to do so to keep from being closed up. It is effective control and it came about in a curious way.

When the wool market went to smash in 1920 there was a conference in Washington to see what could be done to relieve the sheepmen. The sheepmen said they would take a fair price for their wool; the manufacturers said they would pay a fair price; and the bankers said they would loan money on wool on the basis of a fair price, but nobody knew what a fair price for wool might be. That situation convinced a lot of politicians that a futures market is as valuable as business men know it to be, but there was no way to establish a futures market for wool in a hurry. The grades were not standardized.

Naturally anyone invited to buy wool would want to be sure of the kind of wool that would be delivered to him in the future. This market machinery cannot be created overnight, and the politicians began to see that a futures-contract market was not precisely like a roulette wheel.

After government control of the grain trade ceased and trading in wheat futures was resumed, the price of wheat declined, but the decline was cushioned. The contrast between the behavior of the wool and wheat markets was a lesson in economics for many men of influence in Washington.

During that period of deflation a number of politicians were embarrassed because they had been advising the farmers to hold their wheat for three dollars. When the decline set in, the farmers were looking for explanations and the politicians said that the grain exchange was at fault. They talked of putting the exchange out of business. Their idea seemed to be that by smashing the thermometer they could change the weather. A bill was drawn up that provided machinery which would have made possible the worst kind of manipulation.

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SWIFT

It is pleasant just to unwrap and slice a piece of fragrant Premium Bacon. In the deep golden-brown of the rind, in the firm touch of the meat—so easily cut through—in the correct proportioning of the fat and the lean, there is the agreeable certainty of that special crisp tenderness and rich savor which are so highly prized in Premium.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is in order to have a supply always on hand that so many women buy Premium in the whole piece in the original parchment wrapper, as shown above. Others prefer it in the convenient pound and half-pound cartons, thinly and evenly sliced, free from all rind and ready for cooking.

Points on cooking bacon—It is really a fine art, though an easy one, to cook bacon so as to serve it at its best. What is ordinarily called "frying" is really "pan-broiling." Next time you cook Premium Bacon, watch these points:

1. Start with a *cold* frying pan—to get more evenly cooked bacon. 2. Cook over *moderate* heat—to prevent over-heating of the fat. 3. Turn *frequently*. This gives a more even brown. 4. Drain off the excess fat from time to time—to insure just the delicious crispness which you want.

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 38)

Herbert Hoover was called before the Agricultural Committee of the House at that time and was asked if future trading would have made a market for wool. He said that it would have done so beyond question. Mr. Hoover told them that if there had been a futures market for wool there would have been a price for wool. None can say what the price would have been, but there would have been a price. That bill was dropped from consideration, but in the session of Congress that opened with the inauguration of Harding, in March, 1921, there was presented a new bill. That was based on the taxing power of the Government. It was passed, but was held to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in an opinion which informed the Congress what form such a bill ought to take. In a new form the Capper-Tincher Bill was passed in August, 1922, and after surviving an attack in the courts the Grain Futures Administration of the Department of Agriculture began to function in July, 1923.

As the act had given the Secretary of Agriculture the right to call for the most detailed reports of trading, his subordinates began to gather that information. The first effect was a reduction in the volume of trading. Some poorly informed people were led to believe that the Grain Futures Administration had the power and the desire to prevent speculation, and many old traders were so annoyed by the thought that all of their transactions were being spied upon that they stopped trading, or else they dealt in the Winnipeg market.

The poor farmer! How often he is misled by the very people who pretend to be his friends. In the fall of 1924, when Coolidge and Dawes were campaigning against Davis and Bryan, an advance in wheat started, and some of those behind the third ticket said it was all a part of the Republican propaganda system. It was an absurd assertion, yet many farmers ignored the world statistical position of wheat and took that statement at its face value. They sold their wheat; and after election the market continued to advance. Wheat was scarce.

During the winter there was an erratic market. Wheat went up to $2.00 and then dropped to $1.50, and finally stabilized around $1.75. There was another outcry; not against supply; not against demand; but against the market. This time the complaint was from consumers and it was voiced by labor unions. About that time the late Senator Ladd of North Dakota introduced a resolution in the Senate calling for an investigation of the exchange, to be made by the Grain Futures Administration.

When Coolidge Told the Whole Story

FINALLY Secretary Jardine of the Department of Agriculture asked officials of the grain exchanges to come and see him. He told them that sharp fluctuations in the price of grain were detrimental to the country. He confessed he did not know how to remedy the situation, but said that was something for the men in the trade to figure out. What was being complained of at the time of the conference was the drop in the price of wheat. You never hear any complaint from the farmers when the price is going up and you never hear any from the consumers when the price is going down. It just depends on whose ox is gored.

As a result of that conference with Secretary Jardine the grain exchanges worked out a plan for a new clearing-house system; control was to be taken of the volume of transactions; irresponsible traders were to be kept out of the markets; and finally, and most important, an agreement was reached for the establishment of business-conduct committees at each grain exchange. These committees were to make it their business to see that there was no manipulation of the market and try to prevent widespread participation of the general public in the trading where that was likely to work to the detriment of the market.

The appointment of such a committee by the Chicago Board of Trade was a crystallization of an idea that had been slowly taking form through the years the exchange had been in existence. As the arrangement now works, the Government has the power, but the exchange has the responsibility and exercises it.

Just fancy how Old Hutch would have sworn if he had been alive in 1926 and had received a circular from the secretary of the Board of Trade informing him that he would have to report to a government clerk the net amount of grain he was long or short. Try to picture how such a condition would have seemed to Ed Partridge or P. D. Armour or Ream. I can say for myself that I did not like it a bit. I know plenty of men who said they would never trade so long as there was any such rule in force. Some said they would do their trading in Winnipeg.

All transactions above a certain size had been reported to the Grain Futures Administration office by the commission houses prior to that order in January, 1926. It was not so offensive to traders when they did not have to make the report themselves, but when they were told they would have to make their reports in person some of them hit the ceiling. That order was in operation until February, 1927.

There was fear in Washington then that there would be a bad break in the grain market when the news was given out of the President's veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill. There was ground for such fear, because if the bill had become a law the Government would have entered the market as a heavy buyer of grain. There had been considerable buying of wheat in anticipation of government buying and the veto was expected to cause some unloading. The Administration did not want a break in prices.

A Transport Being Loaded With Grain for Belgium

Consequently, when a petition was drawn up by the business-conduct committee and sent to the Secretary of Agriculture asking for the rescinding of the rule requiring the names of customers to be sent into the Grain Futures Administration office, it was a timely document. The rule was changed. Names were no longer required as a part of routine reports. The result of this was just what had been expected. Speculators who had been staying out of the market through pique began to trade once more, and the weight of their purchasing was more than enough to make up for the contracts that were sold by men whose buying had been done in anticipation of heavy purchases by the Government. When the McNary-Haugen veto was announced the market, instead of slipping, advanced.

It is so clear to me that I am strongly tempted to be cross with people who do not see it. Any farmer knows that when the furniture, machinery and livestock of a farm are sold at a country auction better prices are obtained when there are many bidders than when there are only a few. If they will keep that thought in front of them when they cogitate on the grain-marketing problem they will understand that it is to their interest to have many bid in those auction sales held each day in the grain pits. If the market is left free and open there will be plenty of bidders, but if the experienced scalpers and other traders of the grain pits are ever scattered through hurtful legislation it will be a difficult thing to round them up again, something more complex than hog calling.

Corners were the objects of much of the criticism of the past, and now corners have been abolished. All the big exchanges have created machinery that is designed to prevent them. The New York Stock Exchange had so many corners that the leaders there finally appointed a business-conduct committee. When there is any unusual trading in a stock listed on that exchange the committee calls for reports and then takes arbitrary action intended to break the impending corner. The New York Cotton Exchange stops trading to prevent corners. Trading in futures is discontinued five days before the end of a delivery month. That is intended to induce a more orderly adjustment of open contracts. But if future trading should ever be abolished in our commodity markets, there would come a time when grain will be as difficult to sell as barnyard muck.

It is not my purpose to deny that the prices of grain and some other farm products have been unsatisfactory in recent years, but the condition is not going to be improved by quack remedies. Everything that needs to be said on the subject was written by President Coolidge in his message to the Senate that accompanied the vetoed surplus-control act.

"The chief objection to the bill," he wrote, "is that it would not benefit the farmer. Whatever may be the temporary influence of arbitrary interference, no one can deny that in the long run prices will be governed by the law of supply and demand. To expect to increase prices and then to maintain them on a higher level by means of a plan which must of necessity increase production while decreasing consumption, is to fly in the face of an economic law as well established as any law of nature."

I became enthusiastic when I read that veto message, because it expressed so well the criticisms that were in my mind. Coolidge grew up on a farm and surely there is no one who would dare to say that he is unsympathetic with the farmers. I was raised on a farm and worked as a farm hand before I came to Chicago. Recently I received word from some of my old neighbors out near Sandwich, Illinois. They wanted to talk to me about farm conditions. They wanted my opinion. Out there they remember my grandfather as a farmer.

A Superman Needed

HE LIVED to be eighty-six, but he fed his hogs right up to the day he died. They have told me that when he called his hogs he could be heard for two miles. I do not pretend that I am still a farmer, although we have a farm, where Mrs. Patten raises goats. Actually, I suppose, I am the goat, because it is impossible to produce and sell goat's milk at a profit even when the price is fifty cents a quart.

There is a demand for more of the milk than we can produce. Mrs. Patten first became interested in it through her interest in hospitals. Goat's milk is the nearest thing to natural food for infants that has been found, and producing that food is a life-saving work. Children that may be starving for want of a food that will nourish them and which they can digest thrive on goat's milk. It is excellent, too, for old people. I drink it twice a day. Charles Stevens, the Chicago merchant, also raises goats and is the head of a national association of goat raisers. The milk is a vital food for many sickly children.

If we were to give up our goat farm and no other person carried on the work, it is conceivable that some babies might perish for want of this form of sustenance now supplied to them by our enterprise. Yet all of us are just as dependent on others for the food we eat as those ailing babies. We are dependent upon the farmers, and when the farmers are in trouble every American ear should be keenly tuned to hear a remedy for that trouble.

Some of the farmers—a large proportion of them—have seemed to think that the remedy might be found in a wide application of the principle of coöperative marketing of their products. If it comes, it will be a slow growth and not the sudden creation of political magic. It has worked well, I am told, in restricted areas where a single crop is grown for a limited market. Walnut growers, prune planters, and some other types of farmers have been successfully organized, but it would be an entirely different matter to try to organize the wheat growers or the corn growers or the cotton growers.

Wheat and corn are tied in with world forces. Where would the farmers find a leader with the ability to conduct so tremendous an organization? Such a man does not live, and if he did he would want a reward so large for his labor that no organization of ordinary men would be willing to

(Continued on Page 149)

LEARN AT THE WHEEL
WHAT *ALL-AMERICAN PERFORMANCE* MEANS

The 4-Door Sedan, $1145. Body by Fisher

You've heard about its power—its smoothness and its snap. About the way it conquers hills and "picks the holes" in traffic. But there's just one way you can learn the meaning of All-American performance. And that's to take the wheel yourself—*and drive!*

* * *

Forget the smartness of the Fisher bodies—their beauty and distinction. Forget the ample leg room, the spacious seats, the richness of upholstery and appointments.

* * *

Just give it the gas—and zoom away. And note the admiration in the traffic officer's smile.

* * *

Responsiveness. Alertness. An eagerness to get up and go you've never felt before. Velvet power when you want it. Silence all the time.

* * *

That's the famous big new engine with its notable new features—that's the longer, stronger chassis—the easy action clutch and 4-wheel brakes. That's All-American engineering—giving All-American results! Just see the nearest Oakland dealer any time.

NEW LOW PRICES

2-Door Sedan	$1045	4-Door Sedan	$1145
Landau Coupe	$1045	Cabriolet	$1145
Sport Roadster	$1075	Landau Sedan	$1265

Pontiac Six, $745 to $925. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICH.,

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The "Neptune" Pattern (No 3033) in Karnean Marbled Inlaid—with the soil-proof Nairn Super-Finish

With all the loveliness of real marble—

OLD homes have a gracious charm that endears them to everyone. But time exacts a price for this charm. There are *some* marks of age which are a blight to the beauty of every home and must be concealed. Old and shabby floors for example.

When the owner of this delightful Colonial home was faced with this problem, she solved it with one of the new and beautiful *Karnean Marbled Inlaid* designs. She saw how much it would add to the dignified charm of her rooms. For here in this newest GOLD SEAL INLAID was all the loveliness of real marble—the same delicate veinings, the subtle variations of color tones, the same luxurious effect! All at a cost she could easily afford.

And a revolutionary improvement makes her floor different from any other inlaid linoleum. It is the Nairn *Super-Finish*, which enriches the colorings and makes the surface as easily cleaned as glazed tile. Dirt and grease cannot grind into this improved inlaid linoleum.

As in all GOLD SEAL INLAIDS, the colors go through to the burlap back. And when this comfortable quiet flooring is cemented down, over old floors or new, it will give a lifetime of service. An occasional waxing keeps it beautiful always.

At your department or furniture store you can see these superbly decorative Karnean designs and a wide range of other *Gold Seal* Linoleum patterns—all identified and guaranteed by the Gold Seal emblem of quality.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, Boston, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Dallas, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Rio de Janeiro.

Rich-veined tiles of copper and cream contrasting with ebony make the "Imperial" Pattern in Karnean Marbled Inlaid strikingly luxurious. It is No. 3032

NAIRN
Gold Seal
LINOLEUM
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Look for this quality mark!

THE *Gold Seal* shown above is pasted every few yards on the face of all genuine GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. It is our pledge to you of "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back." See that the *Gold Seal* Guarantee is on the linoleum you buy.

FREE! Folder of *Karnean Marbled Inlaid* designs . . . revised handbook *Creating a Charming Home* . . . and the new and ingenious *Color Scheme Selector*. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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When buying INLAID LINOLEUM ask for NAIRN

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

LET'S PLAY STORE

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I KNOW what they do. I know how they go to work to do it. And I know what happens to them afterward. But why do they do it? If you can tell me why, I'd really like to know."

"What do they do?"

"Well, a perfectly capable farmer comes here from the Middle West. All his life he has raised corn and hogs. But in Southern California he gets the itch to keep a grocery store. A mechanic comes from some factory town. He has always worked for wages, at the bench. But here he blossoms out as a furniture dealer. We have a furniture store now on pretty nearly every corner where a saloon used to be. A lawyer, a doctor, a garage proprietor, a railroad superintendent will not be happy until he has a factory making a trick salad dressing. Why do they do it?"

"Maybe it's the marvelous climate," I suggested.

The research man smiled, but did not laugh. On the staff of a commercial organization it is his job to get solid facts for the business concerns of Southern California. A youngish, rather literal, scientific fellow, of a type now replacing the booster in this region, famous for its grandeur complex. Climate is still a sacred white elephant, but he would have laughed had he not found certain business advantages in its equability, as a research specialist.

Shoemakers Away From Their Lasts

"I BELIEVE people do feel more optimistic here, and that may have a good deal to do with it. But they can't get away with such rash enterprises. They put their savings down rat holes. They fail and go back home broke and tell folks there that Southern California is overrated. That gives us a black eye. And they play hob with established merchants and manufacturers. You tell me how much money one of them intends putting into a store or a patented device, and what line he's going into, and I'll come pretty near telling you how long he'll last. That's a matter of measurement. But why he does it is a human variable. I can't measure that."

"Let me look into it," I said, and for several weeks thereafter I talked with people who could throw light on the subject from various angles.

The "Why?" is rooted deep in human nature. The wishful dreamer who tackles the hopeless venture will be found in every section of this country. And it is often a woman, hypnotized by the possibilities of a tea room. They are actuated by two motives: Everybody wants to be somebody else. For most of us, what we are is a prosy grind. The other fellow's job and life seem full of interest and adventure. It is the escape wish that fills the movie theaters and sells the adventure novels. Second, everybody wants to make a lot more money easily and quickly.

Filled with this wish stuff, the farmer watches the grocer, who just stands behind his counter and takes in money, or the doctor hears of the quick fortune made with a clever invention. The dream is pleasant and goes on until they won't be happy until they get the grocery store or the trick salad dressing.

"There's a beautiful slang term for it—'all hopped up,'" said a business counselor. "People come to California expecting to make millions; they've always thought of it as a wonderland where anything is possible. They bring with them more money than they have ever possessed in their lives—the proceeds of selling the old home or the farm or the business back East. They get all hopped up dreaming about a business of which they know nothing, and it's as much as your life is worth to tell them the truth."

He told the story of a trick salad dressing:

"A fellow from the East had bought the recipe for a condensed salad dressing, had some money, and was determined to put it all into it. One of my clients asked me to meet him at dinner and try to talk him out of the idea. The truth was obvious. These food specialties are in keen competition. It takes more money than he had to establish a new one even in the local market, and the principle of his stuff was wrong. A woman either makes her own salad dressings or uses the prepared kind. If she can't make her own she won't bother with a half-prepared kind. When I pointed out these obstacles the chap got snappish.

"'See here—I'm not being paid to tell you these things,' I said. 'Just let me know how much money you intend putting into that business, and I'll write down exactly what you are going to lose, and forget it.' He put in every penny he had and lost it all in three months. They don't want to hear anything about the difficulties when they're in this frame of mind. Try to enlighten them, and they get away from you and find somebody who will help them gild the dream."

The country is full of amateur storekeepers and manufacturers—but particularly storekeepers. Shopping is always an adventure among the friendliest misfits.

"Well, sir, that's the third party this morning has asked me for that very thing!" says the grocer genially. "Guess I'll have to be ordering some."

Shops That Pass in the Night

YOU have asked for something as staple as salt. He hasn't got it. His sketchy stock of merchandise lacks fifty other staple articles, and the things he has on his shelves are the "cats and dogs" of the grocery business. But he wants to know where you are from, and you discover that you know his town in the Corn Belt and like him for his nice disposition and hope that he will eventually learn to be a grocer. However, some morning he is gone. His telephone has been discontinued, his store is for rent, he is through. This happens not with one amateur grocer but with dozens of would-be storekeepers in every line. Regular epidemics of drug stores or furniture shops break out in certain neighborhoods, for no reason explainable by the rules of business, and run their course, like an epidemic, and die out with the failure of the stores.

The furniture business particularly. That remark about furniture stores becoming as plentiful as saloons was no exaggeration. Like other sections of the country, Southern California was short of buildings after the war. It began construction and built until the supply ran ahead of growth. As fast as people got new houses, apartments, stores and offices, they bought furniture. Mahogany comes from Central America and the Philippines; fir, cedar and other soft woods from the

(Continued on Page 201)

For Most of Us, What We are is a Prosy Grind. The Other Fellow's Job and Life Seem Full of Interest and Adventure

THE new Cadillac comes to you clothed more regally than any motor car which has ever preceded it, either here or in Europe. This rare and exceptional beauty of body and interior embellishment alone is sufficient to compel the connoisseur to pause and gaze in admiration. But the exquisite appearance is only the beginning. The soul of the car, if such a term be permissible, is the far advanced development of the 90-degree V-type, 8-cylinder engine which literally gives wings to this massive, soft-riding car.

More than 50 exclusive body styles by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood

CADILLAC

A Notable Product of General Motors

The Chances are All Against You

"Give It to Me!" William Cried in a Panic. He Caught the Paper Away From Her; Thrust It Into a Drawer. "We Do All Kinds of Statistics Here"

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

FIFTY-SEVEN, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty. Swallow."

William Tamper pushed aside the dish from which he had just finished his morning Krunchy-Krunchers—best because they digest—and drank deeply from his cup of Caffee-Caf—positively no caffeine. "Four out of five," he muttered cryptically. And again as he set down his empty cup, "Ninety-six out of a hundred."

William Tamper walked to work, partly for exercise, partly for conservation of carfares; he swung along briskly, a broad-shouldered young man, a little too thin in spite of the shrewdness of his breakfast, a little too serious for such a carefree day of spring. The burden of his thoughts was cause for seriousness; statistics is a pretty serious subject.

"Seventy-five per cent at age seventy," William murmured. "Right here in this city." He added, as he swung about for his last crossing and made a careful survey of the traffic, "30,400 by automobile accidents, and 868,000 injured."

William spent five minutes in the wash room with his tube of Propliopithecus Paste—for the teeth; a clean tooth never decays—and entered the office as the clock was striking nine. Before him lay a new day with the Ezra B. Inchcliffe Advertising Agency, statistical department. Urie Dykeman, manager.

"Good morning," said William briefly.

There was a kind of composite mumbling, but nobody really answered. Nobody looked up. People in the statistical department never paid much attention to William Tamper anyhow. They would have been surprised to learn that he was six feet tall and inclined to be handsome.

William would have been six feet tall, that is, if he had not been a little bowed under pressure of too much work. He would have been handsome if it had not been for that little pucker that pointed up between his brows toward the furious blondness of his hair, and that little set of tenseness about his mouth and chin. William's eyes were blue eyes and strangely clear, but they had looked down at a desk from nine to five until looking down was a habit. William had a nice smile, too, that nobody knew much about.

At ten o'clock the door opened. It was the door that led to the west corridor and the elevator for the front offices, and it never opened without giving everyone a feeling of tightness at the back of the knees. Not, of course, that Mr. Ezra B. Inchcliffe in person ever came through it. Mr. Inchcliffe was known only as a large, red-faced, terrifying presence, who came and went in a portly limousine driven by a chauffeur with a brown-leather countenance. Everyone in the establishment feared Mr. Inchcliffe with that large impersonal terror felt for bolts of lightning and volcanoes in eruption.

Cabot Slingenbarger was Mr. Inchcliffe's tool for executions, and Slingenbarger enjoyed the job. His face was a collection of those odds and ends in features left over when the twentieth-century quota of hangmen, war lords, and robbers of widows and orphans had been completed. It was Cabot Slingenbarger now who came in that west door.

"Tamper!" he called harshly.

William Tamper pulled himself to his feet. Slingenbarger had called Barty Collins just like that the day Barty was fired. Just like that, two weeks ago, he had called Loomis and fired him. Loomis had been an episode of fifteen years' duration, and already he was forgotten. William had taken over his work on Skidless Tires—an account which there was danger of losing. Perhaps —— It was a positive relief when Slingenbarger only demanded scathingly what the hell's bells William was taking so long for with the Skidless Tires.

"Hurry up," said Slingenbarger. "And hurry up fast, too, or ——"

"Very well," said William quickly, hurrying back to his desk.

William Tamper had been hurrying for the Ezra B. Inchcliffe Agency five years; if he hurried fast enough he hoped to be getting $2500 a year by the time he was forty. If he saved a third of his salary every year he would be able to live on the interest by the time he reached seventy.

William wanted certainty. There had been uncertainty enough in his early life to last anyone forever. It was just his hard luck that William wanted other things too. There were days when he took account of himself with scorn: William Tamper, age 25; height, 5 feet 11¾ inches; weight, 140 pounds; chief characteristic, caution. Caution! That was what statistics had done to him.

Statistics are not easy to get away from. William was not stingy. But he knew that 75 per cent of the city's population is dependent at age seventy, and that made him careful about money. He was not timid. But he knew that there are 30,400 automobile fatalities in a year. He had always been healthy. But he knew that ninety-six out of every one hundred Americans suffer from indigestion, and forty-nine out of fifty from nervous disorders, and so he made himself chew Krunchy-Krunchers sixty times, and drink Caffee-Caf which contains positively no caffeine. He brushed his teeth with Propliopithecus Paste. And he was satisfied to work fifty years under the shadow of Cabot Slingenbarger for a maximum of $2500 a year. At least he pretended he was. And perhaps he would have made himself believe it if things had happened differently.

It was that day that William met Barty Collins again, and it was that day that he met Jane Wyatt. William was just turning in that noon at his favorite cafeteria when Barty Collins clapped him on the shoulder. Barty was wearing a new light suit with a bright tie the color of the spring, and he looked as if he had just inherited a million dollars.

"Oh, I say!" cried Barty. "Ripping to see you again. Can you lend me ten?"

William never lent money. It upset the budget. Afterward he couldn't think how it had happened that he should have been standing there with his billfold in his hand, taking out a new ten under Barty's able direction.

"Mighty good of you," said Barty nonchalantly, tucking the bill away. He added, "Fact is, I'm in the devil's own jam. I asked two girls to luncheon—thought one was today and one was tomorrow, see? And it turns out I've asked them both for today, and they're both coming. I'm meeting them both in five minutes at the Manchuria." He hesitated; glanced at his watch. "I say, look here, Tamper. Couldn't you help me out? Take one of them off my hands?"

"Me!" cried William. "I don't know anything about girls."

Barty was going on: "One's a society girl and one's in the chorus. Have either you want." It seemed to be settled, all of a sudden, that he was to have one.

"Perhaps I'd better try the society girl," William ventured. "She'd be more—ladylike, wouldn't she, in case I made a slip?"

"Just as you please," said Barty easily.

And five minutes later William found himself standing in the middle of a large marble desert, holding Jane Wyatt by the hand. He had no idea of how he came there. There was a vague impression of Barty, bustling in, whispering something urgent in Miss Wyatt's ear, that made her laugh as if she did not believe a word of it. There had been an introduction. William perceived that he must have

taken Miss Wyatt's hand with a view to shaking it. Perhaps he had shaken it. He shook it again, just to make sure.

"Well," said William.

"Well?" said Jane Wyatt.

"Well," said William.

After that William was conscious only at intervals. Once he was aware of stumbling behind a head waiter down miles of ringing polished boards and collapsing into a place opposite Jane Wyatt. Into his shaking hand the waiter pressed fifteen inches of solid printed matter from which, William saw, he was to compose a little luncheon for two. He scanned it feverishly.

"Haven't you any Caffee-Caf?" he mumbled.

"Sir?" said the waiter.

"What's that?" said Jane Wyatt.

"Positively no caffeine," said William. He decided all at once upon the truth; brought it out with boyish downrightness. "What do girls like to eat?" he asked. "You see, I never took a girl out to lunch before."

Jane Wyatt laughed—that way she had of laughing, as if she didn't believe a word of it. "That's a new one," she said.

"It's so," said William. He added, "I never saw a girl before that I wanted to take to lunch."

It was tremendous. The noise of his daring rang in William's ears. But Jane Wyatt took it very calmly—as if she were used to it. "You'll be telling me next," she cried gayly, "that I'm the first girl you ever loved!"

"You are," said William.

After a long time William came to himself again. He perceived that luncheon must somehow have been ordered, because things were being served. There were no Krunchy-Krunchers; no Caffee-Caf. He saw a mushroom on the plate before him, and turned it over skeptically and scraped off the cream sauce to get a better view. Still, only .02 per cent of mushrooms turned out to be toadstools, after all. He looked across at Jane Wyatt.

William really saw Jane Wyatt then for the first time. She was little—little and young; not more than twenty. William felt better the minute he realized how awfully little she was; it made him feel big and manly and sure of himself, the way he never had felt before except when he dealt with statistics. Jane was golden-headed, too, with fair, tender skin. A little gold point of hair came out from under the ridiculous small green cup of her hat, and there was a point of gold bang over the top of her nose. Her eyes were gray. Well, yes, gray. You had to call them that, anyhow, for want of a better word. But there were deep places in them—the color that blue water turns when a shadow goes over the sun.

"There are thirty-seven thousand girls in this city," said William unexpectedly, "and not a single one has eyes like yours."

"You're a fast worker, aren't you?" said Jane Wyatt.

"I've had a good deal of experience," said William, "working with statistics."

After that William talked about statistics, and he smiled as he talked. The remarkable thing was that Jane Wyatt seemed interested. He called attention to the Hangfast Buttons on Jane's gray coat and said that 7,983,000 were then in use in the United States, and that a new one was being sewed on every three minutes between the hours of nine and five. The Incheliffe Better Buttons Campaign, he said, had buttoned the coats of the world with Hangfasts. He indicated their waiter, who was bouncing about on Risable Rubber Heels, the Personal Shock Absorbers; 9,154,900 other people were doing the same thing. Two feet to the person, that made 18,309,800 feet.

"And if you allow 5,280 feet to the mile," said William whimsically, "that makes 3,467 miles of Risable Rubber Heels."

William had never been whimsical before about statistics. He had not known he could be. After a while he laid the price of two breakfasts beside his plate for a tip, and they went out.

William could look right down on the top of Jane's head. Jane's green hat had little peepholes in the top, and he could see the fine bright hair lying close underneath. He wished Jane would take the green hat off.

"What about dropping you?" said Jane instead.

"Oh, don't!" cried William, taken unawares.

"But it's no trouble," Jane insisted. "I suppose you must be getting back to work, and we can drive round that way as well as not."

He saw that she was indicating a big gray car drawn to the curb. William had never been in such a car before; there was a built-in cigar lighter and ash tray on one side and powder puffs and things on the other. There was a loop for him to cling to on the turns. William did not cling hard enough, and his shoulder pressed close against Jane's shoulder.

"I work at the Ezra B. Inchcliffe Advertising Agency," he said thickly, by way of letting her know where to take him.

"Oh, I know that," said Jane. "Barty said so." She laughed, glancing up under the crinkled edge of her hat. "You mustn't let Uncle Ezra see you, though. He fired Barty, you know, because he saw him with me."

"Uncle Ezra!" echoed William. A hot wave of understanding rushed over him. He recognized this car now—the portly limousine, the chauffeur with the brown-leather face. "Uncle Ezra!"

"Why, yes," said Jane Wyatt. "Uncle Ezra Inchcliffe. My guardian, you know. I've just come home to live with him. What were you dreaming about, anyhow, when Barty was telling you this?"

"About you," said William.

That night William stayed overtime. But it was not because he had been late in returning from lunch. And it was not because he was working on the Skidless Tire account. That noon, William saw, he had lost his head. Now he was himself again. He was arranging a series of apparently unrelated facts into a kind of pattern:

Jane Wyatt was Ezra B. Inchcliffe's niece. She was used to having things. . . . Probably even fifty dollars would not buy a little gray coat with a fuzzy collar. Twenty-five hundred dollars—a whole year's salary—would not buy a car with ash trays and powder puffs. . . . It meant going without cream for breakfast for two months to have lunched once at the Manchuria. . . . It was dangerous for poor young men to think about rich girls. . . . Barty had lost his job. . . . It was important for William to put all his attention on the Skidless Tire account. . . . Things he said that meant a lot to William, Jane Wyatt just took for granted. . . . Jane Wyatt wasn't interested in him, anyhow. What he had taken for interest in him was just interest in her uncle's business.

After that, William compiled some statistics about marriage. There were 51,000 men in the city. Of these, 26,000 were married; 800 were aged; 500 were paupers; 400 were illiterate. . . . He made a list. Added. Subtracted. 20,000. So, even on a choice and chance basis, William had only one chance in 20,000 of marrying Jane Wyatt. William put his head down in his hands and decided to forget her.

II

FOR a person who had decided to forget Jane Wyatt altogether, it was strange that the spring should nevertheless have been divided into the brief moments when he was near her and the long periods between. Not that he tried to meet her, of course. It just happened that way. But William treasured even the time when Jane whisked past him in the gray car without seeing him. Then there was the time when she did see him, and she waved her hand to him behind Uncle Ezra Inchcliffe's back.

"Trying to be kind," thought William.

And there was the time when he came on her unexpectedly, sitting in the car at the curb waiting for her uncle. He was going to pretend not to see her, but she called out to him. She was driving herself and the chauffeur was not there—William was glad of that.

"I haven't seen you lately," said Jane.

"No," agreed William. "No."

He was intensely conscious of her, just through the open window, a little expensive slip of a thing in a blue hat the color of the heavens, and a blue coat edged all round with fur that must have cost two weeks' salary; intensely conscious of himself, too, in last year's suit and a seventy-five-cent tie.

And then there was the time—it was the day, as it happened, that the Skidless Tire people had given their O. K.

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Mr. Inchcliffe Did Not Speak. He Just Stood There Looking Down on the Top of Jane's Bright, Bare Head

The Lowest Prices *ever named* for such an Eight

THE new low prices of the Hupmobile Eight now offer to you, and to thousands, a value-opportunity never before presented.

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Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

GEORGE SIEGMANN

as Simon Legree in

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

On the screen GEORGE SIEGMANN is "a man whom everybody hates." In his impersonation, as a woman of my acquaintance expressed it, "I'd like to wring his neck." And this, because he is one of the most accomplished character actors, and villains, the screen has ever known. In private life he is the most genial and likeable soul imaginable. On the screen he is exasperating and fascinatingly hateful.

As ***"Simon Legree"*** in ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** he has re-created this great character, and when you see Universal's remarkable spectacle, you will marvel at the ingenuity of the man, and the skill which makes him sought by producers.

"Les Miserables" is doing a remarkable business in the big city theatres. And we are having an extraordinary response to our high-school student contest in which I am offering scholarship awards aggregating $9,000, based on the best 500-word essay on the subject "What ideals for life do you find in Victor Hugo's *'Les Miserables'?"*

The writer of the best essay will receive a scholarship award of $1,000. There will be two awards of $750 each, and thirteen of $500 each.

Proof of the educational significance of these awards is the character of the judges, who include Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; Dr John J. Tigert, U S. Commissioner of Education Dr. Ernest Crandall, Director of Visual Education of New York City; Dr Thomas Finegan, Chairman of Visual Education of the National Educational Association, and Octavus Roy Cohen, representing American authors.

If you will patronize theatres that show Universal Pictures, you will see the best the industry affords.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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If you want your name on our mailing list send in your name and address.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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for the new publicity on which he had been working. William was elated. At least, he hoped he was. He looked up from his desk and there she stood. At first he did not believe it; felt absurd when he came scrambling to his feet so fast. But then she put out her hand and she was real.

"I was going up to see Uncle Ezra, and so I just stopped by," she explained. "Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

"Won't you sit down?" said William.

He could feel the eyes of the entire department focused on him as he turned; they made a hot spot in the back of his neck like the rays of a burning glass. Dykeman's eyes were the hottest. William wondered if he would tell Slingenbarger. He wondered if Slingenbarger would tell Inchcliffe. He wondered ——

Jane Wyatt was in white today. She carried her hat in her hand. William had never seen her head bare before. Her hair was the color of new honey in a deep jar, and it was trimmed high so that it left her ears uncovered. William looked away.

"What you doing today?" asked Jane.

"Skidless Tires," said William. He held himself aloof. He wouldn't have her kindness, thrown out haphazard in a leisure moment.

Jane picked up a paper from his desk. "'Men in city: 51,000,'" she read. "'Married: 26,000. One chance in 20,000.' Why, what ——"

"Give it to me!" William cried in a panic. He caught the paper away from her; thrust it into a drawer. "We do all kinds of statistics here."

"Why, what's the matter?" Jane was puzzled. "What makes you act so queer?"

"I don't know," said William. "I'm very busy. I hardly know which way to turn." It was completely true.

When Jane Wyatt went away, William said to himself that this was the last time he should ever see her. And perhaps it would have been if things had happened differently.

To begin with, William had a toothache. He would not admit, first off, that a toothache was what it was. But he went to Doctor Moden. Doctor Moden tapped the tooth briskly with a small-sized sledge hammer.

"Sensitive?" he asked gayly.

"Oh, yes, thank you," said William.

"Gum sensitive?" asked Doctor Moden.

"Oh, yes," said William.

"Abscess," said Doctor Moden with satisfaction. "Have to come out."

William's first feeling was one of humiliation, and this feeling lasted as long as he stayed in Doctor Moden's office. But afterward, when Doctor Moden had the tooth and the five dollars, and William was walking down the street with his coat collar turned up high against the fine rain that was beginning to fall, he felt resentful. He kept muttering, "Propliopithecus Paste!"

It was in this mood that he swung about to make his last crossing. He looked left, right; stepped down from the curb ——

William was not personally conscious of having been hit, though he heard, as at some distance, a soft unpleasant thud. For himself his feeling was of one who, while swimming, puts his foot down to touch bottom, and finds the bottom gone. There was some mistake, he was sure of that. He kicked out with sudden violence. The effort sent him under, and the water closed over his head.

When William came to the top again, he was lying on wet pavement and there was rain in his face—two kinds of rain: one cold and fine, the other falling irregularly in large warm drops. His head was resting on some kind of curved support, like the prop on the back of a dentist's chair, only softer, warmer, better smelling. An idea came to him and he stirred a little.

"Thirty thousand four hundred and one," he said.

There was a voice somewhere overhead: "Oh, you're not killed, are you? William, say you're not killed."

"I'm not killed," said William obediently.

He opened his eyes wide then. Of course it was not true that Jane Wyatt was sitting in the gutter, her hair all curling up with dampness, her face streaked with rain, and William's head resting in the curve of her arm. Still, it was a wonderful dream to have had. He moved his head a little, back and forth.

The warm part of the rain increased. "Oh, William," sobbed Jane Wyatt, "I—I'm the one who hit you."

William considered this. "You should have had Skidless Tires," he said.

"I had them," sobbed Jane Wyatt. "What's that to do with it? Oh, William, do you feel very bad?"

"Hardly any bad," said William.

At the hospital four persons in white took charge of William.

"Eight hundred and sixty-eight thousand," said William, "and one. I'm the one."

"Delirious," they said.

They put him in a high bed and said that he had abrasions about the hand and wrist, and probably concussion, and perhaps internal injuries.

Jane had disappeared. William made a little clutch at her in parting, and missed. But he caught her handkerchief. He put it under his pillow.

William's case proved a perplexing one. He was X-rayed, and nothing was found to be broken, and everything was in its usual place. He was examined for concussion, and it was decided that he did not have concussion. And yet there was something wrong. He kept looking up in a distracted way and saying preposterous things that worried all the nurses.

"Four out of five. Pooh!" he would say. Or: "Ninety-six out of a hundred. Bah!" Or: "One in twenty thousand. Pish!"

"One in twenty thousand. Pish!" was what he said most. But usually he just lay still with his eyes closed and refused to say anything. Shock they called it. They tried in various ways to rouse him. Once they even talked of letting him have a visitor—that nice, young, rich, beautiful Miss Wyatt, who felt so conscience-stricken because her car had hit him; but the minute the thing was mentioned William grew so excited and his heart action became so bad that it was given up at once.

"What's she want to come in here for?" cried William. "Tell me that! What ——"

"There, there," said the nurse. "She just wanted to apologize."

"Is that all?" said William feverishly. "Are you sure that's all?"

"There, there," said the nurse. "Of course it is. Anyone would feel sorry, you know, no matter who she hit."

"I suppose so," said William.

William shut his eyes. He kept them shut for hours. The fact was that William was thinking. He thought all the time for two days and his conclusions were by way of being sensational.

For five years William had taken every reasonable precaution and this was what had come of it. Four times a day he had brushed his teeth with Propliopithecus Paste, and he had had a toothache just the same. He had always looked both ways whenever he crossed a street, and he had been run over for all that. He had decided that he could never afford to marry, and here he was. He took out Jane Wyatt's handkerchief and turned it over in his fingers. No matter what you did, then, the chances were against you anyway.

William leaned suddenly over the edge of his bed and tucked Jane's small lace handkerchief as far as it would go in between the mattress and the spring. The bed had been wheeled out, according to the morning custom, onto a long terrace lying between two wings of the building, and a screen arranged about it. Outside this screen William could hear footsteps.

William had kept the handkerchief in his pajama pocket while the bed linen was being changed. He had kept it under the pillow while they changed his pajamas. He had nipped it close between his knees while they plumped his pillows in preparation for the breakfast tray. But this was the doctor. You couldn't tell where the doctor would look.

There was a trundling noise outside and low voices; then the nurse's face appeared round the edge of the screen and regarded him without winking or change of expression, like a pale full moon. She beckoned to somebody behind her. It was not the doctor, after all. Instead, two orderlies stepped forward, one at the head, the other at the foot of William's bed; and suddenly they laid hold of the four corners of William's mattress. William, without more ado, felt himself floating upward. He made a great lunge sidewise, but it was too late to reach the handkerchief.

"Wait!" he cried. "Stop! Let me ——"

"There, there," the nurse said. "Lie still. We're just putting you in another bed. This one's getting rickety at the end."

"But my handkerchief!" cried William, abandoning reticence. "My handkerchief! I must have it!"

"Here you are," said the nurse. And she pressed a large, white cotton square firmly to his nose.

William looked back wildly. In the middle of the empty spring Jane's little lace handkerchief twinkled unregarded; and as he looked, it rose up in the breeze, shook its skirts delicately, and skipped over the low parapet to the ground. Nobody but William noticed. They trundled his new bed into place and trundled away the old one.

"Now lie still and don't excite yourself," said the nurse, and she trundled away too.

Immediately William sat up. Over the parapet he could see Jane's handkerchief sunning itself in the middle of the hospital lawn. That was the way it always was. He had taken every precaution to keep the handkerchief safe, and it had got away from him. Suddenly it seemed to William enormously important that he should have it back. If he let that get away, it seemed as if he would be a man who would let Jane get away too.

"Caution!" muttered William fiercely. "Pooh! Bah! Pish!"

And with that, William threw caution to the wind and the bedclothes with it. Under the edge of the screen that separated him from his neighbor protruded a pair of bright red slippers. William reached a tentative toe and hooked them toward him.

The parapet was not more than six feet from the ground, and William's new red slippers struck lightly in the grass. William thrust his bandaged hand into the front of his pajama coat and stepped out briskly. The cords in his heels twitched a little, but he did not run. He hoped that the effect was as of an orderly in a white suit out to tidy the lawn.

When he had actually reached the handkerchief, however, and it was in his pocket, William was at a loss. To this point his plans had extended, and no further. It occurred to him all at once that he was going to cut an odd figure when he came round to the door and applied for readmittance. William decided not to go back at all.

"Caution!" he muttered. "Piffle!"

Round in front William waited in an angle of the wall until he saw an empty taxi; stepped forward, sprang in. He tried to look as if he wore pajamas and red slippers just to be individual.

"First National Bank," he said. And when the driver hesitated: "And make it quick, my man."

William had never said "my man" before. To his surprise, it worked. That encouraged him. At the First National Bank William sent his man in for a counter check, and then he sent him back to have it cashed. He peeled a five from the inside of the roll.

"For your trouble," said William. "Merlin's, please."

Merlin's was the city's best store for men. William had never been there before, but he saw at once that the tall young man, incredibly correct like a hand-painted wooden model, would be the person to approach; he

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SMART, graceful, luxurious — the Oakland All-American Six bears eloquent witness to the beauty and the comfort built into every Body by Fisher. It strikingly illustrates, too, the unmatched ability of Fisher to build supreme value into a motor car body. You will not find a greater motor car value in America than the Oakland All-American Six. Part of that value is in its chassis, with its big motor, its bull-dog sturdiness and strength—and part in the attractive, comfortable and extremely durable Body by Fisher. That General Motors is able to offer such a car at such a price is still further proof of the beneficent result of Fisher resources, Fisher efficiency and Fisher craftsmanship

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You must come over and WATCH us make it.

We make Oh Henry! just as you'd make it yourself, out of the very same things you'd select from your own kitchen cabinet, ice-box or pantry. You buy these good things by the pound—we buy them by the carload. That's what makes this choicest candy so very inexpensive. This formula tells you how good Oh Henry! is:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup, white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter, 1¼ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk, ¼ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate

At candy counters everywhere they're glad to sell you Oh Henry!—the candy made the home-made way.

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

Continued from Page 48

had raised his eyebrows a good half inch above the high-water mark of approval. William put a hand on his shoulder, mentioned to him a purely hypothetical case.

"Anyone would find it awkward, I suppose," said William, "to wake up in a sleeper and discover that his clothes had all been stolen."

The correct young man did not move by so much as the twitch of an eyebrow.

"Fortunately," continued William in desperation, "I did not lose my money." He peeled another five from the inside of the roll. And with the gesture William found himself being bowed into a dressing room with a curtain, and a chair placed for him, and a box set out with cigarettes in one side and cigars in the other. William took a cigar.

"Something for business," said William, trying to seem casual. "Quiet, but rather good. You'll know the sort of thing."

"Yes, sir," said the correct young man. "Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Yes, sir."

At half after three that afternoon the door into Mr. Ezra B. Inchcliffe's private office swung suddenly wide open. On the threshold appeared a gray business suit of a high degree of perfection; it was accompanied by a dull blue tie and gray socks with a hint of blue in them somewhere; and inside the suit was William Tamper. The fact that he carried his left hand in a sling by no means spoiled the effect; added to it, maybe. A small lace handkerchief was sticking out of his pocket.

All of a sudden William Tamper was six feet tall and handsome. You would never have guessed to look at him how alarmed he really was. For, after all, it is one thing to cope with a taxi driver and a clerk and a secretary, and even with Cabot Slingenbarger; but it is quite another when the door of the big boss' most private office swings suddenly wide open, and you find yourself standing alone on the threshold.

The thing was that from the time of his leaving the hospital William had acted on impulse. He had never thought of himself before as an impulsive man. But impulse had taken him to Merlin's and clothed him in perfect gray; it had taken him to the Manchuria to lunch again on creamed mushrooms; it had brought him to the Ezra B. Inchcliffe Advertising Agency. In the outer office William had spoken impulsively to the reception secretary, and she had gone out to the drug store to buy herself a soda; he spoke to Cabot Slingenbarger. William summed up a lot of things that he had been wanting to say for five years. In the end, Slingenbarger went out too. William accompanied him as far as the top of the stairs and gave him a push to indicate direction. "And hurry, now," said William. "Hurry fast."

Finally impulse had brought William right up to Mr. Inchcliffe's most private inner office and set the door wide, and there it left him.

Mr. Ezra B. Inchcliffe, close to, looked just the way he had always looked to William at a distance, only very much more so. He was large and highly colored, with a pair of outstanding eyebrows like some special kind of brushes, and an unbecoming habit of blowing out his lips and growing red on top of his bald spot when he was excited. He grew red now, and he blew out his lips.

It took a lot more than impulse after that to keep William where he was. No one could have blamed him, really, if he had turned right round and gone away. Other men, in their time, had done as much. But to William, Mr. Inchcliffe was more than the head of the Ezra B. Inchcliffe Advertising Agency. He was Jane Wyatt's uncle. William knew that if he went away now everything would be all over. He would never get as far as this again.

A memory of Jane as he had last seen her swept over William. Jane in her soft, lovely clothes sitting right down in the muddy gutter to hold his head in her arm; Jane with tears on her face. The memory tightened William's throat a little, but it helped him to look straight at Mr. Inchcliffe without faltering.

"What do you want?" snapped Inchcliffe. His voice sounded just the way William had expected, only louder.

"I want to talk with you," said William mildly.

It was then that Mr. Inchcliffe really roared. William was to make himself scarce, he roared. Make himself scarce and plenty of it. He'd show him if he could come in there, walking right by his secretary, right by his door man. He'd let him see if any little whippersnapper off the street could come whippersnapping in and march right into his private office. He'd have him know he didn't have time for chitchat with every whippersnapper. Not much. He'd have him know —— He roared and roared and roared. And when he had roared himself out, there stood William still on the threshold, just where he stood before. Mr. Inchcliffe was taken aback. No one until now had ever heard him through. It is disconcerting to find that you have come to the end of your roaring.

"Who are you, anyway?" he demanded.

"Tamper," said William, coming forward a little. "I'm William Tamper. Statistical department."

Mr. Inchcliffe looked at him sharply from under the overhanging hedge of eyebrows. "Now see here!" he cried. "Don't you come trying any funny business—pretending to be somebody you're not. Do I know the people in my own organization, or don't I? Tamper is a little man, not near so tall as you, with kind of a meek look. See?"

"He's the one," said William. "I mean I'm the one." He drew a deep breath and added, "I've been working in the statistical department five years, and I want to talk with you about getting more pay."

Mr. Inchcliffe had never had a reputation for unbridled generosity. "More pay!" he snorted. "More pay!"

"Yes," said William steadily. "That's it."

"More pay!" repeated Mr. Inchcliffe again, as if he could not believe yet that he had understood. "What do you want more pay for? You'll be getting more pay anyhow in three years if you do your work right. Why should you get more pay before then? Answer me that. Tell me one reason. Tell me one thing you've done."

"Well," said William modestly, "I just saved the Skidless Tire account, you know." A memory came to him of that conversation over the luncheon table, the day he met Jane Wyatt, and he added daringly, "I helped button the coats of the world with Hangfast Buttons and equipped 3467 miles of feet with Risable Rubber Heels."

That caught Inchcliffe's attention. For the first time he spoke in his normal tone. "Sit down," he said.

William Tamper sat down. He sat on the front three inches of a hard wooden chair and gripped the edge tight. Mr. Inchcliffe looked him all over; keen old eyes boring right in. The boy had grit, he could see that much. Wouldn't have got there otherwise; wouldn't have stayed. Mr. Inchcliffe rather liked grit.

"Look here," he said. "What made you come rushing in here this way after five years? What's come over you? What ——"

William's hold tightened on the edge of the stiff-backed chair. He knew it had to be said sometime.

"I never was in love before," said William. "Now I am."

He expected Mr. Inchcliffe to roar again at that. But he did not. Mr. Inchcliffe had never married, but he had been in love himself once.

"H'm," he said.

William went on: "The way things are now, there isn't one chance in twenty thousand that I can ever tell her that I love her. Even $2500, you see, wouldn't be enough."

"H'm," said Mr. Inchcliffe again. He had been young himself once, and poor besides, and his pay had not been enough. "H'm."

For an instant the sharp gray eyes under the tangle of eyebrows seemed to soften a little. Then Mr. Inchcliffe jerked himself erect. The world had dealt hardly with Ezra Inchcliffe, and he had been hard with the world. He was terribly afraid now of being soft.

"What makes you come telling me this?" he asked suspiciously. "What makes you think I'd take an interest in your matrimonial prospects?"

William Tamper stood up. What he had to say next was a thing to be said standing up or not at all. "Well, you see," said William hoarsely, "Jane's your niece."

For an instant the walls of the big office swung and toppled about him. He was aware of uproar: "It's an outrage! It's an imposition!" A fist somewhere was thumping on mahogany. Instinctively William drew away to the far side of the room, because it seemed as if Mr. Inchcliffe were going to throw the inkwell. But he did not go out. He did not even think of going. William knew that if he went then, everything would be over.

Afterward William could never quite tell how long it was before there came that clash of elevator doors outside. A long time, it seemed. And then there were quick footsteps running, and that little gasping voice, panic-stricken, as the door burst open. Jane Wyatt did not see William standing so still on the opposite side of the big office; she ran around the desk so that her back was toward him.

"Oh, Uncle Ezra," she cried, "he's gone! I love him and he's gone. They can't find him. They're afraid ——"

"Who's gone?" said Mr. Inchcliffe.

"William," cried Jane. "William Tamper! I love him and he's gone. He ——" She grew incoherent.

Mr. Inchcliffe did not speak. He just stood there looking down on the top of Jane's bright, bare head. Jane seized him suddenly by the coat lapels and shook him; she was absurdly little and lovely, trying to shake him so—like a child trying to shake a big old knotted tree.

"We've got to find him!" she cried. "We've got to! I love him, I tell you! I love him!"

And still Mr. Inchcliffe did not speak. He raised his eyes from Jane's bright head and looked over it at William. William looked back again. His throat was hot and dry. His eyelids burned. There seemed a thunderous noise in the still room that he took to be his breathing. But he looked straight back again, and suddenly he smiled. William had an awfully nice smile.

The queer part of it was, though, that William did not see Mr. Inchcliffe at all. He did not see the office. In all the world there was only Jane Wyatt left; Jane Wyatt and those three wonderful small words, ringing and ringing in William's ears. He took a step forward.

"I love you too," said William huskily. His voice was hardly more than a whisper, but Jane heard it.

"William!" cried Jane.

"Jane!" said William.

Ezra Inchcliffe started to speak, and didn't. After a minute he very tactfully took his handkerchief and went out, blowing his nose prodigiously.

"Jane"—William did not quite believe it yet—"Jane, you said it, didn't you? Say it again."

"I love you," said Jane, all breathless and teary. "You said it too. You say it again."

"I love you," said William.

It was absurd really, how easy it was to pick Jane right up in spite of the bandaged hand. She clung to William and cried a little bit. "Oh, William," she cried, "I didn't mean to hit you! Really, I never did! I was just trying how close I could drive to see if you'd notice me once."

"Of course it's wonderful," said Jane. "But how did you dare to do it? Uncle Ezra ——"

"Dare?" said William. "Oh, I don't know. I just thought I'd take a chance."

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A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 14)

in shape. Powdered Parmesan is sifted over *minestrone* and other soups, used in fish sauces, on vegetables and on meats

Like Caramello of St. Jean Cap Ferrat, Cavaliere Alfredo cares nothing for the glittering of panoplies or the pomp of environment. His place is spick-and-span and his linen is clean. When you enter you take a seat just the same as you would back home.

The waiter spots you for a brindle American immediately and is all attention. The nearest he can come to English is French, the nearest you can come to French is Persian. It is like Jack Spratt and his wife, without the platter. A stranger offers to interpret, and you get a dish of cream of asparagus soup when you really wanted a chocolate soda

The next course is *rouget*, a little red fish from the Mediterranean, which the waiter orders on his own responsibility. You can either toss it back into the Mediterranean or proceed to eat it. The Mediterranean is very far away.

Sobbligato

Now, with the aid of an intelligent index finger, you are on your way to *fettuccine*. That's the next item on the bill of sale and you cannot go wrong on it. You are as certain of election as a Tammany man in Manhattan. You breathe in an aroma of perfume from the ovens of Olympus, and as it gets stronger a waiter hustles into the room with a platter held aloft in a manner that indicates it must contain costly jewels for the shah. As he enters, a violin sobs an *obbligato* from an adjacent opera, and he sets the dish down on your table while the violin sobs on. You take a look at the dish and sob too. It's only a lot of dough balls!

Not exactly dough balls, as it is shaped like ribbon, but nevertheless, it's merely hot dough. It may be *fettuccine* to the king, but it's only tape to you, and you are no tapeworm. It's piled high on the platter, and as the waiter sets it down he steps back with a nimble smile and an introductory gesture of the hand which says:

"Rome is built on seven hills. Look! Here is the eighth hill!"

You might climb the highest mountain if you thought your beloved was on the crest, but there is no particular incentive to crawl to the top of a stack of spaghetti and allow your feet to hang over the edge. The waiter takes a bow for no reason, because you haven't applauded him. At that, you might clap your hands vigorously if you could catch his face between the palms. Then he steps up again to the table and gazes admiringly at the gobs of damp flannel while the violin searches the lower throbs of melancholy. The only thing right about the cooking is the doleful music

The music stops its wailing. The violinist is a young, fine-looking lad of about eighteen, and he knows his music as well as he knows his subject The waiter flourishes his hand in the direction of the tangle of wet harness and you are forced to push out a sickly smile. If that's *fettuccine*, then Alfredo should have been knighted with a bung starter. The fiddle starts again and plays the introductory to another opera. A hidden tenor launches the song, made famous by Caruso, in a fine voice. But that doesn't improve the dish. It's still the double distillation of bunkum. Then you notice that the waiter is looking at the archway leading to the next room. You follow his gaze, and as the tenor swells up into the supreme notes of the sobbing Caruso, the waiter throws his hand toward the archway and cries, "The maestro!"

The tenor is now laughing, ha-ha-ha, as a short, stocky-built man strides swiftly into the room. He has reddish hair, a reddish mustache, and is also laughing. You suddenly feel a little better, and the *fettuccine* turns from a sickly yellow to a bright gold. The maestro—for it is the Cavaliere Alfredo—has upturned mustaches and is almost a ringer for the ex-Kaiser. He is wearing a short, white, barber coat, ordinary black trousers and brown shoes. He bows left and right and has a dish of grated Parmesan cheese in the crook of his left arm. He stops at your table, and once more the waiter introduces, "The maestro."

Rome, the Artist's and Poet's Haven of Delight, Finally Had a Cafeteria!

The Ritual

The maestro smiles at you and you cannot keep from smiling back. It turns out later that he doesn't speak a word of English. He is smart, for there are too many complaints in that language and not enough recommendations. Holding the dish of cheese in one hand, he picks up a large spoon and dips it in the Parmesan. Then he spreads the cheese over the *fettuccine*, not like a farmer sowing corn but as a little flower girl spreading white roses in front of an advancing bridal couple. It was the most graceful movement of hand and wrist I have ever seen. It seemed like one of those delicate little runs of thumb and finger on the piano treble keys. The waiter takes the dish of cheese and, as the music starts a waltz of the Tyrolean Alps and the tenor trills into the words, Alfredo picks up a fork and spoon and balances them in each hand in order to find the exact center of gravity. He juggles them a while He is ready. He bows over the *fettuccine* like John Philip Sousa bending to an expectant audience. Then, with a flourish of fork and spoon, he operates on the *fettuccine*. He turns it over and over Now, that's simple enough, but, as Eva Tanguay used to say about her dancing, it's not what he does but the way he does it.

I have stirred many a dish of noodles in my time, but I must salute the maestro. The spoon was held in the left hand, exactly as a drummer holds a stick. It was this hand which supplied the proper tempo for the exquisite handling of the fork, which was held in the fingers of the right hand almost identically in the manner that a bass violinist holds his bow so as to get a good downward sawing motion. Later on Alfredo showed me his hands. There is a callus on the middle finger of the right hand where the pressure of the fork rests. And there is a hole in the palm of the left hand, worn by the constant handling of the spoon. Everybody in the room was watching him as he stirred his millionth dish as if it were his first. He exuded geniality and technic,

Continued on Page 54

Chrysler - - *triumphant*

What Chrysler has already accomplished through the special genius of its engineering and manufacturing, the public has recognized most substantially by its whole-hearted acceptance of Chrysler products. The fact is people have long since conceded the leadership of Chrysler—a leadership that has been responsible for the worthwhile improvements in the motoring industry for the past four years. This leadership, which began with the first Chrysler in a single field, today has been extended, through Chrysler "52", "62", "72" and Imperial "80", to the four principal price divisions. Chrysler, with its genius for originating the most modern and best and finest combination of performance, quality, value and long life, will continue to justify the expressed public faith in it by keeping Chrysler ever farther ahead—more triumphant.

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softens beards better

BECAUSE midget bubbles hold more water than large ones—take the water directly to the beard-base (see lather pictures below)—that is why Colgate's "small-bubble" lather gives better shaves.

"Small-bubble" lather works this way: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

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Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

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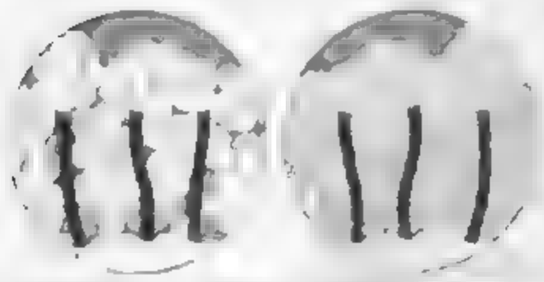

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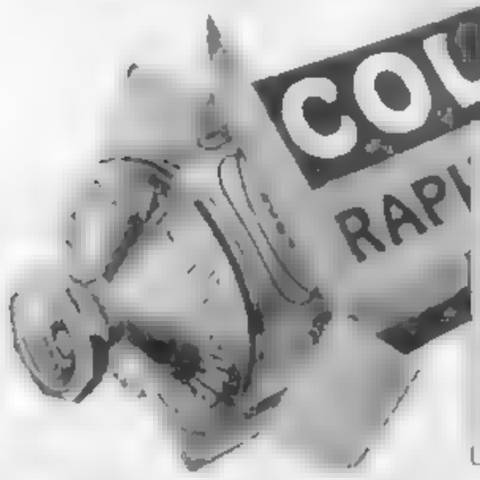

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Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

(Continued from Page 52)

and you couldn't help absorbing some of his atmosphere. He mixed with a motion of butterfly wings strumming in the sunlight, and as he mixed he swayed from the waist in perfect time. It was then that I noticed his muscular development through the tight sleeves of his white coat. You could see his muscles rippling under the linen like snakes in a burlap bag. He swung to the music, and as he turned over the *fettuccine* I saw that there had been lumps of butter placed under the stuff and that the hot platter had melted it. First the butter would come to the top, then the Parmesan, only to be replaced by the ribbons of hot *pasta* until the whole mass was whirling around like a squirrel in a revolving cage.

He actually led the violinist and the tenor, for they watched *him* closely and harmonized with his movements. At the end of five minutes he ceased with a flourish and stepped back to look at his work through half-closed eyes. There must have been something wrong with the color scheme, for he started in again and so did the music.

I think that the violin must be essential to his work, for I have never seen a dancer's legs which were more graceful than Alfredo's wrists and fingers. There! It was done. The maestro stepped back and a sweeping gesture invited me to partake. Not quite done, for he placed the dish under my nose and bowed again. I had been served by a master hand.

The *fettuccine* cost four lire—about twenty cents at the present rate of international exchange. But what man-made standards of reckoning currency can place a valuation on the maestro's *fettuccine?* Had you all the gold in the world it would not enable you to transform flour, eggs, butter and cheese into a radiant, glorious mound of flashing *fettuccine.* I did not ask for a second dish. I knew that there is but one gate to Paradise.

Alfredo serves other courses, but, as he says, chicken is chicken and veal is veal. The waiters can serve those. He bowed himself away from my table and stepped briskly to the next, where another waiter had his platter of *fettuccine,* Parmesan cheese and butter all ready. But that is as far as a waiter can get. He must stand by and wait for the impresario to transmute the common clay into the most precious of dishes. As I watched him mixing I understood how he got his muscular development in arms and shoulders. He put every ounce of energy he possessed into that dish.

Part of the Secret

I was glad that he didn't speak English, for I wanted to tell him that I once ran a big restaurant in New York, but on second thought I decided to keep quiet, for if I could mix a dish like that I would still be in business.

The recipe for the making is very simple. But so is the formula for painting a Rembrandt. Just get oils, canvas and brush and go to it. Small wonder that Alfredo is a cavaliere of Italia. His brother should be one too. His Golden Escalops with peas are almost as famous as his *fettuccine,* but of course that last dish is the special that attracts the mob. I had the Golden Escalops for the next course. It is a small veal cutlet, about as large and thick as a silver dollar. There are three escalops in a set, garnished with bright-green peas. Now the veal of France and Italy is not the tough Rocky Mountain goat. There is more veal eaten in Europe than beef or pork. The veal is milk-fed and is pure white. It is so tender that it can be broken up with a fork or spoon. I never saw a man like Alfredo. He cheerfully gave me the recipe for Golden Escalops, but retained the secret of injecting his personality into them. It is something like Paderewski saying, "There is my piano. Go ahead and play it."

Through a very pleasant Italian gentleman, who introduced himself as Angelo Garzini of Turin, and who offered to act as interpreter, I secured the formula for Golden Escalops with peas—don't forget the peas:

Cut the veal escalops thin—about the size of the base of a very small cup. Immerse them generously in the yellow of egg, and flour them in grated Parmesan cheese. Fry slowly in butter.

I might point out that they don't use salt butter in European cooking. Alfredo sticks strictly to fresh, sweet butter. If you have been wondering how he prepared his *fettuccine* in response to orders, I must tell you, for I think I left it hanging up on a line like the week's laundry. When it is dried out and ready to use, he boils it for fifteen minutes in salted water. The butter is added in the kitchen while the *fettuccine* is piping hot, and the whole dish retains its heat while Alfredo is adding his master strokes in the restaurant upstairs. The process takes longer to describe than it does actually to perform. Alfredo works swiftly and you get the dish very hot.

American coffee is the best in the world. That's a lot of territory, even with seven-league boots. The coffee in Southern Europe is worse than anything that was ever exploded in the big war. It is magnificent in its atrociousness. It is terrible.

A Pot-au-feu of Coffee

The only way I can explain the horrible coffee in France is that their national policy of economy calls for them to mix old grounds with new coffee. A Frenchman just naturally hates to throw anything away and I can picture him gazing in admiration at last year's calendar or yesterday's cold coffee grounds. The *pot-au-feu*—the pot on the fire—is proof of this. It boils eternally day after day, is never removed, and is replenished with consignments of meat scraps, marrowbones and battered vegetables. This system is all right with the *pot-au-feu,* for soup can be reheated without spoiling its properties, provided that it is never allowed to get cool. Soup taken off the fire and placed in the ice box will turn sour.

The *pot-au-feu* business will not work with coffee. Have you ever smoked half a fine Havana cigar? It tastes great. But allow that cigar to go out and then try relighting it. Something happens to that cigar and the second half tastes like a street-car strap in a coal-mining town. The same thing happens with coffee. If you use the grounds twice you are guilty of compounding a Mocha felony. There is another way of ruining French coffee which is guaranteed to work if the first one fails. There has been plenty of discussion as to just what a French cow does with her cream, for it is scarcer than splinters in the Petrified Forest. There is very little cream left over from the Normandy and Brittany cheese making. What is left is whipped into a thick, gluey paste and is served in a bowl with ice packed around the cream receptacle. When this frigid cream strikes the hot coffee, it curdles. After you have seen curdled cream you are willing to go back to *l'habitude,* or the custom of the country. In France *l'habitude* with coffee is to drink it *café au lait,* with milk. Never ask a Frenchman for a demi-tasse, for he doesn't know what it means. A demi-tasse is a half cup. But a half cup of what? Ipecac, coffee or powdered alum? Ask for *café noir* and you will get a demi-tasse, for when you ask for *café noir* you are requesting black coffee without the milk, and the waiter naturally knows that the only way to serve black coffee is in a small cup. Demi-tasse means even less in French than it did in Marie Dressler's famous chant:

You can tempt the upper classes with your
fiendish demi-tasses,
But heaven will protect the working girl.

You are going to run into a lot of tourist grief when you stack up against *l'habitude,* but you might as well get used to drinking volcanic coffee with milk and forget that you ever heard of cream. The custom of the country is the custom of the country

(Continued on Page 58)

Mr. Bernard Campbell, *Chicago, Ill.*

"Daily *I used to suffer pain, distress*" ' ' '

Chicago, Ill.

"I AM OFFICE MANAGER of a large bond house. My indoor work made me constantly subject to stomach trouble. I suffered great distress a few hours after each meal. I tried many remedies to combat this torture, but without avail.

"Finally a friend told me to take Fleischmann's Yeast. I resolved to give it a trial. Regularly, before each meal and at bedtime I took one cake in hot water. The results were really remarkable. All discomfort, pain, and distress were banished. I was restored to vigorous health. Fleischmann's Yeast places a credit to your account in the Bank of Health.

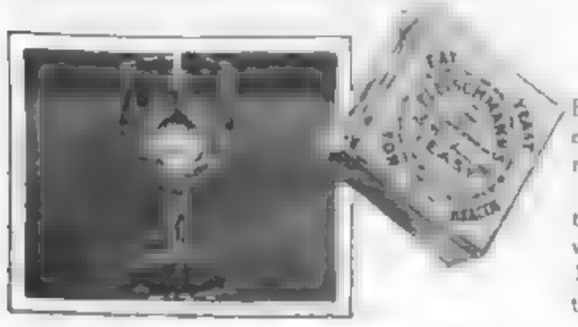
"I am still a steady user of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Bernard Campbell

THE VIGOR, the sparkle of youth is not alone a matter of years. To a large extent it is determined by the condition of your intestinal tract.

Fleischmann's Yeast keeps your intestines *clean*—and *active*. A pure corrective food, as fresh as any garden vegetable, it clears the system of poisons, strengthens the muscles that aid in the disposal of waste. Your elimination becomes easier, regular, more *complete*. Gradually your blood clears, your skin freshens, your digestion again becomes normal.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. D-50, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



The Way to Joyous Health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or dissolved in water—cold or hot or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before each meal and at bedtime. Train yourself to regular daily habits. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary

"*The Music Lesson*" . Mrs. Laura Krieger *as a very young Miss Thelma Krieger of Ft. Thomas, Ky Mrs. Krieger writes:*

"IT WAS on the advice of my family physician that I started to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. For some time I had felt weak and run down. I was a sufferer from chronic constipation. I began to take Fleischmann's Yeast dissolved in a glass of warm milk before meals I kept this habit regularly for over a year My constipation has entirely disappeared Today I feel stronger than I have ever felt before."

Mrs. Laura Krieger, Ft. Thomas, Ky

1111

"DANCING, CLASS PARTIES,—out almost every night—I was naturally rushed to death to keep up with my school work. I never thought of my health. Nervous excitement kept me in the swing

"Then, around graduation time I realized how run down I was. Skin eruptions began to appear They grew worse and were very annoying. In spite of faithful exercise, tennis, swimming—and skin ointments as well—my complexion got worse and worse

"Though a friend was having success with Fleischmann's Yeast, somehow I doubted its ability to help me

"But I started to eat three cakes a day, plain. In a few weeks the eruptions began to disappear. Soon they were *gone*, my complexion cleared completely I am now eating Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. It has toned up my whole system"

Anna L. Kaufman, Philadelphia, Pa.

1111

"AS A FIREMAN, I am on call for duty at irregular hours. Naturally my meals are irregular, too . . . Yet it is absolutely essential to keep in tip-top physical condition.

"I became run down. Indigestion set in. To add to my discomfort, I began to suffer periodically from painful skin eruptions

"Nothing seemed to do me any good I was miserable. I would go home from work 'all in,' good for nothing . . . One day a friend in the Engine House advised me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I began.

"Those three cakes of Yeast absolutely put me on my feet. My indigestion simply disappeared. And best of all, the skin trouble from which I had suffered for so long cleared up almost as though by magic. Today I feel as I haven't felt in fifteen years. I awake every morning active, alert, and full of 'pep'"

Francis J. O'Hare, Jersey City, N. J.

In your office-on the street 70° 15°

You're *always* comfortable in this *new* underwear

Light in weight . . . warm . . . perfect fitting, always

THIS new Allen-A underwear has been especially made for the man who works indoors. To keep you *comfortable* both in your office where the temperature is around 70°, and on the street when it's 15° or colder.

This has been accomplished by knitting a special fabric. A feathery-weight worsted mixture, made of light wool and extra-fine cotton yarn. When you're indoors the garment absorbs all body moisture. Keeps your skin dry and cool. When you step outdoors you're nice and warm because the wool holds your body heat *in* and keeps the cold air *out*.

You'll also like the way this underwear fits and holds its shape. It is knit by a patented spring needle process. (It takes a mile more yarn per garment this way.) It stretches readily when you stoop, bend, reach or stretch—but always springs back into shape instantly.

Try a suit of this specially made underwear. Ask for it by style number —1615. Either full or short length. In natural color. If your dealer doesn't carry this underwear, simply send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

Allen-A underwear is made in a wide range of styles, weights and fabrics, ranging in price from $1.50 to $6.50.

UNDERWEAR
Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

Allen A

HOSIERY
for men, women and children

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 54)

and there is no power on earth that can pull it down. Coffee is important to Americans. We drink more, per capita, than any people on earth, and not all of it out of our saucers. The Italians drink their coffee blacker than an owl's nest at midnight. One cup of Italian coffee would knock a Frenchman for a twister. I took a sip of the threatening liquid and that one sip fused my tonsils and polished my shoes. But *l'habitude* is the same in any language. You have to get used to it. There are a lot of American apologists touring in Europe these days, but if I ever hear one apologizing for American coffee I will give him a chance to pick his teeth on my knuckles.

One of the biggest restaurant businesses in America was built on a good five-cent cup of coffee. And it was built because the organizer used to walk a mile to get a good cup. After a while he figured that if he would walk a mile others would. And they did.

But as there is an affirmative to every negative, there is a spot in Europe where the coffee is as smooth as satin and as sweet as a raise in salary. That spot is Vienna, where they have the American idea that it is just as easy to make good coffee as bad. You go through the same motions in either case.

Ristorante Ulpia is famous for its history. It's right in the busiest section of the old Roman ruins and is baited with rare old marbles and urns. The joint looks like a tomb, although the proprietor denies that it ever was a community catacomb. However, the effect is the same for the tourists perched on their Roman chairs as jolly and as chummy as a congress of mummies. The whole effect is cold. The ceiling and walls are one continuous arch of ancient bricks and the food can be equaled in a thousand Italian kitchens in New York. Downstairs is apparently the living room of a gentleman of Trajan's era, and still a flight of steps below is the coffee room and bar. This is twenty feet below the present level of Rome, but when you stand on the paved floor of the coffee room, you are on the same paved roads which echoed to the feet of Trajan's conquering legions as they returned from putting the bee on the barbarians of Gaul and Germany. Trajan, like all the other emperors, liked to kick his neighbors around a sixty-acre lot and wept bitterly because the lot wasn't bigger. Ulpia's is in a small semicircular building on the side of Quirinal Hill. After being buried for eighteen hundred years it was excavated and is now a *ristorante*. But it lacks the atmosphere and fun of Alfredo's.

How to Eat Spaghetti

There is one redeeming feature about Ulpia in spite of its gloomy aurora, and that is its *Abbacchio alla Cacciatora*, or baby lamb. That dish is good for a home run any time an Italian chef steps to the bat. Ulpia uses the same recipe as its competitors:

Take a kilo—two and one-fifth pounds—of rib, breast or shoulder of baby lamb. Cut up into small pieces about the size of stew lamb. Salt, pepper it and sauté in pure olive oil. While the lamb is cooking in the olive oil chop one button of garlic and a little rosemary very fine and put it in half a cup of vinegar. Set it aside. Now see that the lamb is cooked a nice, golden brown and give it a high heat prior to adding the vinegar, rosemary and garlic. Put the cover on very tight and allow it to simmer over a low heat about five minutes. Then serve.

If you like to dine in tomblike structures, then Ulpia's is your pet office. I don't like it, and it was a relief to get an invitation to take supper in the home of a modern Roman citizen and get some personally conducted food. My host was Biagio Moretti and he entertained Georgio Rectorio very splendidly. He could cook spaghetti that was a riot of appetizing hay wire. I also learned to juggle the stuff under Signore Moretti's tutoring. You hold a tablespoon in your left hand and a fork in the right. Dip the fork in the spaghetti and then haul in on your lines. After you get a load of the seaweed on your fork, you hold it up against the spoon and then whirl the fork like an axle. The fork acts as a spindle and, if you have followed directions, you have a tightly wound ball of twine on your fork. Then you eat the bundle of string.

The *signore* prepared the spaghetti himself from a prescription that had been in his ancestral drug store for years. He calls it Spaghetti al Tonno—with tuna fish:

Cook one-half pound of spaghetti in plenty of boiling salted water until tender. This will require about fifteen minutes. While it is cooking, prepare sauce as follows: Chop very fine one button of garlic and several sprigs of parsley. Now put four tablespoons of pure olive oil in a small saucepan and start to cook over low flame. When oil is hot, put in the finely chopped garlic and parsley, a very little salt and pepper, and flaked tuna fish. Let this cook for about five minutes, then add three tablespoons of thick tomato sauce and a little water. Let cook five minutes longer and remove from fire. Strain water off spaghetti and put it on large platter. Pour sauce over top. Mix thoroughly and serve.

The Culinary Contest

Though Alfredo is the duke of all the *pasta* mixers, yet Signore Moretti also possessed the natural Italian talent for twirling spoon and fork in the tangle of doughy twigs. The mixing is just as important as the cooking. The unusual feature of Spaghetti al Tonno is that there is no Parmesan cheese grated into it. This is because Parmesan is rarely mixed in with recipes calling for the liberal use of olive oil. I don't know why—*l'habitude*.

Here is the pip of all the Italian recipes. Every year since the war there has been a chefs' exposition in Rome. Italian Bonifaces and cooks march up from the valleys and down from the mountains lugging their pots and pans, to join in the contest for culinary honors. Some even bring their own foodstuffs and olive oil, and sometimes their own stoves. All kinds of quaint roasts and grillades are steamed up under the expert noses of a jury of gourmets. My friend, Lanzi Francesco, chef of the Albergo Palazzo, Rome, and other famous hotels, entered into the roasting contest and did so well in 1924 that he carried off all the first prizes with his concoction of Cold Lamb Tutenkhamun:

Take a nice lamb saddle and roast it in a way that it doesn't get too dry. When it is cold the saddle has to be fileted. On the bone lay some *purée de foie gras* and then rearrange the *filets* on the saddle, putting between them some *foie gras natural*. Over the entire saddle goes a brown *chaud-froid* sauce made with the lamb itself.

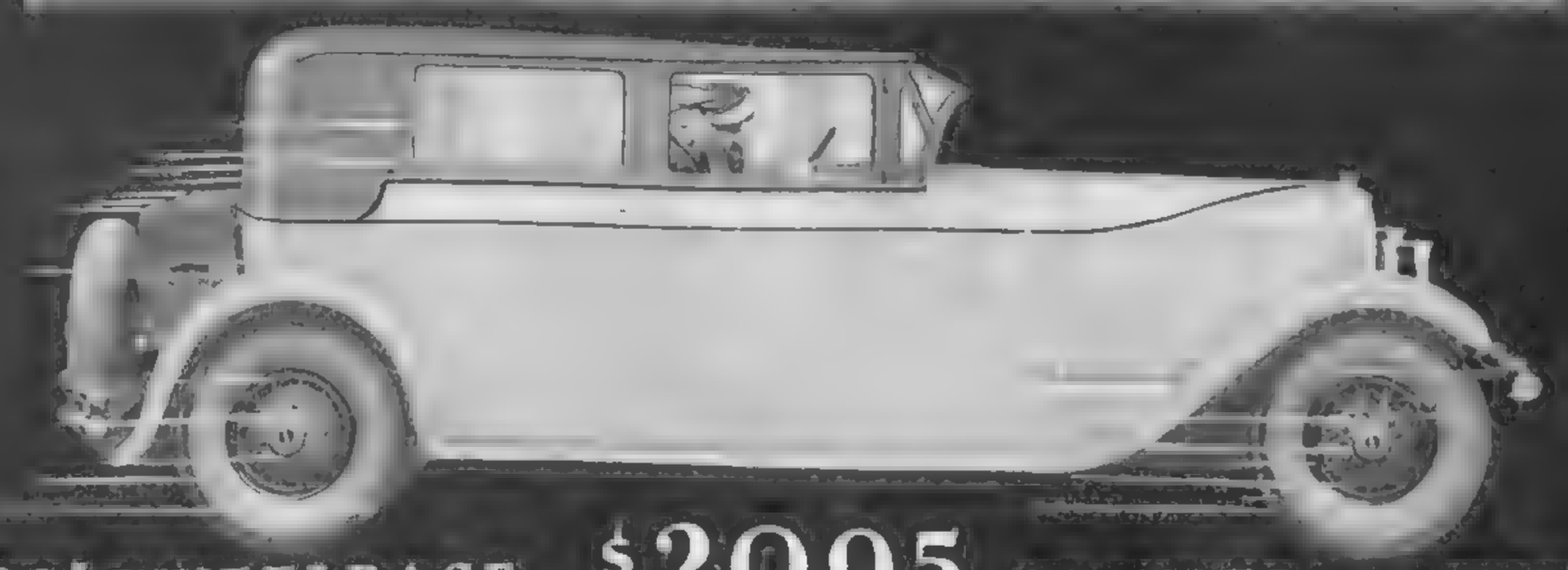
The saddle is decorated with different kinds of vegetables, truffles of Perigord and tongue. These decorations must be made all in dice, to resemble a mosaic; the saddle must be presented on a dish over which there ought to be a small sarcophagus with four mummies at the four corners. Decorate the whole dish with roses and gilded leaves. Such was the puzzle that won the prize at Rome in 1924. It sounds less like a dish and more like a description of a well-kept grave. Why Lanzi wanted to put all that junk on a chunk of helpless lamb is more than I can comprehend. A man might appreciate the roses, but only a goat could down the gilded leaves.

However, that was the prize winner and Lanzi made his reputation on it. His services are in demand at all the big hotels and when he walks fast his medals jingle like sleigh bells on a frosty morning. He is a very competent and proud chef. His Eggs Pastorella didn't win a first prize, but they got honorable mention from the scrub ladies who cleaned up the exposition hall the next morning:

A square piece of cheese—*mozzarella*—is put into cream and flour and then fried in oil. A fried egg is put over this fried piece of cheese, and over the egg put one slice of grilled ham. Arrange a few pieces of these

(Continued on Page 58)

"A straight ~~line~~ EIGHT is the shortest distance between two points."



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WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

(Continued from Page 56)

eggs on a dish, adding over all a small quantity of fried fresh mushrooms. Prepare quickly and serve immediately very hot.

If you try this rebus out on your banjo, don't drain your crank case to get the necessary oil. Remember that when oil is mentioned in Italy it means olive oil, and only the purest and finest. There is very little indigestion in Italy and France, in spite of their coffee. They cook in the best olive oil procurable, eat at regular intervals and also eat plenty of fruit. I don't know the exact status of *mozzarella* cheese and doubt if you can get it in America. The Italian likes his sidewalk café, but there is no orgy of drinking. Considering the abundance of the vineyards, the native is almost abstemious. He is shown a fine example by Mussolini, the Iron Man of Italy.

Mussolini never touches a drop of alcoholic liquid. And like the great captains of world industry, he works eighteen hours a day. He knows that overeating is a sure way to clog the dynamo of thought and ability. He has but one servant—a cook—and her name is Cesira. She comes from the country and she prepares the simple repasts of the country for him. Cesira is about forty years of age. Mussolini gives an illustration of his sagacity when he never permits himself to interfere with her selection and preparation of food. He will argue with diplomats, kings, ambassadors, peasants and princes, but when it comes to stepping into Cesira's kitchen—not a chance! She cooks what she likes and the Duce eats it without a murmur.

To Reduce Like the Duce

Her job is simple in a way, for he eats but little. He has solved the problem of nourishment for a body that is tireless and a brain that is perpetual in its operation. The Duce thinks that modern man eats too much. In his own problem of diet he is guided by experience and knows what food gives him the maximum of nourishment with the minimum of bulk. His theory is that the brain worker's food should differ from that of the man who performs manual labor. The thinker's stomach must not be overtaxed. He absolutely denies himself coffee, wine and tobacco. His breakfast for the past years and the years to come is a solitary glass of milk. His important meal comes at two in the afternoon—a small piece of meat or a small piece of fish. The choice is always boiled, roasted or fried. Some greens follow—spinach, peas, beans or celery—boiled in water; no dressing and never garnished with butter. No desserts. Sometimes an apple or a pear.

There are no gravies, complicated sauces, dressings or any elaboration on the original food. This meal is the biggest one of the day. Of course he is forced to attend many banquets in the evenings, but he merely picks at each dish to be polite. That's all that the greatest living figure in Europe today sustains his system with, and Cesira knows enough not to mix up anything fancy.

There is no secret about the Duce's diet. He speaks freely about it and has a pardonable pride in its simplicity. I recommend his system to wealthy Americans suffering from imperialism of the waistline and an overcolonization of the fat in back of the neck. This diet would soon reduce their bulkiness and enable them again to breathe through the nose instead of the gills.

I had hopes of getting a recipe for some beautifully elaborate dish from the Duce, but you can see that he has no recipes. He is simply an efficient human machine that has cut its running expenses down to the purchase of the necessary fuel. He is right. A furnace requires nothing but coal and an engine needs only oil. The recipe for the Duce's meals is one word—moderation.

With the exception of the glass of milk for breakfast, Mussolini never knows what he is going to have for meals. Cesira makes all the selections, does all the cooking and acts as waitress. She knows what the Duce eats and knows how to prepare it. If you can judge a man by his diet—and you can—then the Duce ranks high among the world's elect. No test of a man's ability is better than to put him in a spot where he can order anything he wants and then see him refuse the gilded shadow and accept the plain substance.

His influence is great on the life of Rome. There are no cabarets, there is no night life and absolutely no drunkenness. The food is good in the restaurants, but the restaurants are nothing palatial or ostentatious. The great army of tourists from the States also has no little influence on Rome, for it is slowly becoming Americanized. It's the only spot where you can get ham and eggs cooked right and, if possible, even a little better than right.

Cafeteria Italiana

And here is one for the book. I was walking along Via Della Mercede on my way to the American Embassy to see if I could arrange for an interview with Mussolini's chef, and right at the Via Mario de Fiori I saw a crowd of Romans gazing spellbound into a new edifice which shone and sparkled like a silver coin. I stopped and looked, too, and felt a red, white and blue flush of recognition run up my spine. Rome, one of the oldest cities in the world; Rome, with its ancient ruins and legendary romances: Rome, the artist's and poet's haven of delight, finally had a cafeteria!

That's what it was—a cafeteria direct from home. I went inside to make certain that I wasn't sunstruck or walking in my sleep, and watched the Americanization of the Italian eating industry. Platters, mirrors, cashier and all—it was a cafeteria. I'd know one of those things if I met it inside the great Arctic Circle or in the jungles of Africa.

You can put down Monday, April 18, 1927, as the red-letter date on which Rome saw the opening of its first cafeteria. And it was a good one too. I guess this will make all the artists grab their brushes and paint themselves a deep, mournful black, but it's true. I could picture Mark Antony holding his platter aloft and then being bumped into by Cæsar and jabbing at the old boy with a knife and fork. Nothing was missing from the scene, even the mirrors on the walls being at least eight by twelve feet in dimension.

Of course no Italian *restaurateur* would forget one thing. The mirrors were big and expensive, but they must be decorated. So, hanging from the tops of all the mirrors were Bolognas, *salami*, strings of garlic and all the things that garnish the rafters of the Italian attics. Even the big sea-going cheeses were in evidence. Outside of that, and the delighted chatter of the astounded Italians, you could imagine yourself in the cafeteria belt of America. The diners still have one thing to learn. They know how to pick up their trays, knives and napkins, also how to order from the pretty girls in back of the long counters, but they refuse to move along to the tables and make room for the next customer. They fill their platters and eat right there. Although there were tables, everybody ate standing up. New patrons were trying to crash in for a grab at the food, and the confusion was big and healthy. When they figure out the method of transporting the platters to the tables, then the cafeteria education of Rome will be complete.

But what a shock to the shades of Byron, Shelley, Michelangelo, F. Marion Crawford and Nero when the mail arrives and they read that there is a cafeteria in The Eternal City!

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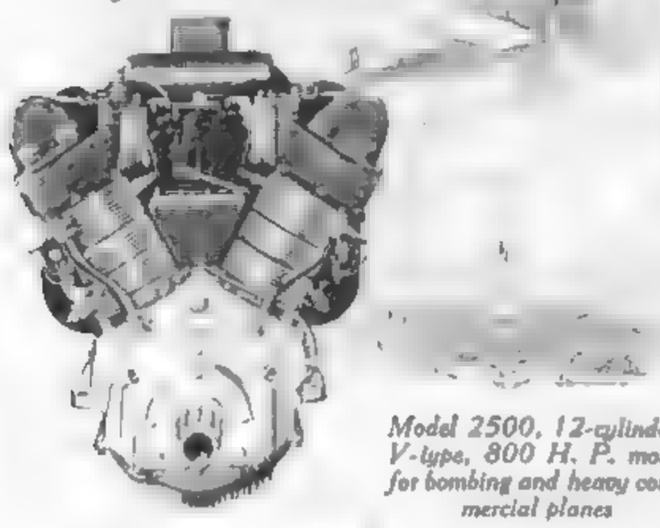

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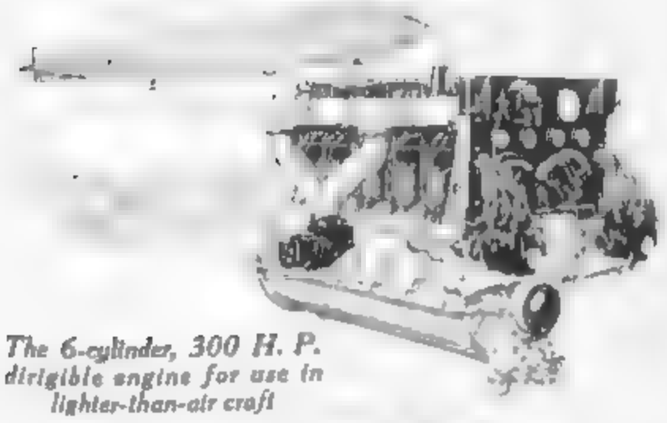

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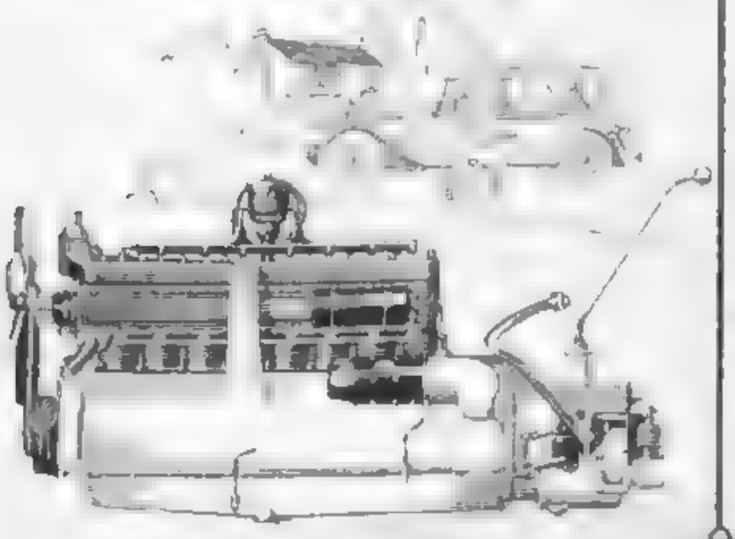

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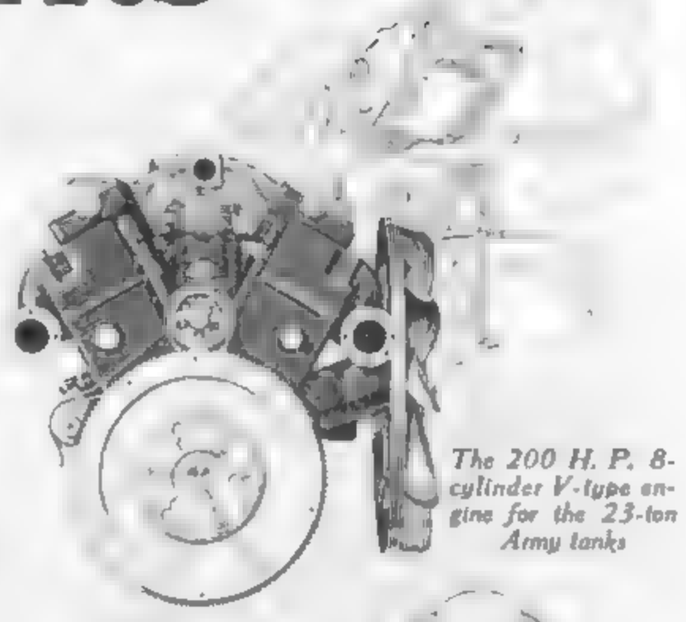

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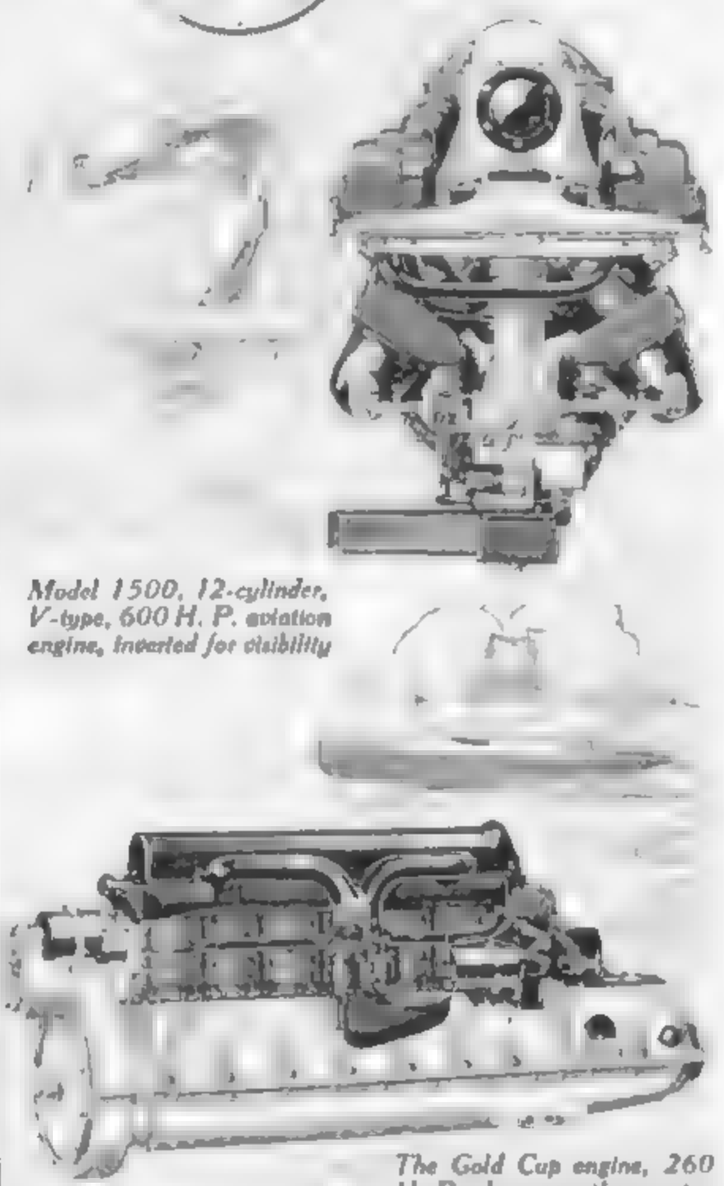

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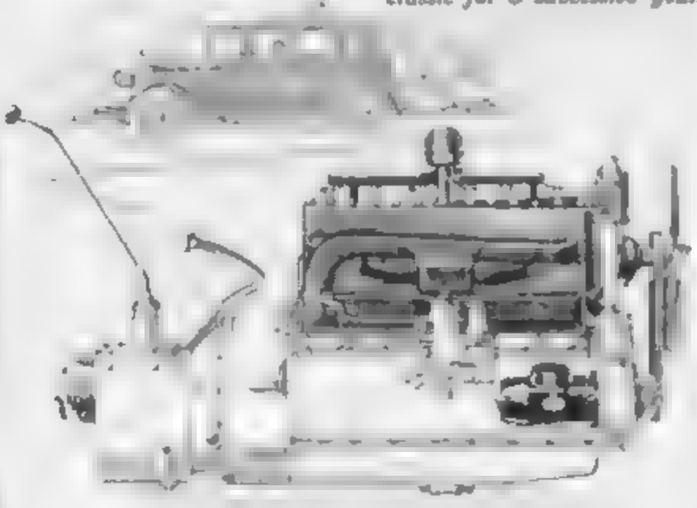

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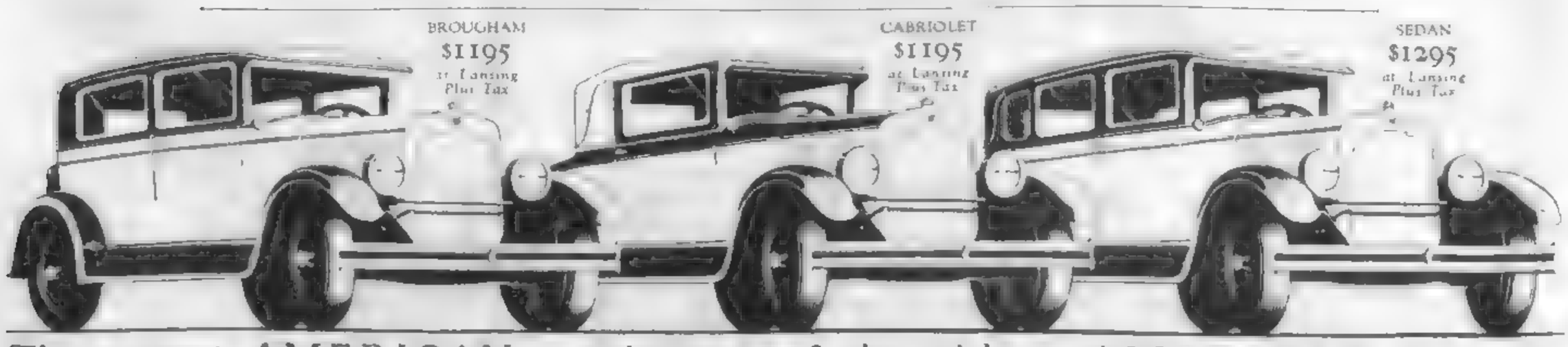

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SLEEPING DOGS

(Continued from Page 19)

documents in the clerk's office, and the engineer's, and the city recorder's. There'll be plenty wise lads that will be glad to show off. You know better than me what you want to find out. I'm going on to Fred's bank. But —— Oh, yes, you get into the records, or pay someone to, and see if you can find a signature of Lem's up to '79. Nothing later than '79 will do."

I went out of the sun glare into the cool shadow of the records. The Windsor of 1927 faded into a leisure and delay that seemed altogether of the vanished frontier town.

The clerks moved with a cheerful indolence that rebuked my impatience. I read a vast deal of plans, specifications, enabling acts, appropriations, tax grants, opinions of the state attorney-general. No plan budded in my mind. It was all according to law. Nevertheless, I noted pages and paragraphs that might furnish leverage for delay, if nothing else served.

Half an hour before closing time I wandered back to the recorder's office. My hireling had found no signature of Lemuel Fantee's earlier than August, 1883, when, it appeared, the said Lemuel had been petitioner to have Spring Street extended one-eighth of a mile to touch Whitaker's addition to the city of Windsor. I thought of several earlier possibilities, but no yellowing record book and no dusty bundle of documents had the quarry's name. I left directions to have a photograph made of the 1883 signature, though I had no glimmering of Idelle's purpose, and went out to await her at the door. The sedan was approaching on the first crest of five o'clock traffic.

I told her of my find. "That's a month after he got back to Windsor. I've got some from the bank after '83. You see, Lem come to Windsor after the Indian trouble. He only stayed a few months, and then in '79 he married Belle out of the Railroad Lunch and went to Wyoming. They drifted back in '83 and stayed on. It's '79, or before, I want. You'll have to go to Ralston and see if he signed anything in the capitol. . . . Have you got a plan yet?"

"I don't like the job," I said. "What does it matter to you whether Lem Fantee's name goes on the park, or whether they call it Plaza Cactus, Mesquite or Prairie Dog? You've made it. It's your park. What does the name matter?"

"No name matters but that skunk's." My scalp prickled at her vehemence. "Don't you tell me what's my business, Roger! Nor Ann, either—trying to stop my mouth by having them to dinner! I tell you he was a thief and a liar and a perjurer, and for all I know, a murderer. I tell you no crook's name is going on a park built by decent folks. I don't want a parson, Roger—I want a lawyer."

"You might get an injunction restraining the dedication," I said. "You'd have to follow that by a suit against the city, showing that naming it for Lem was against the public interest. We might make that good if you could establish the truth of all the names you call him. But I warn you it would take plain facts, not epithets. Lem may have been all you say, but no one seems to have made it a matter of record in any court."

"And get the city a national horselaugh from Maine to Mexico—frontier families rattling skeletons. I told you John Rawlins' son could sue. But if you can't stop it any other way, and I can't either, I suppose we'll sue."

"Why do you want the pre-exile signature?"

The lean old jaw was set. "You get it—that's enough. Even Lem Fantee's spook can't complain in hell that I'm telling more than's necessary." She turned away to watch the evening sun strike the white hemicycle. She was rather terrible, this determined old lady, nourishing heaven knew what secrets of the past. All the forgotten history of Windsor lived on in her breast, as real there as the hemicycle itself.

The next day, borrowing Ann's roadster, I drove the fifty miles to Ralston, and there, in the capitol, I soon found the original petition of Lemuel Fantee, wounded veteran, for the pension duly granted by legislative enactment to those who had battled with the Indian. It was dated 1878 and it set forth the heroisms of the petitioner. It carried the indorsement of officials who had passed on it, and finally a certificate that the petitioner was entitled to four dollars a month from the state funds. The State Pension Act, I knew, had been in force for only a few years and had been repealed. It had paid the veterans but little in cash, but the pension carried a privilege in state lands and was *per se* a lien on the national Government when, later, Congress provided lagniappe for the veterans of the Cheyenne wars.

I left directions for all the papers to be photographed and mailed to me at Windsor. Before leaving the files, I looked to see whether Todd Yancey had asked payment for the nine weeks of his honeymoon that he had spent chasing Buffalo Horn. His name was not indexed in any of the pension files. I wondered whether Idelle's scorn had its source here, in Lem's quite legal tip from the commonwealth. It was surely an innocent and widespread graft. When had the West been too righteous to disdain an open till?

I got back to Windsor an hour before dinner and reported to Idelle. She nodded. The brief smile on her lips was dreadful. "Four dollars from the state. Then the Government added eight. Twelve dollars a month he got for saving defenseless Windsor and all the ranches hereabouts from rape and fire. I lived quite a while before I found out just how far a man would go for twelve a month. We bought our first real estate in Windsor that year."

Ann drifted in to quicken my pulse, ravishing in a white chiffon fragility that seemed held on her purely by attraction. "Don't think flannels will do when the Fantees come to dine, Roger," she said. "The old squaw believes that the best people make a point of dying in morning clothes and even Eugenie would be uncomfortable if your pearls weren't right. Go dress, though heaven knows you can't look as handsome as Francis. And now, Idelle——"

"Long before your pa was born, Ann, I made flapjacks for strangers I knew were horse thieves and never said an out-of-the-way word. You short-haired wenches may be the first women in Windsor that showed their garters, but there was guests here before there was tennis rackets."

"I know you're too hospitable to scalp the Fantees, darling, but I have so little confidence in your reminiscences. My garters may be on public view, but I know it isn't nice to remember anything in Windsor earlier than 1910. Our ancestors were so shockingly careless, in a large Western way."

"Yours weren't."

"I've always felt secure. But Forrest Bagley says that his mother's aversion to hanging lamps comes from her uncle's thoughtless confusion of cattle brands. And the Sprague tremble when they wear fur—one of them having been sent up for collecting twenty bounties on each coyote he killed. He cut up the hide and made twenty pairs of ears. You'll talk about the ranch exclusively, won't you, Idelle?"

"If I'm not pushed too far."

Ann turned to Roger. "I can't expose you to her. I'll put you next to Eugenie's mother. You're almost contemporary."

The patrician limousine was at the door when I came down. Though I had not seen Belle Fantee for ten years, I could have foretold the short-bobbed hair with its meretricious gilt over gray, the rope of

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pearls that looped several times about a throat it would have been kinder to cover wholly, the too opulent rose-crêpe dress that announced a Fifth Avenue orgy, and the scarf that spread its primary colors over her shoulders. Her daughter-in-law, Irene, had grown up when women had figures, and was corseted in long, full curves; her gown was cut low over a breast that lamented the passing of bosoms; but she had kept her hair. Only Eugenie, who was quiet and slender and darkly beautiful, seemed to my prejudiced senses quite acceptable.

I liked Sir Francis. I had known these British ranchers, who capably managed vast acreages. They were admirable people, not too aloof, and of a perfectly appalling competence. In the old days, cowmen had rustled their stock wholesale, merely to twist the lion's tail, yet they had usually held on successfully through bad years that bankrupted the native ranchers. This one was burned saddle-brown beneath his not too fair hair. His legs qualified him to the bunk house or the Dragoons. Ann had told me how much he regretted the title which a brother's death had laid on him and which would take him from the ranch he loved.

His eyes were lyrical when they rested on Eugenie, and I could see only respect in them when Belle or Irene was talking. Nevertheless, I was confident, he would recognize a friend in the Atlantic.

He had driven across seven hours of mountain trails to dine with us, and tomorrow would retrace them to watch over the June upland mowing. Ann expertly discussed the cattle business with him; her father, too, maintained a ranch. He was eloquent about salt cake and alfalfa, the old trail that crossed his ranch, and the outlook for winter hay.

The Filipino had set before us the evening's triumph, something exotically confected round breast of guinea hen. Beside the Riesling was an empty glass, which he now filled with a dark-brown liquid that wore a deep creamy collar. I thought it Doppelbrau and was pained, but saw Ann's eyes jeering at me. I tasted it. "Root beer!" I cried.

"Well, I never!" Belle Fantee said frankly.

Idelle smiled. "I made it myself. I've never missed a summer in fifty years."

"Fancy that!" Belle exquisitely raised her eyebrows. And, inevitably—"How quaint! In the kitchen, Idelle?"

"And the basement. You ought to try it nowadays, Belle. There's an extract that has all the herbs already collected and brewed. When I think how we used to go out in the fields and the hills on our knees with a butcher knife!"

"You didn't, actually?"

"Don't tell me you've never made root beer, Belle! I've never known a ranch wife yet that didn't fill every bottle on the place with it."

"You forget, dear, I never was a ranch wife."

"Didn't you live in Wyoming right after you got married?"

"It's all so long ago." Belle was frowning. "I try to forget. You've no idea, Francis—" she made the first syllable of his name a drawling rime for "prawn"—"how little refinement there was here. Simply, it was a place where you had to adapt yourself, no matter how you had been raised. We did go to Wyoming. Mr. Fantee had mining property near Green River that required his attention. Eugenie's father was born before we came back here."

I saw an unholy gleam flickering in Idelle's eyes, but Ann interposed. "Idelle positively debauches herself every fall. She has an orgy in the kitchen. Last fall she put up seven hundred quarts of jams, jellies, preserves, conserves—or was it seven thousand, darling?"

"I saw too many falls without a speck of fruit but acorns and skunk cabbage."

Francis drank deeply of root beer. "I say, can't you come out to the ranch, Mrs. Yancey? We always have fruit out of a tin. This is my first draft of root beer —— Don't we call it black birch at home?"

"I warn you, Francis," Ann said, "she'll have all your hands riding about buying mason jars."

"You shall have the kitchen all day long. But evenings I must hear tales of the old days."

Eugenie smiled at him and explained to us delightfully: "You can always charm Francis by telling him about General Custer or Sitting Bull or Chief Joseph. His library must be full of dime novels."

"Dime novels, penny dreadfuls and Old Sleuth exclusively. Mrs. Fantee won't humor my taste, but I'm such a duffer at improvin' talk."

"Mr. Fantee sheltered me from the West as much as possible," Belle announced. "I must say, Francis, I think dime novels are a vulgar taste."

Idelle was staring reminiscently at nothing. "Why, Belle, you must have been in Green River when the massacre came off!"

"Massacre!" Francis leaned forward.

"That must have been in '79—no, '81. Oh, it would only make an Englishman yawn, Sir Francis—just another native uprising. Old Hinch Jacobs owned the coal mines at Slateville, three-four mile out of Green River. Old Hinch brought in six hundred Chinks from Frisco and turned out the men that had been digging his coal. Ran him less than a third as much for wages."

"I never heard of it!" There was an unguarded vehemence in Belle's voice.

"Why, Belle, you must have! You were married in '79 and went to Lem's mining property at Green River. You didn't come back here till '83. The massacre was in '81."

I was aware of bright shining steel about me. I could not tell how or where or, above all, why. It was preposterous. Here we sat with frozen salads before us—gleaming linen, old heavy silver—in a room that looked out on the ineffable rose afterglow on far peaks. These silks and jewels, this fragile Eugenie and still more lovely Ann, were of a year and a city that knew not old disgraces. One could not believe in massacres while Ann's shoulders rose above that gossamer chiffon. Nevertheless, my nerves quivered with recognition of some unspoken menace. Idelle, that serenely venomous old woman, smiled at her recollections, and I saw that Belle Fantee was haggard beneath her rouge.

Ann stirred those memorable shoulders. "I will not listen to race riots. If anything, Chicago improves on the technic these days. . . . Eugenie, when are you going to New York?"

The fragile girl flushed adorably and her fiancé's eyes warmed to her. "In two weeks. That will leave me a month to shop. Oh, Ann, I wish you would come back for it!"

"Ann, dear, can it possibly be a wedding without you?" Francis joined in. "And I've a sister who'll be on, a great deep-voiced creature who fancies her tennis and will need beating for me."

"Why should you simpletons name a date that conflicts with the national championships then?"

"You can't possibly get higher than the third round."

"The more reason I must get that far."

"I'm sure you won't survive the first round." *(Continued on Page 65)*

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(Continued from Page 62)

The menace passed by. I found myself breathing deeply. Irene went methodically on with her dinner; one saw that food counted with Eugenie's mother. But Belle watched us all with an intentness that chilled me.

We sat on the terrace afterward, with cognac and cigarettes. I perceived again, with the old delight, how a silver band of light lay on the eastern peaks long after the plain was wholly dark. The mountain night was fragrant and serene. Francis hitched his chair close to Idelle's knees and devotedly cross-questioned her about droughts and Indians, *remudas* and winter wheat, sun dances and plagues of black beetles.

Ann, sitting between Eugenie and me, drew her hand through my arm and gripped it tightly when she feared a turn in that desultory narrative. Relaxed in her chair, she was poised for a swift dive. But there was no need for apprehension. Idelle talked on, Francis enthusiastically cuing her, and the sun beat down on dust clouds above the Chisholm Trail; a line of hurrying resolutes was strung out toward Cripple Creek; the blizzard of '74 covered herds that shouldered together under a hill; and this handsome gentleman who kissed the girl that brought him brandy—why, he was the Long-Haired Chief who would not ride back again from the Little Big Horn.

Once or twice she did fling a barb aimlessly into the air: "I must have been fifteen before I knew it was right to wear shoes all the way to town. We used to carry them careful and not put them on till the city folks could see us. How old were you before yours matched, left and right, Belle?"

"My dear Idelle, I always wore shoes," Belle said. She was, Idelle had said, so infernally refined.

Or: "Todd had a pension due him for the Buffalo Horn campaign, but he said he'd starve before he'd claim it. Still, those pension bills bought food for plenty folks during hard times. Twelve dollars a month meant a lot in the West, some years."

Idelle, I thought, expected something from this last, for she paused. No one answered her, and the wait tightened Ann's fingers on my arm. Deep shadow hid Belle Fantee's face. Francis asked whether Idelle had ever seen Buffalo Horn. No, but she had seen his scalp, she said, and went on.

Francis was glowing when they rose to go. "I promise you any sort of bribe that will bring you to the ranch, Mrs. Yancey." He turned to me, "Let those who will, have their sea dogs or their Peninsular War or their Sudan. I'll take the old days of the West."

Belle sniffed—audibly. "You mustn't get the idea, Francis, that everyone in the West took scalps and lived in 'dobe shacks. I can't see why Idelle is so proud of having been a ranch wife. I'm very glad I wasn't."

Idelle's chuckle slipped its leash. "I'm common, dear. I was so grateful to have my own dishes to wash, I got to love the smell of lye soap."

At breakfast the next morning, when Ann's father and remaining brother had gone, Idelle turned briskly to us two. "I'm going away for a day or two. . . . No, I don't need advice and, thank you, Ann, I can pack my own grip. . . . Never mind where. . . . Now listen, Roger, you go straight to that old hussy and tell her Lem Fantee's name is coming off that park and she better do it as her own act and deed."

I groaned. "Aren't you a better lightning rod?"

"She'll have her chance at me when I come back. You tell her the war's on. Predict a little hell-fire, if you feel to."

No solicitation from Ann or me could prevail on her to reveal her intentions, and before noon we saw her bag carried out to the sedan and a moment later saw her sail out and give her directions to the chauffeur. The sedan was back soon afterward. The chauffeur told Ann that he had driven Mrs. Yancey to the Union Station. Ann and I lunched together, depressed. I foresaw a fiendish afternoon.

"I suppose you're going through with whatever Idelle wants."

"Heaven help me," I said, "I am! You don't need to tell me how malicious and revengeful she can be when she is bent on trouble. And I don't need a sketch of what particular hell is under way in order to estimate how hot it will be. But I love her just because she is. I've signed up for duration."

"Multiply Idelle by four and add an equal quantity of brimstone and you'll approximate Belle Fantee. Oh, it's going to be a perfectly exquisite row, Roger. Windsor will open up down to bed rock and the family skeletons will gibber in the streets. The newspapers will erupt with scandals and jeers and it will cover Eugenie's wedding with scareheads. Poor Eugenie—you saw her. You saw Francis too."

"There's no hope of prevailing on Belle?"

"I suppose Idelle is trying to prove him a horse thief or something. It will have to be as public as an eclipse if it's to affect Belle."

"And a spring flood wouldn't stop Idelle."

"So we'll have to sit by and let them assail Eugenie with headlines. And then Francis' relatives will get here and there'll be another barrage of the same sort for them all to remember in England."

An idea had budded in my mind at last night's dinner. "I'm enlisted. But, Ann, you're not. Could you still get a place on Eugenie's staff?"

"You heard her. She hasn't named a maid of honor, hoping I'll relent."

"Then you will—today."

Ann grew pale. "This is my best year. I've counted on those Eastern tournaments. But I see what you mean. They'll have to be outwardly decent if the families are joined in the wedding." She rose decisively. "Let me get a hat. I'll drive you to Fantees' this minute."

Eugenie met us wonderingly but enchantingly, and went to secure me audience with the dowager. Belle had swathed herself in a tea gown of lavender and cream and gold lace, preparatory to a luxurious afternoon eating chocolates and reading clippings about the Plaza. She looked much as if her *couturière* might also have created tents for a street carnival. For the moment I fully accepted Idelle's loathing of her.

I was impelled to go directly to the point. "Mrs. Fantee," I said, "Mrs. Yancey has consulted me as her attorney in regard to changing the name of Plaza Fantee."

"Do you think I'm deef, dumb and blind?" she said shrilly. "Can't I see what's on that old cat's mind? Well, if you're worth two cents as a lawyer, you've found out it's according to law down to the last comma, and you've told her that name is accepted by city ordinance and she can't stop it."

"I'm afraid you don't realize all Mrs. Yancey's resources. At any rate, there's bound to be a great deal of unpleasantness, and I'd like to see it avoided."

"Then you go back and tell her not to make it."

"It's preposterous enough." I was feeling less resentful of Idelle. "In the first place, it isn't a plaza at all, and to call it one is to display a certain pretentious ignorance that I'm afraid we're already too well known for in the West. In the second place, it is a community undertaking, and no man should be singled out to give it a name, even though he might be the most illustrious one that ever lived here."

"Which you can bet your bottom dollar he'll be known as! Now listen, you!" She was stalking the floor in great agitation of lavender ribbons. Her face was contorted and I marked a heavy perfume that had drenched her clothes. "All my life I've had to eat dirt from common white trash from the South. Because I was a Kansas girl and my husband a Yankee from New York, I've been nothing at all. Well, I tell you, here's where Lem's name goes on the biggest thing this town has ever done—and

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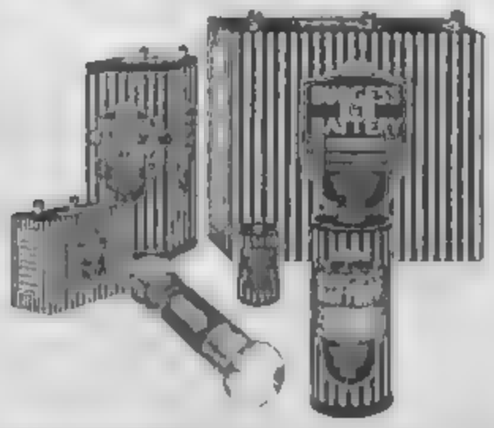

RADIO IS *BETTER* WITH DRY BATTERY POWER

they'll have something to remember about me besides my granddaughter marrying a baronet."

"Still, I don't think you can afford public squabbling. Just at this time especially, a row would be inconvenient."

"Don't you worry about the wedding, young man. That'll come off on schedule no matter what happens—and so will the dedication."

"Ann is downstairs now, promising to be maid of honor."

"I'll put a stop to that."

"I don't think you will," I said.

She caught herself and I saw her eye gleam craftily. "Idelle can't know about that. She'd lock the girl in a closet first. Why, that's high, low and the jack! I guess Idelle missed a bet."

Few people had ever exasperated me so thoroughly. By now I would have sacrificed Eugenie, Francis and even Ann to set Idelle's heel thoroughly on this strident old harridan. "You may be quite sure," I said, taking my hat, "that Mrs. Yancey still has cards she hasn't shown."

"You tell her I said she'll have Lem Fantee's name on the park she worked her head off for. You tell her it don't pay to put on airs over me."

I profoundly hoped that Idelle would slice her into little bits. . . . Ann and Eugenie met me at the door, and Eugenie's great dark eyes were dewy. She had an arm about Ann's waist.

"Isn't Ann dear? I'm going to send someone out to the ranch as fast as he can go to tell Francis."

We drove away and I swore great Western oaths. That charming girl to have the buzzards circling and the coyotes howling about her wedding! I could see that Ann was very grim, though her temperament expressed dissatisfaction mainly by hurling the roadster up and down hills at speeds never contemplated by its maker.

"You've done your best, Ann," I said.

"Yes, if Idelle leaves me still joined together. Do you suppose it will accomplish anything?"

"Our virile forefathers used to entertain themselves by pitching a bulldog and a badger into a packing box and watching what happened. I've always understood the badger enjoyed it."

Ann laughed and leaned negligently on the wheel. "If I should tell Idelle you've called her a badger!"

Idelle did not return for several days and the dedication grew nearer. I bustled about, accomplishing nothing but the renewal of old acquaintanceships. The wild hope grew on us that she had withdrawn from the battle, forsworn her project and abandoned the field to Belle. But she came back, the fourth day before the dedication. We learned nothing from her.

Ann marched up to her, soon after she arrived, and faced her. "I told Eugenie I'd stay and be her maid of honor."

"Good girl! I'm proud of you, Ann. There's plenty summers for tennis."

Ann sat down abruptly. We looked at each other, somewhat dazed. We had expected a major earthquake. Idelle turned to me.

"Your writing pictures come from Ralston? Good! You bring 'em to Fred's bank this afternoon. Now I just got a notification that the Civic Center Committee is to have a private view of the museum tomorrow evening. We can bring guests, so you two can come. You can bring a beau, Ann, if Roger won't do."

"Roger overshadows any beau, Idelle." She smiled at me ravishingly and, as Idelle turned away, whispered, "Did you see Abednego and me walk through the furnace without a scorch?"

At the bank, Idelle awaited me behind a table that was littered with documents. She got to work. "Now here's mortgages and notes and petitions and notices that Lem Fantee signed after he come back from Wyoming in '83. You take a look at those signatures."

I scrutinized them minutely. They were labored and unformed—the large, looping handwriting of an unschooled man. They were, however, roughly uniform. Idelle was smiling in a way that would have terrified a major general.

"Now," she said, "you put that picture beside 'em. He applied for that pension, remember, before he went to Wyoming."

The room seemed very hot. For the "Lemuel Fantee" of the petition was cramped and angular and minute, and it sloped directly opposite to the others.

Idelle pressed an electric button on the table. "Fred's got an assistant cashier that he says knows more about handwriting than this—is it Berteeyon? I told him to send him in when I rung." She stood up as the door opened and handed two documents to the man who came in. "You're the old sleuth? Well, you tell me if the same man wrote these two names."

The expert needed little more than a glance. "Impossible, Mrs. Yancey. This one"—he held out the pension application—"was obviously written by a left-handed man. The other is a right-handed and, I'm confident, a younger man."

Later we were in the sedan and driving homeward. "There weren't schools to make you bright in the old days," Idelle said dreamily. "I guess my grammar must give Ann a lot of grief. But when I first seen Lem Fantee pitchin' horseshoes in '84 I remembered right off he'd used to done it with the other hand. There was others thought he hadn't aged any while he was gone, but he'd grown a mustache in the meantime. . . . No, there wasn't any talk. . . . Wasn't he drawin' a government pension?"

My position was simply intolerable. The earth had opened up and the heavens had rolled back, and, out of the lost history of Windsor, I knew not what scandal was grinning at me. "You can't prove anything. You don't dare do anything. You can't have the heart to stir up dead bones. You won't put a blot on Eugenie's wedding. You can't go through with it."

I worked up a perfectly adequate rage and expended it on her, with footnotes enough, and an enormous indignation. Idelle only sat quiet, with that faint smile on her tight old lips.

"You're not such great shakes as a lawyer, Roger. You've done nothing but tell me to lay off. But"—her voice was not lifted above its contralto whisper, but I remembered she had seen Buffalo Horn's scalp—"but if you think anything on earth will reconcile me to Lem Fantee's name on my park, then you don't understand Lem Fantee and you don't know me."

That evening she serenely played cribbage with Fred, and, since Ann had gone dancing with young Bagley, abandoned me to depression.

"You put on something pretty," she directed Ann the next evening, after an ominously quiet day, "and you drive Roger down. I'm going with the committee."

The museum proved distinctly interesting. The Windsor Historical Society, to whose trusteeship Belle had made the gift, had filled it with ancestral possessions. We strolled past a Conestoga, a Concord coach, the seven-foot wheels of a dismembered freight wagon. There were ox yokes, buffalo robes, gold nuggets, war bonnets, scalp sticks, wolf skulls, riatas, powder horns, horse pistols, beaver traps. Racks of frontier weapons gleamed above glass cases of emigrant diaries and early newspapers. The mines, the ranches, the cattle trade, the railroads were all here in embryo. Ann and I wandered about the enormous rooms—there were perhaps thirty people, all told, inspecting them—and came at last to an alcove off the turn of the stairs, barren except for a painting on the wall.

"This is Idelle's admiration," Ann said. "Lem Fantee, whom we here commemorate—and thank."

The gaudy style of Todd Yancey's portrait was evident, and I recalled young Bagley's remark about wholesale rates. Lem Fantee—someone, at least—stared fiercely down at us from the wall. Such

(Continued on Page 68)

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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(Continued from Page 66)

mustaches were not seen these lesser days nor such eyes. I thought of the cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg.

"What a villain, Roger! What a swaggering old Jesse James!"

"Alas," I said, "the race has vanished from our Windsor, and life is solemn without it."

"There's Ann!" It was Eugenie crying at the door.

Francis crossed quickly to us, seized Ann in his arms and kissed her. "One may kiss one's bridesmaids, Ann? We're better than a beastly tennis tournament, eh?" He was almost stammering.

Ann beamed at the two of them. "You're a pair of darlings."

"Francis," Eugenie said, "this is grandfather."

Ann had seen someone at the foot of the stairs. "Idelle has come, Roger. And—is that Kit Carson with her?"

"Buffalo Bill at the very least," I said.

We went hastily downstairs. Idelle had led Kit Carson to the Concord stage, which he was inspecting with mild astonishment. Where on earth had she found this anachronism? His hair hung down to his shoulders and it would have been white save that the desert sun had been on it for what must have been a century and had given it the color of bleached hemp. His beard, clipped in the manner of General Grant, had still a faint sandy tinge. Eight score wrinkles crossed cheeks the color of Buffalo Horn's Cheyennes. Store clothes embellished him, but one saw boots lumpy beneath the trousers and a buckskin vest hanging four inches below the coat.

Idelle left him and crossed to us. "Where's Belle? Oh, I see her—with the mayor."

Her glance ordered us to accompany her. The mayor bowed, but Belle's chin rose like a cliff. Idelle said, with her tender drawl, exhibiting a large red envelope: "I brought some relics for you, Belle. I figured on a glass case underneath the portrait, and you could fill it with personal reminders of the departed. Roger got a picture made of Lem's pension and I went down to Fred's bank—that used to be Todd's—and got a lot of old papers Lem signed. Come up to the portrait and I'll show you what I mean."

Belle snorted. "I can make out to find enough of Lem's things, Idelle."

The mayor seemed to stand between them. I could imagine how much strain they had put on him in several years. "I think it's a good idea. Get together all the mementos of Mr. Fantee we can find and put them in the room with the portrait."

We crossed toward the stairs. I knew suddenly that this was the showdown, the fifth act. My knees moved jerkily. I glanced a suggestion at Ann and obediently she went ahead of us to draw Francis and Eugenie on down the hall, out of harm's way. At the foot of the stairs, Kit Carson approached us slowly, stooped, with the rheumatic walk of an old desert dweller.

Idelle put a hand on his shoulder. "This is Jim Pardonnet," she said. "I met him a couple of days ago. When Jim learned about the memorial, there wasn't any keeping him from comin' to see it, though he says it's his first trip in thirty years off the Grouse Creek desert. This is the mayor, Jim, and this is Lem's widow."

The old desert rat jerked his head politely. A thin, reedy, hesitant voice issued from him, and one was aware that most of his teeth were gone.

"I'm honored, ma'am. Seemed like I ought to of met you when Lem and me was workin' at Slateville, but somehow I never did. Yes, ma'am, Lem and me was thick as two sidewinders in a prairie-dog hole. I reckon I didn't have a better friend in all Wyoming. Yes, ma'am, I'm right glad to know you. There warn't no finer man in all Wyoming than Lem Fantee, and I guess if I hadn't gone north after the massacree, and him West, we'd of been pardners still. But no, ma'am, I never seen him again to this day. I got to prospectin' up as far as Orofino and then I went to Sublett and Helena and Gold Gulch and Missoula, and later on I got to Grouse Creek and there I been ever sence. Mrs. Yancey, she says Lem come back to Windsor and made money and then, she says, he cashed in."

I knew that, with any proper appreciation of stagecraft, I should be watching Idelle, but I could not ignore Belle Fantee. The mayor was smirking at Jim Pardonnet in his best public-banquet manner, but Belle's cheeks were corpse-like. Her hands were clenched, and I marked the preposterous rose polish of her nails against her freckled frontier skin. She seemed to be walking in a trance.

Suddenly she turned on him. "What did you come here for?" The refined modulations had forsaken her voice. I had heard that shrillness once before.

"Why, ma'am, when I heard they was doin' honors to my old pardner, you couldn't kept me away with a sawed-off shotgun. Lem and me dug out more coal together at Hinch Jacobs' than any other four shaft men. Yes, and done more devilment, I bet you, and shot more Chinees ——"

Belle turned on Idelle and I stepped forward, but Idelle merely smiled when the furious, haggard face was thrust within a handbreadth of her own. "You old she skunk!" Belle screamed.

The mayor seemed to shrink in his clothes. He looked wildly about him, but there was no escape and no diversion. We were in the alcove now.

Idelle said, "I only brought a friend of Lem's to see the picture. There it is, Jim. That's Lem Fantee there on the wall."

Jim took a position in the middle of the room, put his hands on his old hips and stared at the portrait. My skin was wrinkling all over me. I watched the old man's stare lose its gentle friendliness. I could see it seep away. His smile turned to bewilderment, to amazement, to wrath. He walked up to the portrait and squinted at it from a range of two feet. He backed away, his head on one side, and slowly edged about the room, gazing from every angle.

He swung back toward us. "Lem Fantee? Hell! That's Joe Fantee!"

Belle tried, I am sure, to scream, but she could only whisper as though something constricted her throat: "That's Lem Fantee."

Old Jim's own temper began to flare. They were stout old warriors, these frontiersmen, and Jim felt himself aggrieved. They weren't going to run a whizzer on him—he'd seen too many one-card draws.

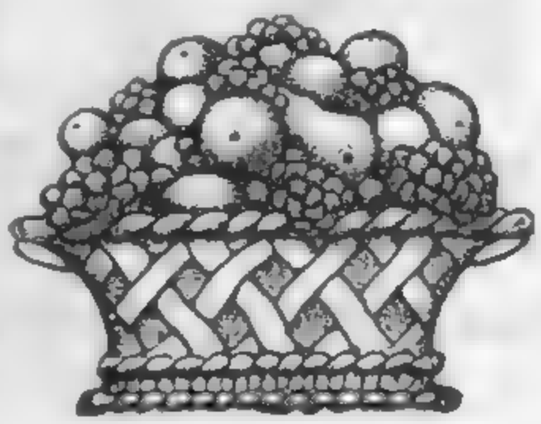
"Lem Fantee, huh? Then why ain't his hair gray? And you know damn well Lem's turned after the massacree. Why ain't his mustache gray? As if Lem Fantee would wear a mustache! Yeh, look where that lip of his is sunk, and Joe Fantee lost them two lower teeth in a blast."

"Lem never had a brother," Belle said, still strangling.

"No, ma'am, not till he brung him West to get a job at Hinch's a month before the massacree. Him and Lem, they went West when the marshal come lookin' for some of us with warrants, and I went north. And look here!" Jim strode up to the portrait.

The mayor, whose agony was presumably even greater than mine, made an effort to quiet the storm: "My good man, don't you suppose Mrs. Fantee knows her own husband?"

"That's adzactly what I want to know. Lookit—see that gold ring? Joe Fantee had that made on him when he was a boy. His uncle sent him nuggets from Pike's Peak. And there she was, and he grew up into it, and there warn't no way of gettin' it off him and there warn't no man could take it off him. Is that Lem Fantee, I ask you, or is that Joe Fantee?"



"I've had the same trouble with these signatures, Belle," Idelle said—oh, very softly. "They simply won't agree, before leaving Windsor and after coming back."

Belle had found her voice now and was screaming at Jim Pardonnet: "You're a liar! Idelle Yancey's paying you to lie for her! Why, you old desert rat ——"

Jim danced in the middle of the room. "What I want to know is, whose widow are you, Lem's or Joe's?"

And Idelle said, "I don't care about that But what I want to know and what the baronet's family will want to know is, whose granddaughter is Eugenie, Lem's or Joe's?"

There was an appalling silence. I could see Belle Fantee crumbling before our eyes. She swayed and I jumped forward and pulled her into the washroom that opened off the alcove. The door banged shut and Idelle was with us.

There was nothing refined about Belle's weeping. She crouched in a corner, where her satins polished the tiles, and sobbed explosively. It was an intolerable situation and I had beheld such abasement as no man should see. I felt shamed unbearably. But, thank God, only Idelle and I were witness of this collapse. Belle sobbed on. Her head sank nearer the floor.

After a while Idelle laid a hand on her shoulder. "It was the pension, wasn't it, Belle?"

Her soft old drawl was so kind that Belle raised her rouge-muddied face and nodded. "I married Joe when Lem died, four months after the massacre," she said. "Eugenie is Joe's granddaughter. I never had a child by Lem."

I could stand the shame no longer. I reached for the door, but Idelle's hand brought me reluctantly back. She sat on the floor and gathered Belle in her arms.

"The massacre broke Lem's spirit," Belle sobbed. "He never got over it. The three of us had to sneak out of Green River. We went to Oregon and Lem died. I married Joe. We didn't have a cent, and Joe couldn't get work. Joe said why let a pension go to waste, when we was where no one knew us. He'd just as soon be Lem. We buried Lem as Joe, and, when we married, Joe registered the grave by mail as Joe's. Nobody knew us in Oregon, and Lem's pension came on regular."

Her sobs quieted, but I had never seen such gaunt despair. "People that come on from Wyoming never recognized Joe and so we drifted back there. No one seemed to know. I'd forget it myself for months and months. Finally we thought we could risk comin' here, where Lem had a corner lot. Nobody here seemed to see any difference—my, they were so much alike they might have been twins, only Joe was younger and so he'd grown a mustache. Nobody ever knew and I grew to forget about it. Idelle, you wouldn't tell on Eugenie? Why, even her pa never knew, never dreamed!"

Idelle patted the fatuously overdressed old shoulders. "Roger, you go tell the mayor Mrs. Fantee decided Soldiers' Field is a better name, considerin' all the various kinds of heroes Windsor's had from time to time. The mayor will like that—he's strong for the soldier vote. Roger will handle the mayor, Belle, and you leave Jim Pardonnet to me. Shucks, we'll let Lem Fantee be. You go see the mayor, Roger. Belle's among friends."

I went out as into a cold breeze after a furnace room. The mayor was not in the alcove, but I finally saw him downstairs backed into a corner, with Kit Carson gesticulating wildly under his chin.

Ann, worried, and Eugenie and Francis came upstairs. "I must see grandfather," Francis was saying. "I say, Eugenie, what a perfectly priceless old desperado he looks!"

I squared my shoulders and marched off to face the mayor.

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THE PRINCE SERVES HIS PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 31)

of orchid and gold, they saw that his entire attention was concentrated on an animated girl in a bright red dress with a high—an almost suspiciously high—color, and they asked who she was. "Miss Marion—old Marion's daughter? Well, well! Imagine an Orr marrying old Marion's child!" But their interest was excited, and the men, as soon as the dancing began, went and asked her to dance; and the prince, between duties, rushed back to her side and whispered: "Pity me! I am dancing with the dowager in blue—like a fly crawling on a terrestrial globe." And Redmond was always there waiting for her, ignoring Katherine Marly and all his other social obligations. It did not take Felicia very long to get the assurance—for the first time in her life—that she was an immense social success.

Success went to her head, but not in the sense of making her vain or rude or ruthless, but simply it intoxicated her slightly; and very nice people, when they are very, very slightly intoxicated, are charming. Felicia was charming.

Even Katherine Marly could not spoil her pleasure, although she approached her between dances and said, "Did you ever see such an inexcusable party?"

"I'm enjoying it," said Felicia.

"Well, my dear, I shouldn't confess it if I were you. It's like making a hit at the Morons' Annual Outing. I never saw so many fusty old people gathered in one room."

"I've never danced so much in all my life," said Felicia.

"I don't know why all girls don't wear red," returned Katherine, staring at Felicia's dress. "It's so conspicuous people really can't overlook you."

"I think they could not well overlook Miss Marion, whatever she wears," said the prince, and took Felicia away to dance.

Redmond was waiting for her when she came back. "Well, princess," he murmured. Venom was in his voice.

"Don't be silly," said Felicia.

He grew solemn. "The conspicuous attentions of royalty," he said, "is—are——"

"—— just like the conspicuous attentions of anyone else," she returned.

A moment later the prince passed, escorting the wife of a local judge. He bent back and murmured, "Ten minutes and I'll be free. Do wait for me."

Felicia, looking about the room, listening to the music, did not hear him at all, but Redmond heard him and resolved that Felicia would not be there in ten minutes.

"It's hot here, and stuffy," he said. "Shall we go and take a turn in my car? It's still in the drive."

The last thing in the world Felicia wanted was to leave the only ball at which she had ever been a belle, but her reluctance was misinterpreted. Redmond thought she was thinking only of the prince and his determination became stronger.

"I have something I want to say to you," he said.

"What?" asked Felicia, displaying a polite interest which she was far from feeling. "Who wrote the music, Redmond? It's wonderful, isn't it?"

And at this minute Mrs. Brenton approached them and said, "Redmond, would you do me a great favor? There has been some mistake about the car. I wonder if you would run down to the station and meet Lawrence Holmes."

"Meet who?" cried Felicia.

"Didn't I tell you, dear? Well, I have seen so little of you. . . . Yes, Lawrence is coming this evening, on his way here from the West." She turned to Orr and began giving him directions about the hour of the arrival of the train.

"Will you come with me and meet him?" said Orr, like so many diplomats falling into a greater danger while trying to avoid a less. Then, seeing that she meant to say no, he added: "Wouldn't it be a respectful gesture to your guardian?"

"Thank you, no. No, Redmond, I won't go," she returned. She wanted—so easily is even the sweetest nature corrupted by success—she wanted Lawrence to see her in her hour of triumph, here, in the ballroom, dancing if possible with the prince. She wanted to nod a casual greeting to him from, if possible, the royal arms; she wanted to hear her own voice saying: "No, Lawrence dear, I can't. Of course I should love to dance with you, but I have just promised the prince."

And then suddenly she saw that if the prince's intentions were serious it was to Lawrence he would be obliged to go to ask for official consent to their engagement. That scene she made up in a minute. She heard Lawrence's voice saying: "What is this? You love Felicia? But I have always loved her. Take her out of the country? Take her where I can never see her again? No! Perish the thought!" She came to. How absurd! No one said perish the thought except in eighteenth-century romances; no one had probably ever said it.

She found that Redmond was still talking to her. Still she did not answer him, and she saw him turn crossly away.

As soon as he had gone she knew she had made a terrible mistake. The one thing in all the world she wanted was to meet Lawrence. How often she had done it before, and how glorious it had always been. She wanted to wait through the delicious impatience of hearing the distant rumbling of the train, the shrill far whistle, the glare against the night sky, and then the terrible pitiless white headlight on the steel rails. Redmond would perhaps stay in the car and she alone would be on the platform to greet Lawrence, as she had been doing at intervals since she was a child.

The whole fabric of her vanity melted away. She slipped out through one of the terrace doors and ran as fast as she could—and that was fast—round the house to the front drive. Redmond was already in his car; in fact the car was moving, when he heard his name called. She hopped lightly on his running board.

"I'd love to go with you, Redmond," she said. She was breathless with running, but to his ears her voice sounded tremulous with love.

Under the spell of that shaken voice of hers, he drove in silence. The road was deserted at this late hour, stripes of white moonlight and purple depths of shadow. In one of these belts he suddenly stopped his car.

"Felicia," he said, "I love you."

"Oh, Redmond!" she answered in a flutter of surprise that he was there at all. She had been three miles away, meeting the train. She was surprised, but she was also impressed, grateful even, that so great a person as Orr should love her. There are disadvantages about being too humble-minded. She did not love him in the very least; she was not stirred by his emotion; she did not even like him very much, but she was grateful.

There are men—and women, too, very likely—who contrive to believe that any rebuff that does not actually stun them is only a coy form of encouragement. Orr did not find Felicia's rebuff stunning in the least—no one would have. If he had been giving an account of the incident—only, of course, no gentleman does give an account of this sort of thing—he would have said: "Oh, I don't say she meant me to kiss her. She isn't that type of girl at all, but I do say that if she had minded as much as she told me she did, she would have found something harsher to say than that she thought she heard the train whistling."

Yet the words had come from her like a cry of anguish. "Oh, please don't, Redmond! I hear the train whistling." The sound of that whistle pierced her heart. . . . Lawrence's train arriving, and she three miles from the station being hugged by a rather unattractive young man. Yet he had paid her this great tribute of his love; she could not be rude.

"We must go on, Redmond, really we must."

"Why must we, dearest? Our whole future is being settled here and now. Isn't that more important than meeting a train? Besides, there are always taxis. Holmes can take a taxi."

"We were asked to do something for Mrs. Brenton and we said we would."

"What a good little thing you are, Felicia, always thinking of everyone but yourself."

She could not let this implication go by unchallenged, and she said firmly, "I'm not thinking of others. I want to meet Lawrence."

"And I want to stay here." His tone was that of the happy masterful lover.

The result was that Lawrence, arriving at the station, found no one to meet him. He wasted a great deal of time looking for the Brentons' car, and at last took the only waiting taxi—the same one that had broken down with the prince. This time it did not break down, but managed to pant up the hills and arrive somewhat overheated at the Brentons' front door without disaster, unless it is disastrous to contain an extremely cross passenger.

Lawrence had received Elsie Brenton's telegram in Chicago, and his first idea was that he could not possibly come. He had an important case coming up in New York—barely time to get back for it. But the responsibility he had always felt in regard to Felicia would not let him rest, and he found that by taking an earlier train from Chicago he could wait over for two hours in Green Valley and still get to New York in time.

All this had, of course, required a great deal of arranging. It was annoying that his train was half an hour late, and even more annoying to spend a good part of the time left to him in making the trip to the Brentons' house in a slow taxi. Nor was he particularly pleased on arriving at the house in his traveling clothes to find all the windows lighted, the front drive blocked by cars, the strains of music issuing from the ballroom—in fact a party.

It was not Lawrence's habit, when angry, to sulk and scowl; he merely became calmer and calmer; and now, by the time Mrs. Brenton came to him in one of the small reception rooms where he had had himself taken, his calm had become that of a Tibetan lama. He was standing, staring blankly before him, with his fingers in his waistcoat pockets, an attitude that made his waist look particularly slim and his shoulders particularly broad.

Mrs. Brenton had always been tortured by fear of him—in the old days because she had loved him so much better than he had ever loved her, and nowadays, when all question of love was at an end, because she knew he understood every turn and twist of her nature, and there were a good many turns and twists to know. But most of all, she feared him because of these Buddhistic calms of his, which had a devastating effect upon her; they drove her into talking—talking too much and saying false silly things which she didn't mean and which he never liked.

Now she knew she was being too bright, too cordial in her manner. "Dear Lawrence, how nice of you to come."

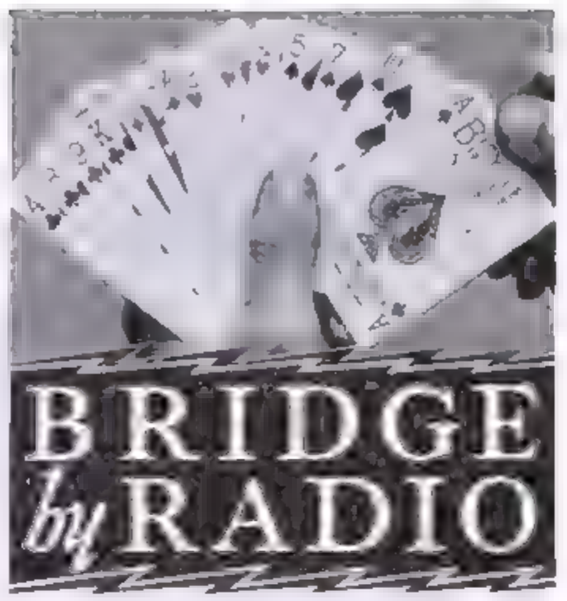
"I had no choice about coming, Elsie. Your telegram ——"

"Yes, of course; I understand. What a shame to put you to so much trouble! And your train was late, too, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my train was late and my taxi was slow."

She gave a scream. "Your taxi? Lawrence, what do you mean—your taxi? Didn't Redmond Orr meet you?" And then she began to talk too much about this,

(Continued on Page 73)



Week of November 21st

Do you know how to answer an informatory double—how to show your partner you like his lead—when to lead trumps and when to use them for ruffing? Bid and play this hand your way now; then hear the experts' tactics by radio.

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, dealer, South—

Spades	Q, 8, 3
Hearts	8, 6
Diamonds	7, 6, 2
Clubs	10, 9, 7, 4, 2

C. J. McDiarmid, Cincinnati, West—

Spades	J, 5
Hearts	J, 9, 4, 3
Diamonds	Q, 10, 8, 5, 3
Clubs	J, 5

Eugene R. Buss, Cincinnati, North—

Spades	A, 10, 9, 7
Hearts	Q, 7, 5, 2
Diamonds	K, 9
Clubs	A, Q, 3

Milton C. Work, New York, East—

Spades	K, 6, 4, 2
Hearts	A, K, 10
Diamonds	A, J, 4
Clubs	K, 8, 6

Tues., Nov. 22, 10 P. M. (E.T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMG, WWJ.

Tues., Nov. 22, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for time of following:

KFAD Electrical Equipment Co. ... Phoenix
KFUM Corley Mt. Highway ... Colorado Springs
KFYR Hoskins-Meyer ... Bismarck
KGBX Foster-Hall Tire Co. ... St. Joseph, Mo.
KOA ... General Electric Co. ... Denver
KOB ... Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts ... Albuquerque
KPRC Post Dispatch ... Houston
KSL ... Radio Service Corp. ... Salt Lake City
KTHS Arlington Hotel ... Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.
KVOO Southwestern Sales Corp. ... Tulsa, Okla.
WCOA City of Pensacola ... Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY Radio Equipment Corp. ... Fargo
WDBO Orlando Broadcasting Co. ... Orlando, Fla.
WFAA Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck ... Dallas
WJBO Times-Picayune ... New Orleans
WKY ... Radiophone Co. ... Oklahoma City
WNOX Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co. ... Knoxville
WOKT Titus-Ets Corp. ... Rochester, N. Y.
WPG ... Municipal Station ... Atlantic City
WRVA Larus & Bro. Co. ... Richmond, Va.
CFAC Herald ... Calgary, Can.
CFLC Radio Ass'n ... Prescott, Can
CFQC Electric Shop ... Saskatoon, Can
CHNS Northern Elec. Co. ... Halifax, Can
CHXC J. R. Booth Jr. ... Ottawa, Can.
CJCA Journal ... Edmonton, Can.
CJGC Free Press ... London, Can.
CJRM Jas. Richardson & Sons ... Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC La Presse ... Montreal, Can.
CKCD Daily Province ... Vancouver, Can.
CKNC Canadian Nat. Carbon Co. ... Toronto, Can.
CKY Manitoba Tel. System ... Winnipeg, Can.

The U. S. Playing Card Company
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Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York.

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(Continued from Page 71)

to protest too much, to explain too much—that she had sent Redmond because his dear little car was faster and she thought Lawrence would like it better. Whereas the truth was that she had forgotten to order her own car in time, and this lie seemed to stand out and make the whole apology sound false.

At last he was merciful enough to stop her. "It doesn't really matter, Elsie," he said gently. "Don't let's waste what little time remains. What is wrong with Felicia?"

There is a type of woman who believes that no man—no attractive man, at least—has ever fallen spontaneously in love with any woman but herself. If you listened to Mrs. Brenton, you would discover that all bridegrooms were reluctant, all lovers had been maneuvered by harpies or betrayed by their own good nature. "Poor fellow, he'll never get away now. . . . Engaged, are they? So he's given up the fight." It was one of those deep, unconscious, useful habits of mind that no conscious artifice could equal.

"Ah, yes, poor dear little Felicia," she said with a sigh.

"Why poor?" said Lawrence, not much alarmed, for he had known his hostess for a great many years.

"Well, you know, Lawrence, she's a dear child, but not very attractive—except, of course, to people who know her well like you and me—but quite without charm, isn't she?"

"Not to me."

"Nor to me," said Mrs. Brenton. "I adore her, but she has not the fatal gift and she is what I call hungry-hearted—you know what I mean?"

"No," said Lawrence.

"Oh, yes, Lawrence, you do. You know what I mean. She wants to be loved—and worse still, she wants to love. A very sweet trait, of course, but it does make a lot of trouble. The first few days she frightened us all to death by manifesting a determination to fall in love with my little prince—a dear boy, Lawrence; you would delight in him; but it made us all frightfully anxious—all that fortune, and foreigners, you know, feeling so little responsibility in emotional affairs, especially when the woman makes the advances. I thought you would want to know."

"Yes, I should like to know the facts," said Holmes. Even an outsider listening would have had a hard time to say whether this was an insult or not.

"Well," said Mrs. Brenton, brightening at him, "it's quite all right now, I think. I don't know just what he said to her. He's a tactful little creature, Carlo, like his mother—my great friend, you know—but I think she has seen—poor Felicia—that it's hopeless—quite hopeless."

"And is it?" said Lawrence coldly. He felt cold. He knew Felicia had not been making a fool of herself, but he knew also that no one appreciated her except himself. These young men were such idiots, and a foreigner might easily miss her spiritual qualities altogether.

Mrs. Brenton exclaimed: "Is it impossible that she should be a royal princess—old Marion's daughter? Of course it is. The boy isn't mercenary, as far as I can gather. But I do wish, Lawrence, you would say a word to her about the undesirableness of making herself conspicuous by her devotion to this boy. One doesn't want them all laughing at her—dear little Felicia."

"One not only doesn't want it but I should punch the head of anyone I found doing it," replied Lawrence, still in his Buddhistic manner, in spite of his unphilosophical words. "Just send her to me here, will you?"

Mrs. Brenton ignored the form of this request and rang the bell for a servant, while she stayed on talking to Lawrence about his career. She had been so much interested, she said, to hear of his great Chicago case. Everyone said that his future ——

But Lawrence wouldn't talk about it. He kept bringing the conversation back to Carlo Eugenio until the servant came back with the information that Miss Marion could not be found.

Mrs. Brenton brought her clasped hands together.

"She's probably gone to bed," she said. "You know she doesn't enjoy this sort of festivity, poor child, although I assure you, Lawrence, I have introduced every man I could lay my hands on. But she doesn't talk; she doesn't chatter like these silly creatures that boys like."

"Did she know I was coming and should want to see her?" said Lawrence. He was puzzled by her absence. It was something that had never happened before—that he had come to see her and she had not been on hand. It might be that she was very unhappy.

"I'll go and wake her up," he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brenton; "we'll go and wake her up."

So together they went upstairs to her room, but her door was standing open, and when they went in and Mrs. Brenton turned on the light, there was her empty bed, with her best lace nightgown and slippers and chiffon dressing gown all laid out waiting for her, but no Felicia.

A frenzied search for her took up the rest of the time he had left. He could do nothing but write her a line and leave it with Freckleson to give her:

Dear Felicia: I am cross and disappointed at not seeing you. Where are you anyhow? I have done everything but drag the pond. I have an impression that something or other is going on in your young life, but can't get any line on it from an hour's conversation with your hostess. Be so good as to communicate instantly with an aged and anxious guardian, and tell him what you are up to. Why not come down to New York and pay me a visit?

L. H.

It did not please him—his note. He felt something falsely jocose about it, and the obvious and beautiful feature of all his relation with Felicia had been its intense and simple sincerity. Why had he written to her like that? What did it mean? And why in thunder hadn't she been on hand to see him, when he had taken so much trouble to come?

All the way back to the station, while Mrs. Brenton, looking very handsome with a thin black shawl thrown hastily over her jeweled evening dress, was talking to him, he was thinking about Felicia's lack of consideration, scolding at her in his heart. It was the first time he had ever felt cross with her, and he felt very cross indeed.

A few minutes after he had gone, Felicia, entering the house alone, for Redmond was taking his car back to the garage, was met by Freckleson, presenting her a note on a neat silver tray.

"Mr. Holmes left this for you, miss."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone back to New York, miss."

Felicia stared at him in horror. It was the first intimation she had had that Lawrence was not coming to stay a day or two. Why had no one told her? Oh, what a fool she had been! She tore open the note and read it there in the hall with Freckleson and the footman watching her. There was something wrong about the note. She didn't know what, only it wasn't quite like Lawrence.

She turned and ran out of the house again, and at the front door, eager not to meet Redmond, she turned toward the terrace and sat down on a marble bench under a line of black cedars.

She felt physically sick with her despair—to have missed Lawrence for nothing—for a Redmond Orr—for a silly notion of wanting to appear as a proud beauty. She might have been with him, looked at him, touched his hand, heard his wonderful low voice.

She could hear the orchestra in the ballroom playing a sentimental waltz tune, but she did not want to dance; she did not want to be a belle or a princess; she wanted nothing but Lawrence. She covered her face with her hands and wept.

She found this very satisfactory; but like all satisfactory cries, it went a good way.

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She was past the stage of being able to stop when she heard a soft exclamation beside her; looking up for the flash of a second, saw that the prince was standing at her side.

"What has he done to you—the great oaf? Will I kill him for you?" said the prince.

Entangled with local grandees, he had seen Felicia's hurried departure from the ballroom and had followed her as quickly as he could, arriving at the front door in time to see her climb into Redmond's moving car. He had not approved of her action. Even allowing for the liberty of American boys and girls, he had thought it reckless. During all the time of her absence he had been suffering. His face was drawn and his black eyes shining with pain. Felicia hurried to reassure him.

"Oh, Redmond hasn't done anything," she said; and then, remembering that he had kissed her three times—four if you counted that brush of her hair with his lips—she felt obliged to revise her statement slightly: "I mean that anything he does makes no difference. I'm very unhappy, Your Highness, about something else—about my guardian." And she explained how she had wanted to see him and had missed him, when he had come so far to see her.

The prince saw no threat in a guardian; he had a guardian of his own—a gray-bearded gentleman who lived in a castle overlooking the Danube and collected manuscripts dealing with the crusades.

"But he will not be angry at you. We will not let him be, my star flower," said the prince, relapsing into his native tongue, in which the name of the commonest of their wild flowers has become an accepted term of endearment. Her susceptibility to official reproof seemed to him extremely touching and gentle—so different from everything he had been told about American girls. He knelt down beside her and took her hand.

What girl could ask more of romance than this?—a moonlight night, a marble bench under cedars, an orchestra playing a sobbing waltz and a royal prince kneeling beside her, holding her hand. The maddest stories she had ever told herself had never contained incidents more romantic than this. And yet it was not as a prince that Felicia valued him at the moment; it was as a kind and understanding friend. Her little hand, still clasping a small damp handkerchief and Lawrence's note, clung to his. She withstood an impulse to let her head drop to his shoulder. She knew by past experience that when you want to cry there is something very consoling about a good masculine shoulder.

Then she heard that he was saying: "I love you. I ask you to be my wife. My mother will adore you. As for Bonny—my uncle the king—let him like it or not—if not, I become an American citizen."

"Oh, Your Highness!" said Felicia, and even she recognized that she spoke in exactly the same tone in which less than an hour before she had said, "Oh, Redmond!"

"Oh, do not call me that. Call me Gene, as my mother does," he interrupted, and at that instant Redmond, who had been looking everywhere for Felicia, suddenly appeared beside them. He, too, saw that she had been crying; his suspicions also were roused. "These Dago princes!" he said to himself.

He bent like a protecting giant above the girl. "Shall I take you back to the ballroom?" he murmured.

The prince rose from his knees without a trace of embarrassment. "You think Miss Marion come here without her own wish?"

"Well, sir," said Orr briskly, "when I see a young lady has been crying, I, of course, ask myself what has been happening to make her cry."

"It is not permitted to young American ladies to cry?" asked the prince, forgetting that a few minutes before he had himself been inquiring rather suspiciously the reason of her tears.

Felicia glanced from one to the other, suddenly realizing that both men felt they had an inalienable right to her complete attention—she who had never given her full attention to any man except Lawrence. "But this is terrible," she said to herself—only, her sensations were not entirely disagreeable. Still, she could not explain it to them while they were together—the next day she would tell each one that she loved another—she would make it quite clear —— She stood up.

"I missed Lawrence—he's gone. I suppose you know that," she said reproachfully to Orr.

"I'm afraid that was my fault," said Orr.

"Of course it was your fault."

"I'll tell him so—he won't mind."

Felicia's heart sank. No, he wouldn't mind; that was the worst of it. She went upstairs with Lawrence's note still clutched in her hand and read it over twice more before she went to bed.

Inexperienced in affairs of the heart, she went to bed imagining that things would stand still until she had another interview with each of the young men, but this was not the case. The more Orr contemplated the prince's obvious devotion, the more firmly he persuaded himself that Felicia had practically engaged herself to him. She had pushed him away when he tried to kiss her. She had said, "Please don't kiss me, Redmond. I don't want you to kiss me; no, I don't love you; no, I don't want to marry you." But she had said it all so sweetly—anyone could see she did not really mean it—she did not know her own mind. As for that little prince, who was obviously after old Marion's fortune—she was too sensible a girl to be captured by him.

The prince did not content himself with thinking about the situation. He returned to the ballroom in time to say good night to everyone and ask them to be sure to let him know if ever they found themselves in his corner of Europe, which all of them promised to do, and on their way home discussed the possibilities of making a trip wholly on his account. Then when the house was quiet, Carlo Eugenio went to the room of his equerry, Colonel Razzoff, in a pair of striped red-and-white pajamas, was just getting into bed.

"Razzy," said the prince, "I have just asked Miss Marion to marry me."

Colonel Razzoff took his foot out of bed, put up both hands to his stiff black hair and pulled it hard. "God in heaven!" he said, in his native tongue. "Are you mad then?"

"I am very much in love."

"She has accepted you, of course," said the colonel, who could not imagine any American girl refusing a royal prince, although he had heard legends to the effect that it had been done.

"She has not refused me," said Carlo.

And then a conversation took place which has probably taken place ever since one man began to rule over many. The prince said he was a man before he was a prince, and Colonel Razzoff said not at all; that if he were not a prince, he was nothing, absolutely nothing. And what would he do if his uncle's little boy died and he became heir to one of the oldest kingdoms in Europe? Would he make this grocer's daughter a queen? And Carlo replied that he would, or else he would have the constitution altered so one of the king's little daughters could come to the throne in his stead; and Colonel Razzoff answered that he talked like a red radical.

As a matter of fact, the colonel was playing for time, and was not nearly so bitterly opposed to the marriage as he appeared to be. Fifteen million and a nice biddable girl—a minor prince might do worse. Only, he wanted very much to know just what the old princess would think of it. And the guardian must be seen, of course, so that there would be no possible hitch about the money. There must be time for the interchange of several cables. He opposed the prince violently—so violently that Kay, in the next room, could get no sleep at all, and did not even have the satisfaction of understanding what was said, since they were speaking a language he did not know, though every syllable came through the door.

Like most creative artists, Kay was extremely dependent on getting a good night's rest, and he complained bitterly to Freckleson in the morning that the foreign gentlemen had been quarreling in the next room and making a great deal of noise. Freckleson gave it as his opinion that these South Europeans were more emotional than those of the north, and reported the incident downstairs, where it was discussed in all its possibilities, with the result that Mr. Orr's valet, when he answered Redmond's bell, inquired if it were true that Miss Marion was to marry the prince, for it seemed that His Highness and the colonel had had high words the night before.

Orr did what none of us is above doing—he remained silent until he had heard all that there was to tell, and then expressed his disapproval of gossip. He said there was no question whatsoever of such a marriage, but he dressed in a hurry and went downstairs. It was but half-past ten o'clock—an early hour for the Brenton house party, especially the morning after a dance. Inquiring as to the whereabouts of Felicia, he learned that she was already walking in the garden with the prince.

There has always been a tendency—dating, perhaps, from Eden—to change the course of fate in a garden. Much to her surprise, Felicia found her fate was changing. She had gone out in great agony of spirit to explain to the prince that she could not marry him, for a reason which seemed to her final. She did not love him; worse still, she loved somebody else.

Great beauties may toss off refusals without a second thought, but to Felicia there seemed a great discourtesy—if nothing more—in being obliged to reject a prince's offer. She did not sound so positive as she felt, but about her love for Lawrence she could not be neutral.

"There has always been somebody else—Gene," she said; "someone whom I have loved since I was a child."

"And he?" said the prince, to whom the word "love" conveyed more than remote worship. His voice trembled.

"He used to think it was a joke, and now he doesn't know it exists," said Felicia. She

(Continued on Page 77)

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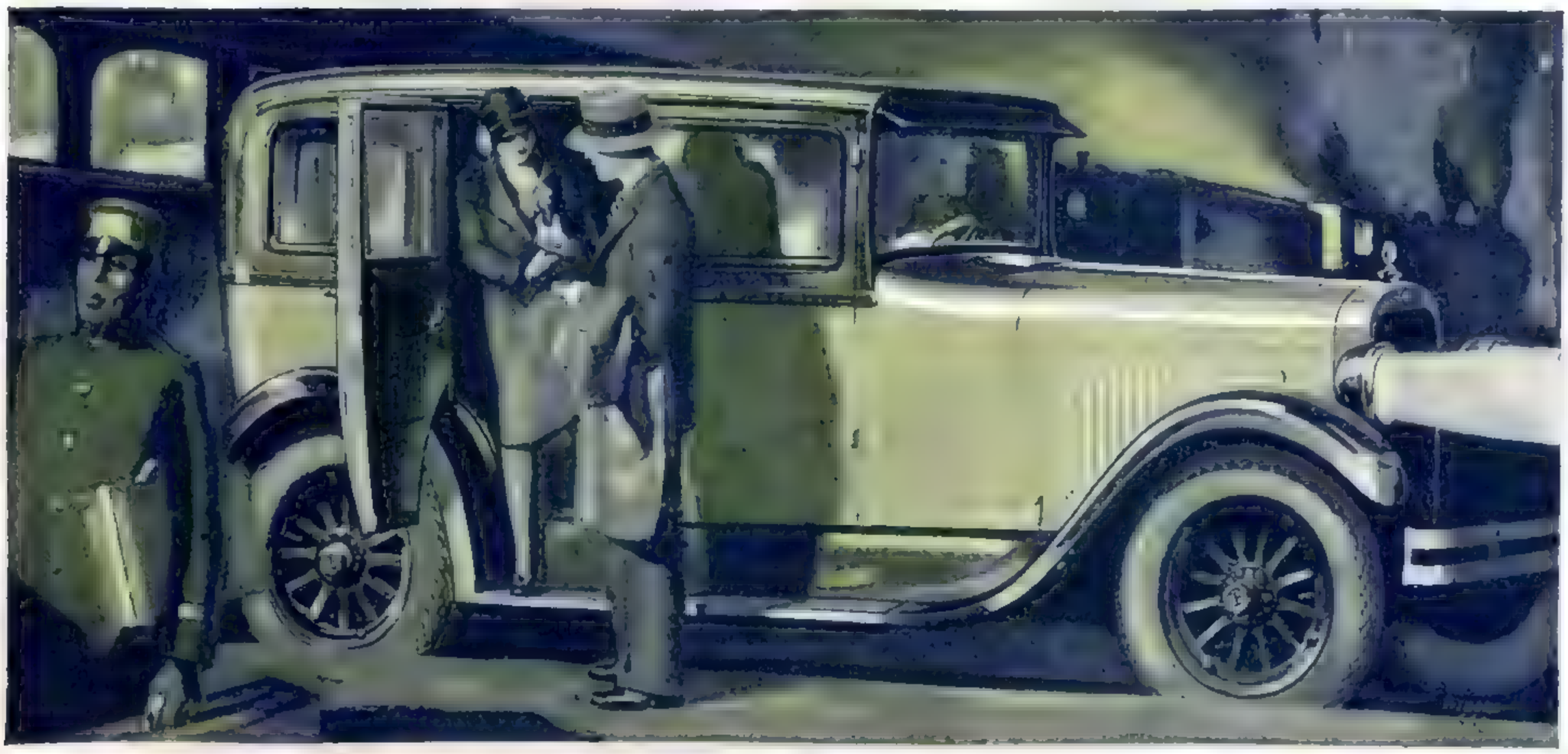

DODGE BROTHERS
NEW FOUR

(Continued from Page 74)

was astonished at the delight that sparkled at once upon the prince's face. He did not count such an emotion as love at all. And when he learned that the object of her emotion was a much older man he dismissed it not lightly but firmly. Who could doubt that a young and ardent prince could supersede in a girl's heart an old and indifferent commoner?

And as he talked to her, suddenly it seemed a possibility to Felicia too. She knew she could never love him as she had loved Lawrence, but affection—and above all, gratitude—filled her large heart with a warm flood of feeling. He was too wise to try to tempt her with a picture of the delights of their life—his position and her money—every court and capital in Europe open to them. He touched on these, but he emphasized the duties of their future—the good she could do in a small poor country where hospitals and schools and modern sanitation were very scarce. He talked about his mother's loneliness and the joy of his people if he brought home a lovely American bride speaking their language so fluently.

She found herself thinking, "Well, why not?" Here at least was a life, and an interesting one. What was left for her at home but dreary years alone with mademoiselle, or perhaps a marriage with someone like Redmond, whom she could love less easily than the prince, and who had so much less serious opportunities to offer her. Yes, here was a niche for her to fill. And what would Lawrence think of it? Alas, she knew only too well! He would probably think it a very good thing.

"You do not say no to me?" cried the prince.

"I cannot say yes without the consent of my guardian," she returned, not appreciating that the form of words she had selected did say yes. The young man's joy touched her deeply. He poured out his feelings in a torrent of words in which his love and her beauty and the family jewels, the illumination of the capital and the marriage in the great cathedral—all mingled in a strange exciting picture of their future life.

She sat there very still, under a hedge of hollyhocks, staring out across the garden to one of those green river valleys in which New York State is so rich—a flat fertile valley with here and there a gigantic elm. Her native country, which wouldn't be hers any more—the Princess Felicia—or would it be the Princess Carlo Eugenio?—she didn't even know that.

"Ah, Gene," she said with tears in her eyes, "you will have to love me very truly."

"But I cannot help myself," he answered. "It is so strange—you do not know your power, your beauty, your perfection, your allure." He went on, trying conscientiously enough to make it plain to her.

Well, clever as he was, he would never be able to do that. She believed in his sincerity, for hers was not a doubting heart, but this picture of herself she could never, never grasp.

They were interrupted by the approach of a great pink parasol which appeared over the high hollyhocks. . . . Mrs. Brenton, walking with Orr.

"Are you admiring my view?" Mrs. Brenton called gayly.

The prince stood up, looking blank. He was not going to pretend that he enjoyed being interrupted when he had taken a lady into the garden to converse with her.

Orr said in a lowered tone to Felicia, "I see you have utterly forgotten our engagement to play golf at eleven."

Felicia sprang up, as usual, feeling guilty. "Oh, Redmond, I had! Is it too late?"

"I don't want you to sacrifice yourself to oblige me," said Orr. "No, it's not too late."

She ran toward the house to get her hat and her golf gloves. This was absurd, for of course no golf was played. When once Orr had her in his car his anger burst forth. "What am I to think?" he asked. "How do you suppose I feel when I hear everyone speculating as to whether you intend to marry that little Dago? You don't think of it, I know ——"

"I do think of it, Redmond," she put in, in a very mild little voice.

Well, Orr simply could not believe that—that a clean, sweet American girl like Felicia would even contemplate selling herself for a title—for he assumed she had not fallen in love with the little creature.

"No, not exactly."

"You don't love him?"

"No, Redmond; and yet ——"

"You love me," said Redmond. "You mayn't know it yourself yet, but I know it. And I will not let you even consider such a marriage as this. You don't know these people, Felicia. They will trap you—they will have it in all the papers—they won't let you and your fortune slip through their fingers."

"You must let me decide this for myself, Redmond."

"Darling, you are too innocent to understand."

If she could have said that she was desperately in love with the prince, Orr would have accepted it. But she couldn't say that, and the result was he scolded and bullied her until she cried from sheer irritation, and then he attempted to console and caress her until even she was roused to say she hated him.

He expressed himself as delighted at this evidence of emotion. It was a real quarrel. As soon as they came in he hurried off to consult Mrs. Brenton.

It was the first definite news of disaster that had come to her and she acted swiftly. She sent Redmond by the first train to New York to see Lawrence. "Tell him that I say he will be a criminal if he allows such a marriage," she said. She thought afterward the phrase was too strong but she could repudiate it, and it did not seem a bit too strong to Orr. He left immediately after luncheon. Felicia hardly noticed his going.

When he had gone, Mrs. Brenton sent for Colonel Razzoff to come to her little sitting room. "Have you heard?" she said.

He laughed, showing the flash of his wonderful blue-white teeth. "I fear everyone have heard," he answered. "The boy is crazy with the love."

Mrs. Brenton's brow did not relax. "I'm afraid it will be a great blow to the dear princess," she said, as if recalling a delinquent to his duty.

"Oh, if the princess does not approve, it cannot be," said the colonel; but he added hopefully: "I think she will be glad. You know, she likes Americans so much."

Mrs. Brenton thought she detected a hint of that most hated theory—that all Americans are equally available—and answered: "She may like some of us."

"Ah, she would much prefer Mademoiselle Betti, of course," replied the colonel; but Mrs. Brenton could see that he was just being polite.

"I own I think my child a little more suitable than a grocer's daughter," said Mrs. Brenton.

"I find Mademoiselle Marion *tout ce qu'ily a de plus chic*," said the colonel, and Mrs. Brenton read in his tone that already an aroma of royalty was hanging about Felicia. She could no longer be spoken of contemptuously in Colonel Razzoff's presence.

She flung her last dart: "I suppose you've assured yourself about the money."

The colonel looked stiffer than was normal, and that was very stiff. "Ah, the money," he said. "To us it seems a great fortune, though perhaps nothing for America."

"My dear man, don't be absurd," replied Mrs. Brenton. "It's a great fortune for any country. The point is—does she get it if she marries without her guardian's consent? I'm not sure. I know there was something very peculiar about old Mr. Marion's will."

The colonel did not allow the shadow of a cloud to appear on his brow; he merely waved his hand as if all such considerations were now trivial. He might not understand class distinctions in democracy, but he understood Mrs. Brenton perfectly. Still, it might be worth while to look up this point.

"In any event it will be necessary to ask the consent of the guardian," he replied, "or if not necessary, certainly more *comme il faut*."

"You may not find it so easy to get his consent," said his hostess.

"It is hard to imagine how he can say no," replied the colonel. "One of the oldest titles in Europe, a royal prince and one of the best-natured boys that ever lived. I get the impression most American parents would not say no." He looked at her with his cold black eye that seemed to say, "And I am looking at one of them now."

"Some Americans are so ignorant of European values," she returned. She could do nothing with him.

Felicia was astonished to find how delightful it was to be loved—to be made love to. The prince's method was simple. He talked to her steadily, wisely, romantically, about herself—her looks, her character, her manner, her mind, her voice, all came in for their turn of praise. It was, indeed, so pleasant that she even asked herself when she went up to dress for dinner that evening, and she found herself for the first time alone, whether it was possible that she had come to love this boy. Was not her enjoyment of his love a sort of love?

Certainly never in all her life before had she spent a day in which she thought so seldom of Lawrence. She was not going to consider herself engaged, however, until she had a cable from the old princess. Mrs. Brenton had passed on that piece of information—nothing could be regarded as settled until the old princess had approved. Felicia said to herself that she would not worry until the cable came, and perhaps it would not come for several days. . . . She had not yet answered Lawrence's letter. She would not answer it until she had something definite to say. She began to compose answers as she brushed her hair, and then deliberately tore her mind away . . . Gene, Gene—she would think only of him.

When first the colonel arrived at the Brentons' he had been horrified to learn the manner in which telegrams and cables were delivered—taken over the telephone by a servant, written down and often left publicly on the hall table for all the world to read. He had at once given direction that his cables were to be delivered to no one but himself; he was always to be summoned to the telephone to hear them.

That night at dinner they had reached dessert—a wonderful compound of thick cream and all the fresh fruits from the garden—when Freckleson came and bent over the colonel's chair. Everyone knew what the call was—the cable from the old princess.

Everyone knew and everyone tried to keep the conversation going, even though the desperate tones of the colonel wrestling with the American telephone could be heard each time that the pantry door opened. "I am it—I am him," he was heard to call. Mrs. Brenton could not help bending her ear in that direction. Betty's eyes strayed to the door. Only the prince went on talking, and Felicia went on listening to him as if nothing were happening.

And even they, when at last the colonel strode back into the room mopping his brow—even they stared at him.

"It is hard—the telephone when you do not speak well the language," said the colonel. He gave a quick sad shake to his head, and then he allowed his eyes to rest on the prince, and he shot his eyebrows up as rapidly as a flash of lightning. It told Carlo Eugenio what he wanted to know. Then he sat down and took up his glass of wine. He raised it in Felicia's direction, murmuring the native word for "princess."

So she, too, knew that the cable had been favorable. Up till that moment she had sheltered herself behind the possibility of refusal. But this was final. She was engaged to be married. Was she glad? Was she sorry? Well, she rather thought she was glad.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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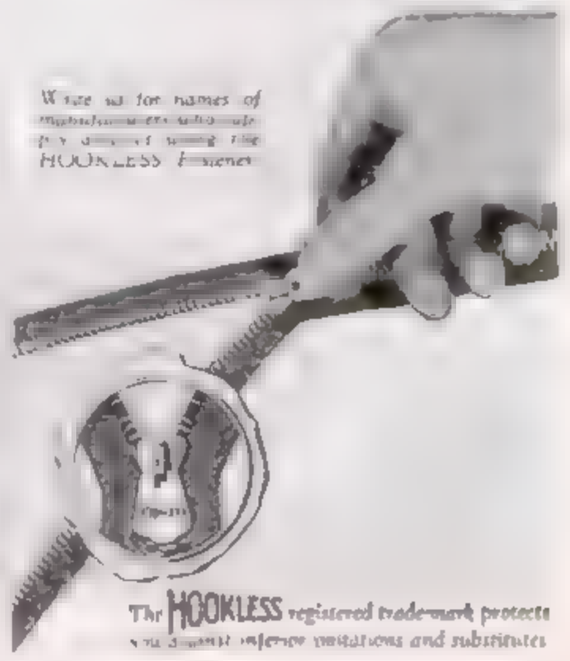

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LONDON AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 15)

He gave the address and they presently found themselves at a café where, as they entered, they heard an American quartet singing the song they had heard the same four sing a few months before in New York. The men were asked to sign their names on the register and an entrance fee of a pound each was collected before they were escorted down the steps and into a brightly lighted, crowded room with tables grouped around the central dancing space. It was difficult, in fact, to find any space. At last this was accomplished by the usual extra table being produced and placed beyond the original limits of the seating space. It proved difficult to talk and the dancers were constantly knocking against them, but at least they had the satisfaction of being in a crowd.

"Now," said Blake, "let's celebrate and have some champagne. . . . Waiter, bring me the wine card."

"I am very sorry, sir, but no liquor can be served after eleven o'clock."

The would-be host drew a pound note out of his pocket and slipped it into the other's palm. "Cordon Rouge, 1914," he said.

"I am very sorry, but we cannot serve anything after the closing hour. It is a very strict law."

"That's all right. You can bring it in coffee cups," suggested one of the other Americans.

"Or if it's too difficult to serve champagne, we'll all have some whisky."

The waiter stood there in passive silence waiting for them to realize that no liquor could or would be served. They called for the head waiter. They insisted upon seeing the manager. They tried coaxing and bribery.

"If you had come in before eleven," the maître d'hôtel repeated, "you could have had anything. But now, as you will see, we must even take the bottles off the tables of people who ordered in advance."

At last the Americans realized that they could not in any way evade the law

The next morning Blake was awakened by singing outside his window. He looked down into the Mews and saw a bedraggled man and woman collecting coppers and playing a hand organ as they emitted a tremulous hymn. The sun was shining The sky was bright. As he gazed up at its clear paleness he recalled the serious comment of a British army officer he had known during demobilization.

"It's all rot to talk about the blue skies of Italy," he had said; "as if they were any bluer than those of England!"

The English Language

While Blake was waiting for the waiter to bring in his breakfast—for he had traveled too much in Europe to risk the bleakness of a dining room downstairs at this hour—he looked up his English friend's name in the telephone book. At last, after he had silently condemned the entire telephone system of the British Isles, a voice answered at the other end·

"Are you there?"

The American stifled his desire to say no, and asked to speak to Major Twombly-Twombly Smythe.

The voice then told him that he could reach the major in the country, and when asked where a letter could be sent, he listed a series of eight or ten words which sounded like a conglomeration of houses and manors and downs, with the unpronounceable names of Pullman cars prefixed. Moreover, Blake's ear had not yet become accustomed to the intonations or accents in which these words were emitted, so at last he decided to send a note to the London flat to be forwarded.

In the course of the morning he tried to reach half a dozen English and American friends by telephone, without finding one of them in town. He ended by reading the newspaper.

There, on the front page, where at home he was accustomed to see headlines announcing murder and floods and political news, he found those curiously revelatory messages in small print, inserted at so many pence a line, by which the most reserved and inhibited people in the world attempt to reach interested eyes. They ranged, as always, from the statement "Mother dangerously ill. All is forgiven. Money has been repaid. Come home," to the less poignant hope that "The young lady in blue who lunched at the Savoy last Tuesday will communicate with X. Y. Boxzo," to the generous offer "Lady will sell at cost chinchilla wrap, good as new, worn for only three seasons."

After perusing two columns of this sort, the staid legitimate news of the day, which he discovered in the inside sheets of the paper, seemed of little importance. Dispatches from the United States were too brief to suit Blake's prejudiced viewpoint and he became indignant over an anti-American editorial based, he felt, on an unfair representation of our motives in a current international conference.

That evening he dined at a restaurant which was gay but not fashionable, and as he was marveling at the enthusiasm with which a fourth-rate cabaret performance was greeted, he caught sight of Major Twombly-Twombly Smythe sitting alone at an adjoining table. The Englishman was delighted to see him.

"I just came up from Cowes," he explained. "My man said than an American gentleman had rung me up, but he couldn't understand the name."

"I couldn't understand him either. But I thought he said you were in the country."

Warranted First Class

"So I am. Everyone is, you know. There's no one in town after July. I say, what a rotten time for you to have arrived! But you don't have to stay in town, do you? Come up to Scotland for the shooting. We're only six guns. Jolly good sport this year."

"I'd like to, later on, if I may," the American answered. "But I've come over on business and I'll be pretty busy for a while."

He described in a general way what he was going to do.

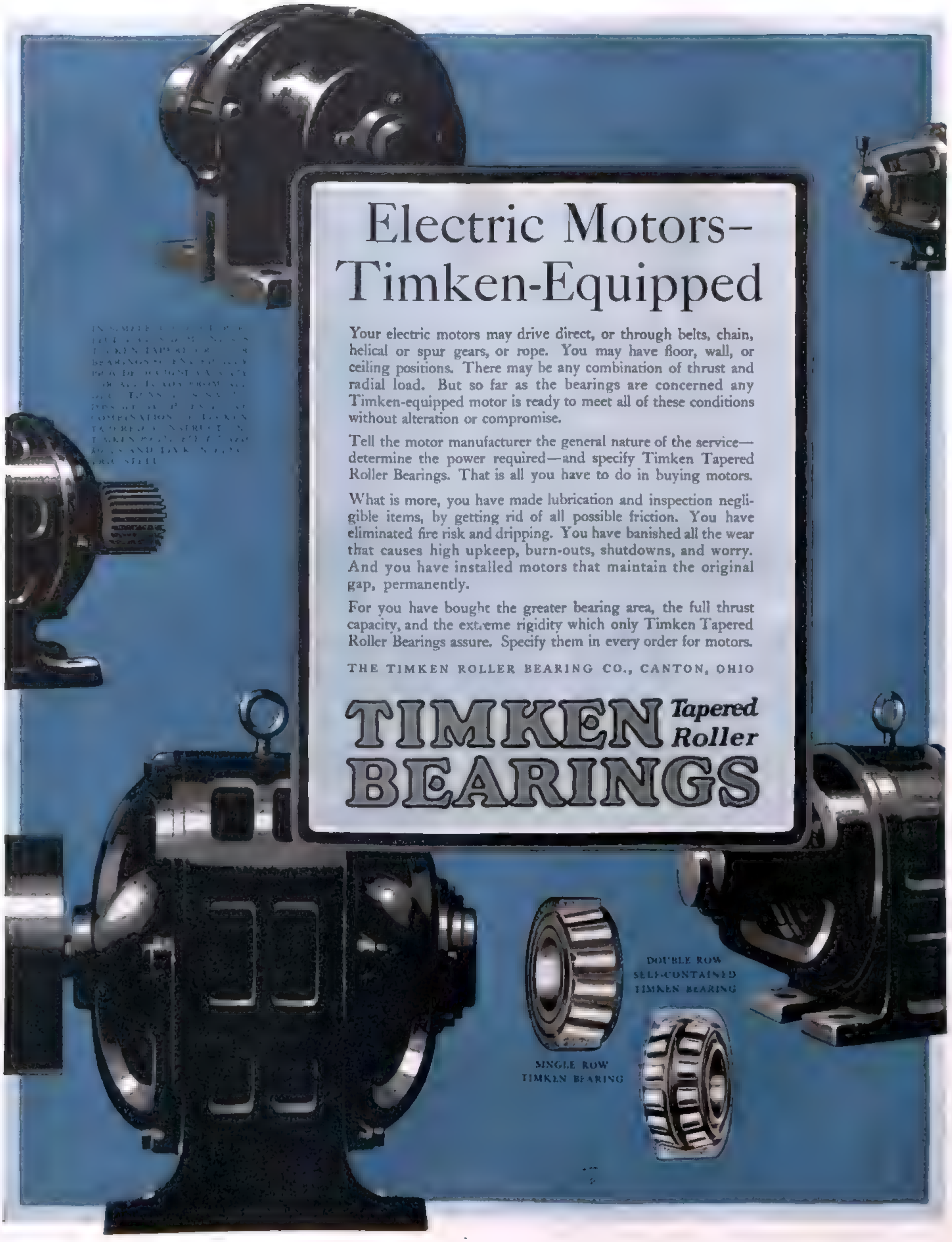
"Jolly interesting!" declared his friend. "Might be able to help you find a flat and all that."

"That reminds me," said Blake. "I was told by my boss that I ought to get some regular adviser to help me over the first few months. Can you perhaps suggest anyone?"

"Oh, rather! Lots of the people one knows have gone in for that sort of thing. Some of them are frightful humbugs though. They'll charge some preposterous price to get an American into society, and then introduce them to all the second-raters and swear they're top notch. Tell you what you

(Continued on Page 83

A Very Pretty Young Woman With Black Hair Was Announced Just Then, and After a Moment or Two They Went Downstairs to Dinner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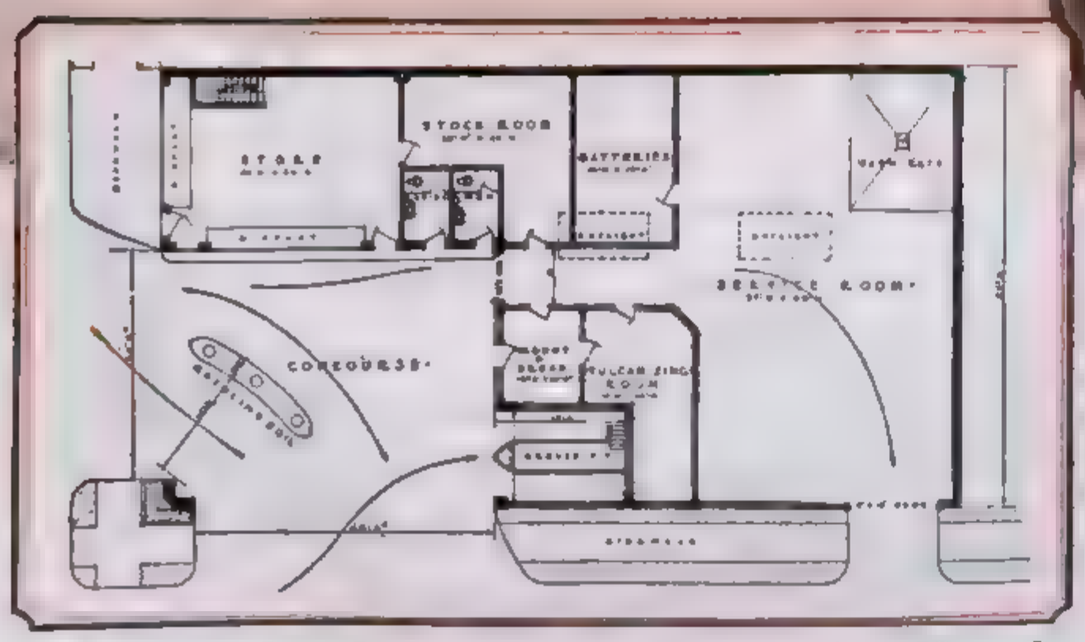

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*These tests were conducted by Professor Peebles at Armour Institute, using the standard method developed at the University of Minnesota. The results are vitally important to every home-owner. Write for a copy.

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or write to its manufacturer United States Gypsum Company *Dept. 1030, 300 W. Adams St., Chicago*

(Continued from Page 78)

do: Come and dine tomorrow night with my aunt." He wrote an address on his visiting card. "She's a funny old thing. Will give you a rotten dinner, but we can talk it over then. Eight-thirty. Black tie."

After another twenty-four hours of wandering about in the wet grayness of a traditional London day, made even more ghostlike than Sunday because it was Bank Holiday, Blake donned the dinner jacket which had been indicated by the terse phrase "black tie" and directed his taxi driver to take him to the appointed place.

He found himself ringing the bell of an impressive house in Mayfair. The butler who opened the door took his hat, reached for nonexistent gloves and stick, stated that Her Ladyship was upstairs, and led the way to the second floor.

As Blake paused at the entrance to a big chintz-hung room, the servant announced his name in embarrassingly clear tones.

"This is my Aunt Beebee," said the major as he got up from his seat facing hers at the card table.

Lady Blank rose and welcomed her guest cordially. She had keen dark eyes beneath a snow-white stiff pompadour, and, even as he sat beside her on the sofa and insisted that she finish her game of double solitaire, Blake observed that her many jewels were still mounted in the old-fashioned settings which her American contemporaries had long since discarded.

"I say, you won't give Aunt Beebee's secret away, will you?" said Smythe. "I mean you won't tell anyone she's in town? She keeps the blinds pulled down and tells the servants to say she's traveling on the Continent if anyone rings up. Shocking thing to be caught in London after the Cowes regatta. Might be taken off the court list and all that, if it were discovered."

A Hotbed of Yankees

Blake appreciated this form of humor as well as the story which his hostess told about a friend of hers, who had really done the things her nephew attributed to her and was afterward involved in a scandal because she refused to account for her whereabouts in August. A very pretty young woman with black hair was announced just then, and after a moment or two they went downstairs to dinner.

The conversation seemed to the American more spontaneous and more diverting than any he had heard for many years. Their hostess had an incisive wit to which her nephew played up, and she and Mrs. Thomas discussed casually, but with a remarkable background of knowledge, not only the political conditions existing in England but the internal affairs of France and Italy and Germany. Blake had always heard that a certain class of Englishwomen had keen interest in politics, but he was astonished to find Twombly-Twombly Smythe deferring to the opinion and seeking the advice of these two as to his own forthcoming campaign for election to the Commons.

After dinner they played bridge until midnight. When they started to leave, Mrs. Thomas said she would drop Blake at his hotel. As soon as they were in her closed motor car she told him, in the cool clipped speech he found so pleasing, that she was in business.

"Reggie asked me tonight because he said you might want to engage my services. I am a professional social adviser. My husband, who died some years ago, was American, although he lived over here. I began doing this sort of thing for one of his cousins who wanted her girl to have a London season and be presented at court, and all that sort of thing. That turned out quite well, so someone else came and asked me to do it for a fee. I've found it interesting, on the whole, and vastly more profitable than anything else I could do."

"It sounds like a great idea to me," Blake said. "There are so many things here that I confess I find bewildering, I'd like to be able to talk them over with someone and find out what to do, and especially what not to do. By the way, I certainly had a surprise tonight. When Smythe asked me to dine with his aunt, he said, 'She's a funny old thing. Will give you a rotten dinner.' I thought she was charming, and the dinner was unusually good, if I'm a judge."

Mrs. Thomas laughed. "Right you are! Reggie adores her and asks her advice about everything. Her cook's known to be one of the best in London. What he said to you was sheer swank."

"Well, if that's swank I guess I do need an interpreter! Our form would have been, most likely: 'I want you to meet my aunt. She's the most wonderful old lady in the world and you'll have the best dinner you ever ate!' I suppose there are hundreds of differences of that kind which aren't of any consequence, but are difficult for a stranger to understand. Goodness knows, the Englishmen I've seen at home get awfully confused by our speech."

"It goes deeper than that," said Mrs. Thomas. "There is a temperamental gulf between us. I felt it strongly when I went to the States to visit my husband's people. Certain individual Americans with whom I became friends I knew almost better than I knew my English friends, but the atmosphere generally seemed much more foreign to me than in France or Italy. I'm certain, from watching your compatriots who come over here, that they feel that way too."

During the next few months Blake had many opportunities to discover for himself the truth of this statement.

He turned over to Mrs. Thomas the problem of finding a suitable place in which to live. While she was doing this and after he had organized his office so that he felt he could safely leave, he went up to Scotland for a week's stay with an American friend who had leased a beautiful old house and several thousand acres for the shooting season.

He detected among the Englishmen who were his fellow guests an irresistible impulse to interject into almost any conversation the fact of America's financial supremacy since the war. For instance, at dinner the second night, after an excellent day's shooting, Blake asked his host how far away was the place which a mutual friend of theirs had rented.

"Not more than twenty miles. I'll send you over in a car if you'd like to go. So-and-So"—meaning another American—"is just beyond us."

"Scotland's become a regular hotbed of Yankees since Versailles," one of the youngest of the Englishmen observed *sotto voce* to the woman on his right.

The American girl who happened to be sitting on the other side of him answered this sharply:

"Well, the people who own places up here seem awfully glad to rent them to the Yankees, I notice!" She turned to Blake: "Anyone would think there was a law forcing them to accept big prices from us. The same thing happens in London. They are so eager to rent their houses, and then when an American does take one they go about complaining!"

More British Than the British

Blake tried to be diplomatic. "Oh, you find the same thing true everywhere. Have you ever heard an old-fashioned Southerner at home talk about the invasion of the Northerners? They may be getting their living out of renting their houses to them in the winter or selling them goods or something, but they can't help a feeling of resentment. It's just human."

Later, during that same evening, after they had cut for partners at bridge, the Englishwoman who was to play at Blake's table said, "Of course it won't matter to you what stakes we play for."

"You'd be surprised how much it matters," he answered, irritated by her tone. "Not all Americans are rich, you know."

"Extraordinary!" she said. "You've all the gold there is and your income tax is scarcely anything compared with ours."

This time an Englishman made peace: "And no reason why it should be," he answered. "It was our war, and America needn't have come into it at all."

On another occasion they discussed the unfortunate subject of the difference between American and English humor.

"You go in for telling stories and that sort of thing," said a Scotchman who was notoriously unperceptive in the matter of jokes.

"That's no worse than your puns," the American girl answered. "And anyone who gets one laugh out of ten copies of Punch ought to be given a gold medal."

This heresy was received with indignation by all the British and by one of the American women who had had a house in London for years. In fact, Blake noted with increasing annoyance that in any controversy she was always opposed to her compatriots.

"She's become more British than the British," said the flapper.

This was another phrase which Blake was destined to hear time after time, usually used to describe the wife of an Englishman. In this case, however, the object of its scorn was a widow who had brought her son and daughter to Europe while they were in their early teens.

The Heart of the English Home

The son, who arrived just before Blake left, proved to be a pathetic result of his international training. He had gone to school in France during his earlier years and then had been sent to an English public school, seeming to retain, as the flapper said, the worst features of both. The girl was extraordinarily pretty, but all her natural vivacity had been replaced by a haughty manner which one could assume was her mother's idea of a properly brought-up crown princess.

When Blake returned to London his mind was filled with questions he wanted to discuss with Mrs. Thomas.

First of all, however, she took him around to see the new purchases she had made for the furnished house he had rented. To his surprise she had expended most of her effort and a large percentage of the money he had felt justified in spending in supplementing the rather meager furnishings upon the dining room.

"To an Englishman his dining room is the most important part of his house," she explained. "A man is judged more by it than by anything else. Haven't you noticed that the best pictures are usually hung there? The furniture is apt to be the finest, and of course the plate and porcelain and silver will show just what he is."

"I hadn't thought of it before," said Blake; "but I believe you're right. And I certainly think you've made this room charming. It's pure Adams isn't it?"

"Adam!" she exclaimed. "You mustn't put the *s* on it. That disturbs us almost as much as leaving the *s* off St. James's. In full it's the Court of St. James's Palace, you see, so when a stranger says the Court of St. James' we shudder." She smiled. "I didn't mean to include elocution in my services, but it's extraordinary how those absurdly small matters can cause mutual irritation. I know that my husband's mother always thought I was affected because I didn't pronounce my *a*'s as she did."

When they had left the house and she had assured him that she had engaged three excellent servants for him at a total monthly cost less than he had paid his cook alone in New York, he asked her about the various people he had seen in Scotland.

"I confess I don't like that woman or her children," she said. "She entertains a great deal and extremely well. If you want to go to her house you will undoubtedly have a good time."

"I don't like her either and I don't intend to go to her parties. I don't want to be under obligations to her."

"You won't be, merely by accepting an invitation to one of those crushes. Moreover, you'll find the whole point of view

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This "better shave", with Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream, enables you to shave closely without the slightest irritation. Fougère Royale makes a rich, creamy lather that softens the beard evenly, all the way through. You don't have to scrape and pull—the "better shave" is simple and comfortable. Try it. Get Fougère Royale from your druggist, 50c; or send the coupon for a trial tube.

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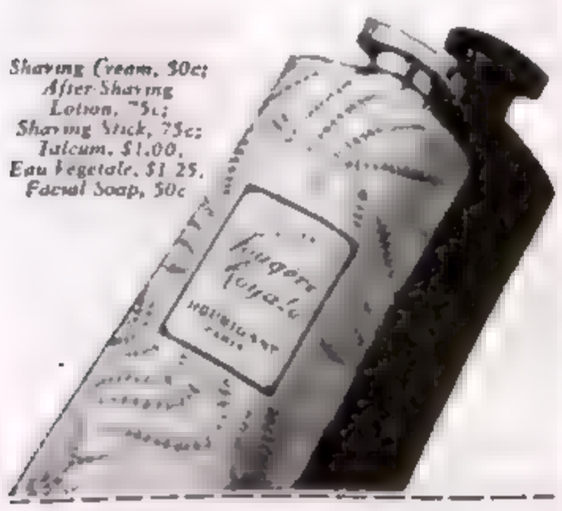

Shaving Cream, 50c; After-Shaving Lotion, 75c; Shaving Stick, 75c; Talcum, $1.00; Eau Vegetale, $1.25; Facial Soap, 50c

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539 West 45th St., New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. You may send me a trial tube—no charge.

Name .....

Address .....

about hospitality quite different over here. We don't go to parties—big parties, I mean—because we like our hostesses. Nor do we stay away merely because we don't like them. This case, for example, is typical. She came here not knowing more than two or three people. She was rich and she rented a big house which belonged to a friend of mine who was awfully hard up. The story is—although I can't vouch for its being true—that she found in my friend's desk her lists for balls and dinners, and so forth. I know it is true that when she issued invitations for her first party she asked everyone—everyone Caroline would have asked, I mean. She hadn't so much as been introduced to nine out of ten of them."

"But they didn't go, did they?"

"Some of them did. Not the older ones nor the conservative ones, but enough of the younger crowd who want to have a good time. Oh, there're an astonishing lot of those. They spread the glad tidings that the champagne was excellent in quality and unlimited in quantity. The next time she had a dance she had twice as many guests, and the third time it was a great success."

The newcomer asked her about other American women to whom the newspapers at home always referred as great London hostesses. Mrs. Thomas declared, and afterward her opinion was substantiated by his experience, that their success was largely in ratio to their ability to produce better food, better music and better liquor than their competitors. Their popularity had little to do with their personalities, although, of course, if they were attractive it helped somewhat. The standard of entertaining was remarkably high, and for a party to be considered a good party it had to contain some unique feature in the way of amusement. Sometimes a grand-opera star sang, sometimes a world-famous violinist would be induced to play, sometimes the decorations alone would be of such a bizarre and interesting nature that the guests felt compensated for lending their presence to the occasion.

Little obligation was felt, on the part of those who attended the functions of these professional hostesses, to return their hospitality. Often they were people who did not entertain on a large scale, and to their small parties they invited only congenial friends.

"Although I'm not sure 'friends' is the correct word," Mrs. Thomas amended. "Anyone whom we asked out to the country to a small house party would be a friend, but to dinners and luncheons in town we asked people who amused us. My husband could never understand our attitude about this. He always thought it implied a certain amount of liking when you asked people to your house or when you went to theirs."

She told him that in her opinion none of the really great hostesses of London were Americans, not even Americans who had married into the British nobility. She pointed out that the half dozen women whose entertainments were famous had been trained for these positions almost since birth, very much the way diplomats are trained for their careers.

The Life of the Party

A story that warmed his heart concerned the appearance of Lindbergh at a ball in one of the greatest houses in London. There he not only captivated the guests, but his host and hostess violated a tradition which has existed for centuries and escorted him down the great stairs of their ancestors and into his motor car.

"Such a thing has never been done before except for royalty," she said. "But he enchanted everyone who saw him. Incidentally, I am always amused when I see American women of the kind you met in Scotland adopting English ways and English manners. The truth of the matter is that the kind of American we like best is the perfectly simple kind. I should say offhand that over here the three most popular of your fellow countrymen are Lindbergh and Helen Wills and Bobby Jones."

She told him about an American whom she had known in London who had married a British peer. Her husband and his friends had chaffed her a good deal about her compatriots, and although she produced for them a number of cultivated New Englanders to whom she was related on her father's side of the family, they still professed to find Americans below par as companions. To her astonishment and momentary horror she received a letter one day from a second cousin of her mother who lived in Wyoming and had always been considered a black sheep, saying that he had just arrived in England and hoped he could see her. There was nothing to do but to invite him out to the country for a weekend. As it happened, she received a telegram from a young duchess who had become a friend of hers, proposing herself, as their phrase goes, for the same length of time, and as she had already asked several others of their friends, she felt that she was in for a great deal more teasing about the customs and manners of her own people.

The ranchman arrived. He was lean, brown, full of keen quizzical humor and completely unpretentious. Before tea was over the first day the duchess was out on the lawn trying to get him to teach her to swing a lariat. The men begged him to play poker after dinner. He became the center and core of the party. He was the kind of American they liked. The "more English than the English" bore them just as they bore their American acquaintances.

At the Court of St. James's

In diplomacy the same principle holds true. Each of our ambassadors who goes there must make his position for himself. He does not inherit a certain place, regardless of his personality, the way the British ambassador who goes to Washington steps into social preeminence. Of course the American ambassador will be invited automatically to the dinners and entertainments of the political hostesses. He will be fêted by members of his own colony. He will be overwhelmed by requests to dine and lunch and week-end with all manner of people, many of whom he has never seen. But these attentions must not be confused with personal popularity. In the case of the other diplomatic appointees and men in business the same procedure on a lesser scale takes place. But always it is the man himself who will be appraised for a period—often for two or three years—and then gradually admitted, if found worthy, into the outskirts of friendship, and finally into an enduring relationship which cannot be altered by outside considerations. He can read the signs of gradually increasing intimacy in the sort of invitations he receives. To be asked to a ball or a formal dinner means little. A small luncheon or dinner is a more favorable omen. A big house party in the country may not be significant, but to be urged to stay in the country with his friends alone will be proof conclusive. Even when this stage has been reached, however, he will rarely, if he is sensitive, feel himself part of the country. Even Henry James, who finally gave up his own citizenship and became legally a Britisher, is said to have confessed that he never entered an English drawing-room without feeling conscious that he was being regarded as a foreigner and an alien.

The best road to understanding is, as the business man suggested, through the sharing of some mutual hobby. It may be a passion for collecting the wild flowers of Cornwall or Georgian silver or Irish seaweed. Or it can be done through literary or artistic appreciation. The Americans who are entirely social-minded do not get far, not even socially.

One of their first goals is, of course, being presented at the Court of St. James's. Since the war the long court trains which were formerly imperative at these functions have had to be discarded, because the levees are attended by such crowds that the floor space will not permit long trains to be worn.

"Lots of the women are from our colonies or are our own provincials who have grown rich since the war," Mrs. Thomas explained. "On the other hand, many of the daughters of our oldest families aren't being presented any more because they can't afford the necessary trappings. I think there are thirty-two Americans presented—eight at each of the four courts. Of course to choose that number out of all the women who apply is an appalling and thankless task. There's a secretary at the embassy who is said to spend six months out of the year going over the names and qualifications of all the applicants."

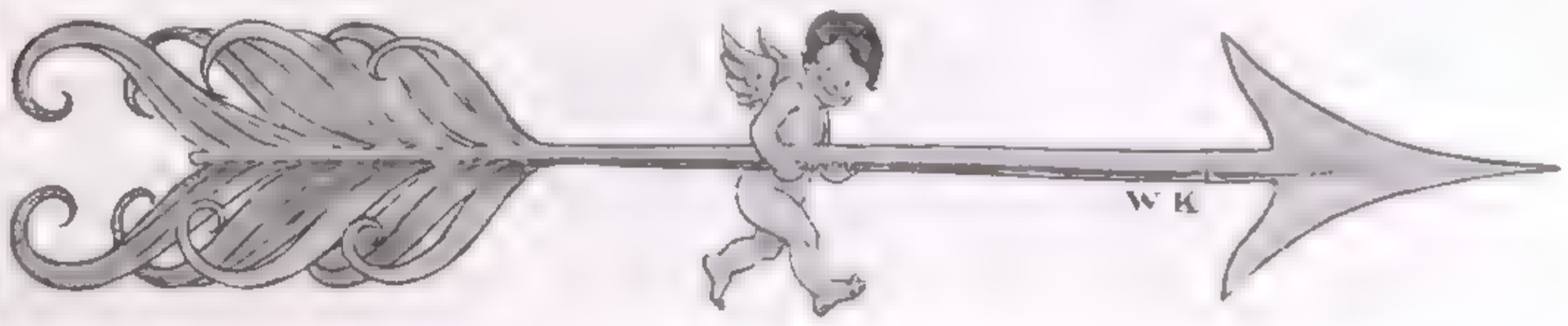
"But what good does it do them over here?" Blake asked.

Anglo-Americans

"Not much. I understand they are more concerned with the prestige it gives them in their own homes. On the other hand, almost no American men want to be presented to the king at his levee. I believe it's a splendid sight. He receives distinguished men from all over the world, the bands play, all the officers of the guard are there, and the king himself is dressed in crimson. But only two or three American men go each year. Of course after they've been presented they can go to court with their wives, but I imagine they don't care much about that."

"No," Blake agreed, "that's not the average man's idea of a good time. But I imagine, from what I've seen of the Americans in business here, that no matter how successful they are they always have a sense of unreality. After all, we are different. We are a nomad people, your roots go down very deep. You're homogeneous, we're not. I doubt if we can ever really understand each other as nations."

"I go to an American dentist," Mrs. Thomas replied, apparently irrelevantly, "and the other day he happened to speak of a patient who had gone out just ahead of me. She's the American wife of an Englishman and she's made a very nice place for herself here. 'She seems to have everything to make her happy,' the dentist said: 'but you'd be surprised at the homesickness all these women feel—whether their husbands are Americans in business, or diplomats, or they've married Englishmen. When they come to me they never talk about London. They always talk about home.'"



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DOUBLE OR NOTHING

(Continued from Page 25)

trouble could interfere. And among other things, he engaged an expert to see that the captive balloon and its mechanism were in proper condition.

Jasper was fascinated by the balloon. He watched them testing anchor rope and winch; he saw the thing inflated so that it rocked unpleasantly in the faint breeze which drifted across the lot. He shook his head as he addressed the man who stood nearest him.

"Ain't that a terrible thing?" he observed feelingly

"The balloom?" inquired Sidney Sprott.

"Uh-huh. Gosh, I don't see how anybody could ever git in one of them."

Mr. Sprott scrutinized Jasper wonderingly. Then he shook his head and walked off. He found Opus Randall engaged in conversation with Florian Slappey.

"Say, listen," said Sidney. "What kind of a durn fool is Jasper De Void anyhow?"

"The most kind," answered Opus promptly. "Why?"

"'Cause I an' him was just lookin' at that balloom an' Jasper was sayin' he didn't see how anybody could ever be such a fool as to go up in one."

Opus threw back his head and laughed uproariously. "I reckon he don't."

"But you said ——"

"That Jasper was gwine fly in that balloom. You bet he is! Also he's goin' to jump out in a parachute."

Florian Slappey moved away. His head was full of thoughts. He knew that he hated Opus Randall and that he was very sorry indeed for Jasper De Void. He sought out that lean and lanky gentleman.

"Jasper," he asked, "is it true that Opus Randall hisself got you this job?"

"Yeh, Florian, it sho is. An' I paid him for it."

Mr. Slappey was silent for a moment. Then he released a flood of invective which had to do chiefly with the ethics of Mr. Randall.

Jasper listened in amazement.

"How come you speaks so much bitterness 'bout my friend Opus?"

"Yo' friend! Fooey!"

"He is!" defended Jasper loyally. "Didn't he cause me to break into the movies?"

"Yah, an' what you break is yo' neck."

"Foolishment what you talks."

"Oh, I do, do I? Now spose you tell me this: What kind of a job did Opus say he was gittin' you?"

"He said it wasn't much. An' he said I was libel to git knocked aroun' a li'l'."

"Ain't that sweet of him? Did he tell you you was likely to get exterminated?"

"No-o." Jasper was beginning to be impressed by Florian's earnestness.

"Did he tell you that all he wanted was to make you do somethin' he was scared to try? Did he tell you that he ought to be payin' you fo' this, 'stead of you payin' him?"

"No-o. Gosh-a'mighty, Florian, you has got me kind of scared. I never thought Opus would do me no dirty tricks."

"No, he wouldn't. Not after he was asleep maybe. But that feller is so crooked he could hide behind a bed spring. It'd be all right if he hadn't took money offen you, an' I guess he got you to sign a contrack too."

"Sholy he did. A real bindin' contrack which says I got to do whatever Ise tol'."

Mr. Slappey gazed mournfully at the taller man. "Fun'ral marches what you make me think of! Listen at me, feller. Has anyone esplained to you what you got to do?"

"No. What is it?"

Florian gestured toward the gently swaying gas bag. "You see that balloom yonder?"

"Uh-huh. Ain't it terrible?"

"You don't know half about it, 'cause, Jasper, you has got to go up in that there instrument."

Jasper's jaw sagged. "Up in the air?"

"Entirely."

"In that balloom?"

"Absotively."

"Oh, gosh. Man, I cain't do it!"

"You got to. An' goin' in that balloom ain't half of what you got to do."

"You is zaggeratin'."

"No, I ain't. After you git up in that balloom, you got to come down."

Jasper nodded eagerly. "Tha's the most thing I would crave to do."

"You think such, but you don't know. Has anyone splained to you how you got to come down?"

"N-n-n-nos-suh, Mistah Slappey."

"Well, you got to jump!"

"Out of that thing?"

"Uh-huh."

"While it's up in the air?"

"Yep."

Jasper smiled disdainfully. "Boy, when you says that you maybe know movin' pitchers, but you don't know Mistuh De Void."

"But you got to ——"

"There ain't no 'got to,' in the world gwine make me jump out of that thing, not lessn it's sittin' on the groun'. So what you gwine answer about that?"

"Just this," snapped Mr. Slappey: "You got to jump out of that balloom in a parachute, 'cause if you don't you is gwine git kilt."

"Says which?"

"You is gwine git kilt. That balloom is gwine have a slow leak in it an' when she finishes leakin' the situation is goin' to become full of gravity."

The horror of his position now smote Mr. De Void right between the eyes. He stared at Florian for a moment, then, with a quick jerk of his hand, turned away. He walked straight onto the set where Opus Randall, in the regalia of a colored doughboy, was working.

"Opus," announced Jasper, "I yearns to make talk with you."

Mr. Randall didn't like Jasper's manner. It was curt to the point of insult, and several bystanders who were not partial to Opus grinned.

"Cain't talk to you now," he said gruffly. "You can come to my house tonight."

"I ain't comin' to yo' house no time. Ise gwine talk heah, an' talk plain."

Opus perceived that a cog had slipped. He was amazed that Jasper had remained in ignorance for this length of time. He took refuge in dignity.

"You ain't nothin' on this lot, Jasper. You ain't even a worm. So git out of my way."

"You got me into this ——"

"I didn't get you into nothin'. You wanted to jine up."

"You never tol' me I was gwine git kilt."

"S'pose you do," sneered Opus. "Us can look at you when you fall, an' say, 'Yonder goes nothin'!'"

Mr. De Void was speechless. His life, apparently of little value to others, was of tremendous importance to himself. He knew he had made an error; perhaps a fatal one.

"I quits!"

"Quit then—who cares?"

"Gimme back that two hund'ed an' fifty dollars I paid you fo' gittin' me a job."

For the briefest fraction of a second Mr. Randall changed color. This was the single phase of the transaction which he did not care to have bruited about.

"Craziment what you talks! You never paid me no money."

"I never —— O-o-o-o-o-o-o. golly, what a liar you is!"

"An' if you think you don't have to fulfill yo' contrack, jus' go take yo' troubles to Orifice R. Latimer. He's in his office talking to Lawyer Evans Chew right now."

Jasper lurched and swayed across the lot and into the executive building. He paid no heed to the announcement of the president's secretary that Mr. Latimer was engaged in conference.

"Ise gwine bust that confe'ence wide open," rasped the infuriated Jasper. "Jus' watch me."

Jasper stormed into Latimer's office and wailed loudly that he had been duped, deluded and despoiled. He told his sad story from beginning to end, but it fell upon unsympathetic ears. President Latimer was thinking of the additional investment made in this jinx picture and of the dead loss that a termination of production would entail.

"There ain't but one way fo' you to git out, Jasper," he said bleakly, "an tha's to buy out!"

"I does it. How much?"

"Ten thousan' dollars!"

"Ten thou—man, you utters words, but they don't convey no sense."

"We have invested that much in the picture. We have arranged our whole production schedule to rush it th'oo. An' unless you crave to buy out the negative us has made, at cost, then you got to pufform that parachute jump."

Jasper turned pleading eyes upon the portly and ponderous figure of Lawyer Evans Chew. That horn-goggled attorney nodded gravely and gave vent to a pronouncement:

"What President Latimer prognosticates is imminently correck, Brother De Void. You signed a contrack which is bilaterial, mutually considerationed and equitably enforceable. When you transfixed yo' signature to that document you became *ab initio* a parachute jumper. Failure to fulfill yo' contrack will result in two things, *ipso facto*. Fust, the comp'ny, represented by myself, will institute an equity fo' specific pufformance, an' secondly, we will inaug'rate an action at law fo' actual an' punitive damages thereby entailed owing to yo' defection. You is a sane man, Brother De Void, an' not *non compos mentis*, hence you cannot successfully defend on such grounds. An' us can at least triumph to the extent of winnin' by lawsuit fum you such moneys an' negotiable securities as you may own or become seized an' possessed of."

He paused and stared proudly at the wilted Jasper. Mr. De Void gave birth to a violent groan.

"Is I honest in that much trouble, Lawyer Chew?"

"Wuss than that, Jasper. An' the on'y way out fo' you is to pufform the contrack which you knowingly an' willin'ly signed, bein' of sound mind an' body."

"But spose I git kilt?"

"That," retorted the lawyer, "will be a highly regrettable accident which us shall grieve over. But ——"

"He ain't gwine git kilt," interjected President Latimer. "Wuss thing that could happen would be fo' him to break a leg or somethin'."

"Is that all?" howled Mr. De Void. "You shuah you ain't forgot nothin'?"

Latimer was irritated. "Us shoots that scene tomorrow mawnin', Mistuh De Void. You either parachutes or gits sued."

Jasper staggered into the unfriendly air. The thought of a lawsuit terrified him. He found his material wealth an encumbrance now. Judgment against him would be collectable to the extent of around four thousand dollars. It would mean the end of his dreams. And it never occurred to him to doubt the accuracy of Lawyer Chew's summary.

The more he thought, the more certain he became that there was absolutely nothing he could do, and he had to do it right away. Tomorrow night promised to find him dead or bankrupt. Neither prospect made any enormous appeal. He found Florian Slappey and poured the chronicle of his woes into the ears of that sympathetic gentleman. In this particular situation Florian was a staunch ally, owing to

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

Mr. Slappey's ingrained hatred of the pompous Mr. Randall.

"What you gwine do about it, Jasper?"

"I dunno," groaned Mr. De Void. "But I got to do somethin', Florian, an' do it quick."

"Then," suggested Birmingham's colored fashion plate, "le's us go to Bud Peaglar's place where we can eat barbecue an' Brunswick stew while we think."

The food at Bud Peaglar's was inspiring. Jasper and Florian ate earnestly, their thought processes quickened by the rhythmic click of pool balls which was wafted from the rear on smoke-laden air.

In the midst of his second helping of deep-dish apple pie Jasper De Void raised his head. His skinny neck vibrated with excitement.

"Could we, Florian?"

"Could we which?"

"Do it?"

"Maybe so. Now, spose you splain what you is speechifying about."

Jasper paid the check and propelled Florian into the night. They walked southward on Eighteenth Street, and as they walked Jasper talked. He talked long and earnestly, making many large gestures in the atmosphere. At first Florian sneered. Then he doubted. Finally he commenced to smile. He broke into a laugh.

"It'd be marvelous if you could, Jasper. It'll cos' you some money."

"Money ain't worryin' me."

"Cæsar Clump would be glad. He ain't crazy 'bout Opus Randall nohow."

"There's on'y one mo' thing, Florian. I got to be real sure that they ain't gwine be no genuwine leak in that gas balloom."

Mr. Slappey shrugged. "Sholy there ain't, Jasper. Of course they tells you there is, 'cause they want to make shuah that you is gwine jump. But I know them well enough to promise they woul'n't take no chance of killin' somebody an' havin' a big damage suit on their hands."

"Then," announced Jasper positively, "us goes to see yo' friends."

"We does. Fust to Pinetop Roller's house an' then to Simeon Broughton's. They'll do whatever I requesses."

Shortly before midnight four figures moved down the street and mingled with the shadows of an oak tree. One was slender and short, another was slender and tall. The other two were bulky. They stared across the way at a large, lighted home—the residence of Lawyer Evans Chew, where it was known that Opus Randall was a guest.

At twenty minutes before one o'clock the front door opened and for a few seconds three figures stood framed in the doorway.

One was Lawyer Chew and the second was his attractive young wife, Lithia. The third loomed even larger than the attorney. Opus Randall was resplendent in Prince Albert coat, gray striped trousers, yellow vest and ocher spats. He bade his hosts good night and strutted up the street.

He walked into the shadow. It was a very dark shadow and Mr. Randall did not suspect that four earnest gentlemen were waiting there for the particular purpose of greeting him. Mr. Randall was very much at peace with the world. He moved blithely along, whistling softly and reflecting upon his own importance.

A shadow loomed behind him, and then another. An arm of unbelievable muscularity was flung around his face from behind, the sleeve pressing into his mouth. Another arm, equally strong, effectively imprisoned him.

Icy fear struck him. He struggled feebly, like a flounder. He felt ropes about his ankles, and then around his fat wrists. The arm across his mouth was removed just long enough for the substitution of a gag. Then Mr. Randall was bundled into a near-by automobile and taken for a ride.

The following morning was one of excitement at the Midnight lot. Trucks were there, and many passenger automobiles. The deflated gas balloon was loaded onto a truck. Actors, cameramen, directors, technicians and spectators filled other trucks and passenger cars. Florian Slappey, as head property man of the Midnight organization, rode with the balloon. They started the procession toward the country estate which had been borrowed for the purpose of filming this particular scene. All arrangements had been made to inflate the balloon there.

Jasper was on hand early. He sidled onto the lot, grinning from ear to ear and greeting his friends with excessive joviality. President Latimer and Director Clump, standing shoulder to shoulder, nodded happily to each other.

"That makes things easier," murmured Latimer. "I sho thought he was gwine walk out on us."

"Me too, Orifice. But it seems—hey, Jasper!"

"Yas-suh, Mistuh Clump?"

"Feelin' good?"

"Swell."

"Made up yo' mind to go ahead?"

"Ain't gwine do nothin' else. Reckon I got too much sense than to let you sue me." Mr. De Void smiled into their faces. "Listen, boss men, after this pitcher is all tooken, you reckon there'll be any chance of sort of lettin' me have a job with you folks? I craves to be an actor something terrible."

Latimer was in a generous mood. "Guess us can arrange fo' you sometimes, Brother De Void. We sholy is impressed by yo' willin'ness."

Throughout the course of the ride to the borrowed estate and then during the process of inflating the balloon and preparing its anchorage, Mr. De Void was happy. He discovered that he was a hero and seemed not at all apprehensive because most of those who stared at him shook their heads uncertainly. Once he received a report from Florian.

"Ev'ything is fixed, Jasper. An' I has found out positive that there ain't no real leak in the balloom."

"Tha's fine, Brother Slappey. Ise scared enough to go up in it anyhow. But was there a leak I'd be plumb startled."

The balloon was moored near the edge of a patch of woods. And under cover of those trees something happened while Jasper was holding the interest of the crowd a hundred yards away.

A truck drove into the woods, stopped near the captive balloon and unloaded a sack of freight. Two large men—Simeon Broughton and Pinetop Roller—moved this sack with difficulty and eventually dumped it into the basket of the balloon, removing from that basket several large sacks of sand ballast. Then they walked to the edge of the clearing where they could see all of the fun.

The mechanics of the parachute was explained to Jasper. He was equipped with a staunch belt to which the parachute was to be attached. He received final instructions from Director Clump and nodded his agreement. The crowd made no attempt to conceal its admiration for the hardy Mr. De Void.

"Ain't you scared?" questioned Sicily Clump.

Jasper smiled and shrugged. "Co'se Ise scared, Mis' Clump, but I reckon lots of folks has been scared an' anyhow gone ahaid an' done their duty."

Cæsar patted him on the shoulder. "At-a-boy, Jasper. What us has got fo' you is plenty of pride."

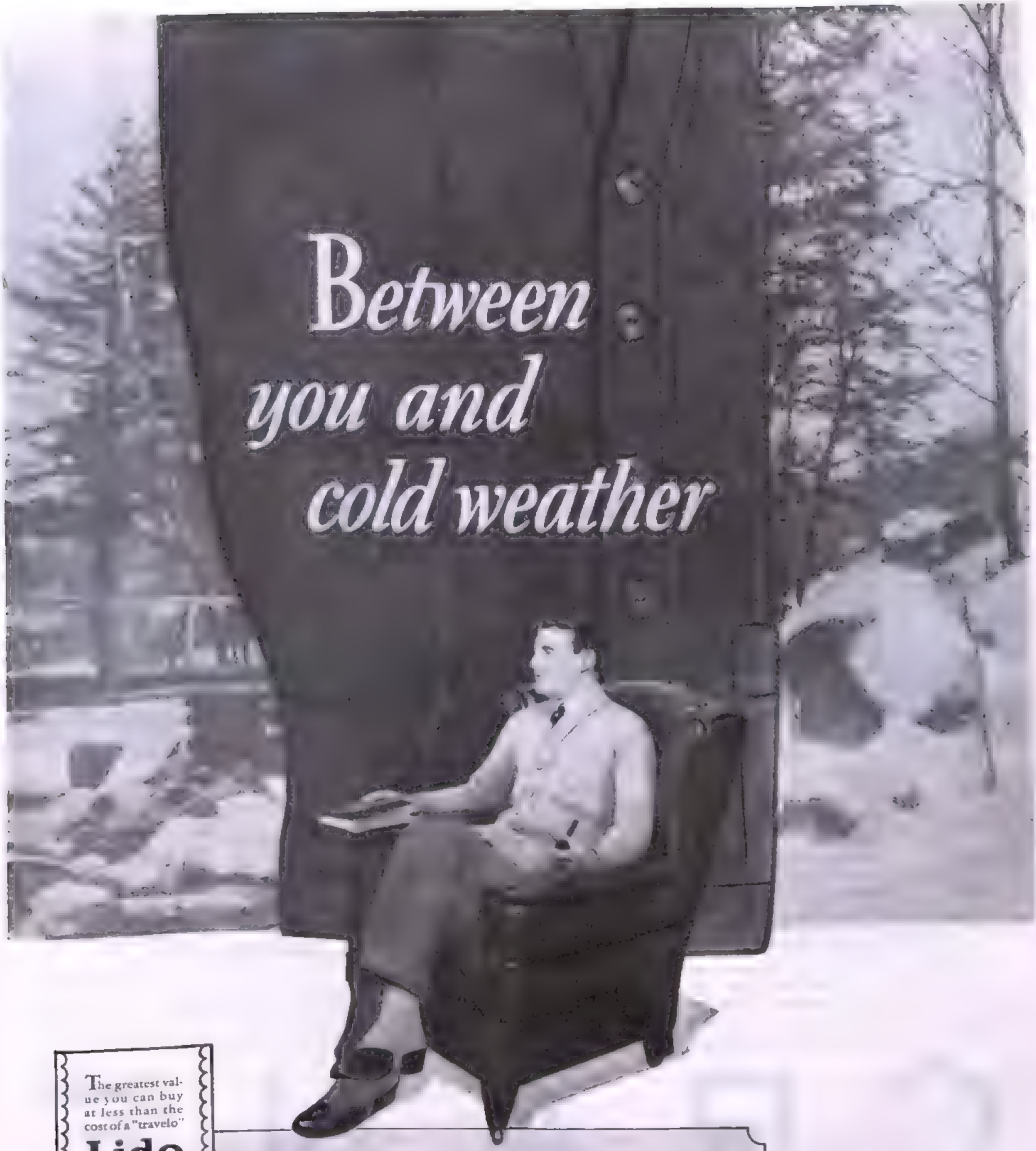
The tall, gangling double moved toward the big balloon.

"Le's get this thing over with, Mistuh Clump. The sooner I makes that flight an' gits back to terra cotta, the happier Ise gwine be."

The crowd surged forward. Clump placed three cameras at three different vantage points. He assembled his cast. He watched Jasper clamber into the basket, then gave the thin hand of that hero a hearty pressure.

"Good luck, Jasper. I hope us sees you again."

(Continued on Page 91)



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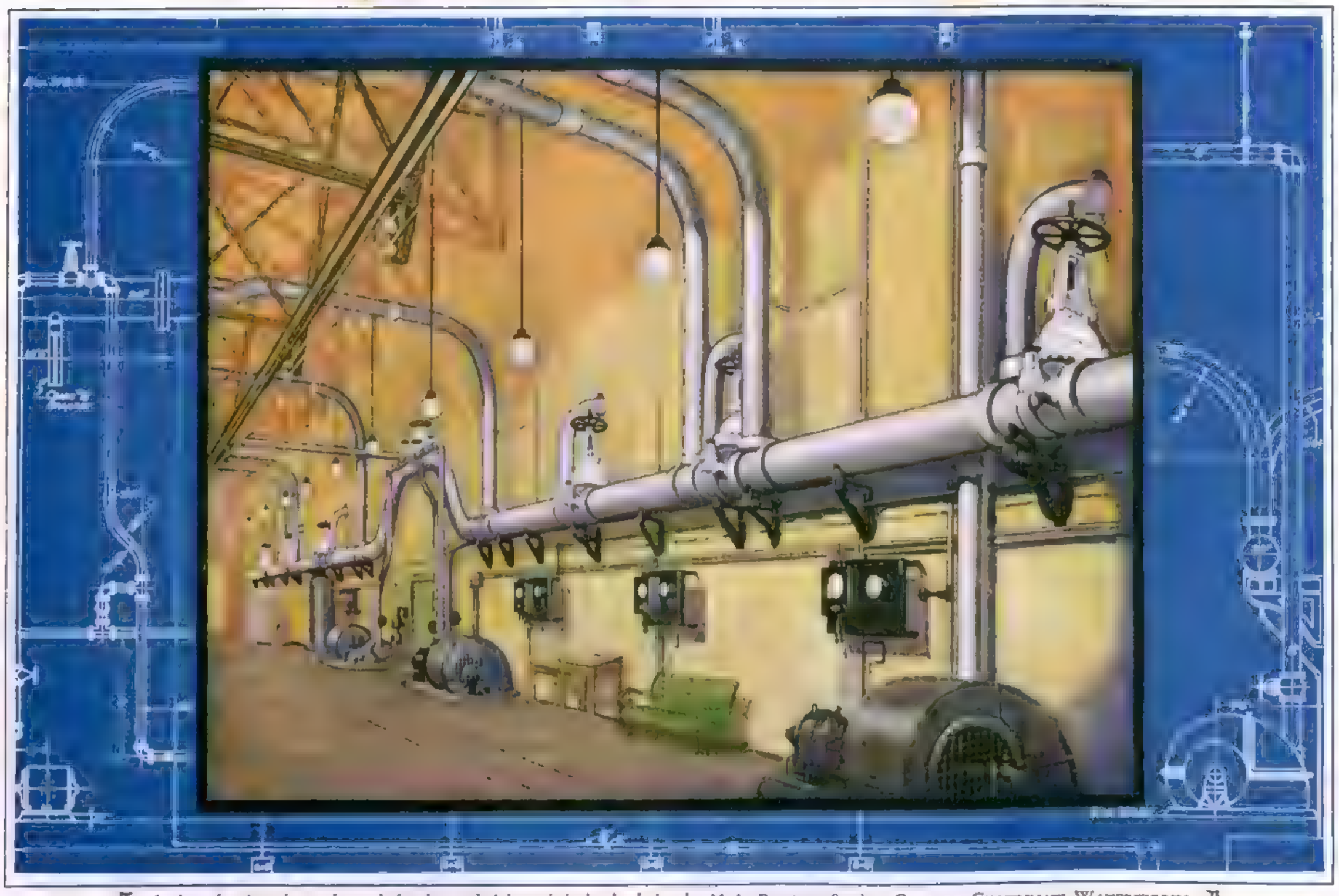

A view showing the twelve-inch header and eight-inch boiler leads in the Main Pumping Station, CITY OF CINCINNATI WATERWORKS. *Designed and built by the* CINCINNATI WATERWORKS DEPARTMENT. *Crane piping materials used*

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So intimately dependent on a sufficient and safe water supply is human well-being and health, that high authorities have declared the most sacred duty of city governments to be provision for abundant, pure water.

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(Continued from Page 88)

Outwardly Mr. De Void was brave enough. Inwardly he was quaking. Perhaps things weren't so bad that they couldn't be worse, but most certainly this balloon ascension was not entirely to his liking. He waved to the crowd, but he was trembling violently as he listened to Clump's terse instructions to himself, the cameramen and the mechanics who were handling the winch. Then the director stood back and waved his arm.

"Ready!" he barked. "Action! Cam-'ras!"

Jasper clutched the sides of the basket. But just as he determined to leap to safety the thing left the ground, gave a sickening sidewise lurch and he found himself ascending.

Staring in horror over the side of the capacious basket, Mr. De Void decided unanimously that he had erred in agreeing to double for Opus Randall. Persons on the ground grew smaller; houses seemed ridiculously undersized. And then the ascension ceased and the great gas bag rocked and rolled on the end of its tether.

Jasper was more used to it by now, and there was a sensation of relief in the thought that he had gone as high as the rope permitted. He steadied himself and even gazed down on the landscape with some admiration. Then, his nerves less jangly, he swung into action.

He produced a clasp knife from his pocket and, with a few deft strokes, ripped open the sack which had been dumped in the balloon basket by Messrs. Broughton and Roller. Then he cut the cords which bound wrists, ankles and gag of Opus Randall.

There came a series of choking groans as the portly Mr. Randall stretched cramped muscles and struggled to a sitting posture. His face was a seaweed green and his frog-like eyes were filled with horror. He gazed miserably up at his captor.

"Wh-where is I at, Jasper?"

Mr. De Void was imperturbable. "You is floatin' th'oo space, Brother Randall, in a leaky balloom."

"Oh, Lawsy!" The bag gave a violent lurch and Opus dropped to the bottom of the car with a stifled scream. "You—you ——"

"I is ev'ything you think, Opus. But, by golly, I reckon you ain't gwine put nothin' else over on me no time, no how."

"If I ever git down alive ——"

"You won't," retorted Jasper cheerfully. "Pretty soon that bag is gwine unflate, an' then ——"

"Us bofe gits exterminated."

"Nos-suh. On'y you. I has got me the parachute."

For the first time in his life Opus regarded a parachute as an engine of safety. He never would have believed that he could possibly covet a flight in one of the overlarge umbrellas. But now —— His terrified eyes peered down into the lens of a grinding camera. He ducked back with a shudder.

"I—I ain't never gwine git down no mo'."

"Oh, yes, you is, Opus. Tha's the mos' positive thing I reelizes. You is gwine come down faster than me."

Mr. Randall wrestled with the situation. Here were two men captive in a leaky balloon. There was one parachute, one single chance of safety.

"Jasper," he started, "I got to git me that parachute."

Mr. De Void observed him with a cold fishy eye. "Fumadiddles!"

"I buys it offen you."

"Hmph!"

"I pays you money."

"How much?"

Opus prospected in his wallet. "I ain't got but 'leven dollars."

Mr. De Void laughed. "Seems like to me I smell gas, Opus. Balloom is startin' to leak."

"I gives you fifty dollars."

"Nothin' stirrin'. I don't crave to sell."

"One hund'ed."

"You talks craziment. Time you git on the groun' you is gwine forget yo' promises."

"I swear ——"

"Don't swear, Opus. 'Tain't gwine git you nowhere; least of all in my parachute."

The balloon was tossing gently about on the morning breeze. Mr. Randall sniffed the atmosphere and was certain he could detect the odor of gas. He glanced at Jasper through narrowed eyes. The man seemed beatific. Perhaps that was because he was safely moored to a parachute and the collapse of the balloon did not particularly concern him.

"Ain't you scared, Jasper?"

"Nope. Ise gwine jump in a minute."

"Wh-what's goin' to happen to me?"

"Reckon when you hits the yearth, Brother Randall, you is gwine squash jus' like a big grape."

Opus closed his eyes and shuddered. "Fool what I has been."

"Never you mind, Opus. When the balloom begins to fall you can do a li'l' practicin' fo' bein' an angel."

Mr. Randall put a shaking hand to his throat. It touched the five-hundred-dollar diamond stud of which he was so proud.

"Jasper," he suggested, "I swaps you this diamond fo' yo' parachute."

"Di'monds ain't no good to cawpses."

"But, man, it cos' five hund'ed dollars."

"Hmph!"

Opus pleaded. He wept. Finally Mr. De Void extended his hand.

"Le's see it."

The lean gentleman inspected the gleaming stone. "You gimme this fo' the parachute?"

"Uh-huh; please, suh."

Jasper screwed the stud into his shirt front and unbuckled the parachute belt. "Go to it, Opus. I hope you reach the groun' safely. Fo' this di'mond Ise willin' to take a chance."

The stout man lost no time in adjusting the belt to his protuberant tummy. Then he received a few instructions from Jasper.

The crowd about the cameras saw the bulky figure of Opus clamber to the side of the swaying basket. The cameramen cranked busily. Opus closed his eyes, breathed a prayer and stepped off into nothing. He dropped like a plummet, and a large scream rent the atmosphere. Then the great parachute bellied out and checked the terrifying speed of his descent.

He came close to the ground, the long-range cameras catching the expression of horror on his pudgy countenance. Then he caromed off the side of the barn and landed in a heap on the ground, completely covered by the folds of the parachute.

Under the orders of J. Cæsar Clump, they waited for Opus to fight his way from under the parachute, the cameras registering every move, and when at length Opus emerged into the daylight again, he cast his eyes heavenward that he might miss no glorious detail of Jasper De Void's demise. What he saw brought a hoarse croak of protest to his lips.

Two men were working on the winch and the captive balloon was descending slowly and safely. Mr. De Void, grinning broadly, was leaning over the side of the basket. He waved a languid hand at the stunned Opus.

As the balloon touched the ground Jasper stepped out. He moved into the group which surrounded Opus. Mr. Randall understood now that there had been no leak in the balloon. He was beginning to realize that something had happened to him. Yet the spectators gazed upon him with admiration and his actor's soul expanded.

"How come I to make that jump myse'f, Cæsar," he explained, "was on account of my art. I coul'n't let no such a bum as Jasper De Void act in an impawtant pitcher."

"Tha's true enough," chimed in Jasper. "Mistuh Randall is so much artist that he gave me this five-hund'ed-dollar di'mond stud fo' lettin' him make the parachute jump."

There was an instant of silence. Then Florian Slappey's laugh came derisively. One or two others sensed the truth of the situation and the laughter became general.

Opus' eyes focused on Jasper—Jasper De Void, the cause of his misery and discomfiture. He strode forward and shook a heavy fist in Jasper's face.

"Ise gwine see that you gits put off this lot," he howled. "You is so rotten you cain't even double."

Mr. De Void grinned. "Maybe I coul'n't double for you," he admitted cheerfully, fingering the diamond stud, "but, by golly, my money sure doubled for me!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

Amsterdam. No, you have to change at Southampton for Geneva and Bern. . . . St. Louis? Lower Level for all interurban planes. Yes, they run quite frequently. . . . All Vienna planes carry porters, maids and shower baths, madam, but you'll have to go to the ticket window for accommodations. That's right, two planes a day, both ways.

Rio de Janeiro? The Commander Byrd, our crack Pan-American plane, leaves Runway Fourteen at 6:52 every evening, arrives at Rio at six the next morning. Yes, you can sleep till 8:30. . . . You'll have to pay full fare for the little girl, madam. No, it's not the age, it's the weight. . . . Yes, sir, dining-car service at all hours on planes to Germany, Holland, Russia, Czecho-Slovakia and including the Scandinavian. . . . Reykjavik? Where's that—in Iceland? Well, you'll have to lay over four hours in Edinburgh. I can't help it if it is the capital. . . . Nothing for the Isle of Man, sir, till tomorrow morning. It was only during the vacation season that we ran planes every two hours. . . . Philadelphia, miss? Take the trolley.

—*Carroll Carroll.*

You Bet!

NEW ENGLAND, they say, is the land of "I guess,"
With spots of "I reckon" and districts of "Yes."
But out where the sun is accustomed to set
One enters the glorious realm of "You bet!"

Around and about through the generous West
The stranger who proffers a modest request
Or asks if the climate is healthful will get
The hearty affirmative answer, "You bet!"

In wickeder days when the thing was allowed
And anyone, anywhere, asked if the crowd
Would join him in something invitingly wet,
The whole population responded, "You bet!"

And still, in those parts, when a resolute swain
Demands, "Will you marry me, Gwendolen, Jane,
Elizabeth, Myrtle, Ophelia, Annette?"
His heart gives a leap when she whispers, "You bet!"

Farewell, spacious land where I buried my cares!
I love all your people, your mountains, your bears,
And leave, as I must, with the deepest regret.
And shall I return when I'm able? You bet!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

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AND REMEMBER—HEINZ 57 VARIETIES ARE REASONABLE IN PRICE • *H. J. HEINZ CO.*

THE BORDER JUMPERS

(Continued from Page 33

in Mogala about it. Anyway, it's a right lucrative traffic they've hit on. You figure they'll walk up from six to ten aliens a week. Likely their dope running is equally profitable—a business all round at close to three-quarters of a million a year. A few seasons at that and Paige could retire on his income. It's not only the bootleggers that are getting to be millionaires—only you hear less of this business."

"I coyoted round this Elnagorta road till I learned this end of their plans," Carson said. "The only thing this expedition is concerned with is to watch for another batch of border jumpers to start north so we can time the raid on the ranch to a hair, at a time when all the folks are at home, holding a family conclave."

"I see. You want to make sure that every last one of the outfit is to home so that it'll be dead certain that the ones who did for Carlos are among them and get themselves arrested," Uncle Sam observed, eying Carson curiously.

"Yes—with this exception: I aim to take that particular party into custody myself when the time comes. Then the vigilance committee that I was remarking about will go into session and pass judgment on his case. Sentence will be pronounced on him forthwith. He's one miscreant that won't be throwed loose on the public again because counsel avers that he was just out a-hunting and mistook Carlos for a kangaroo in the chaparral; nor furthermore will he be liberated because some witness rises to proclaim that said defendant's teeth was a-hurting him that day to the point where his mind was temporarily absent and unaccounted for, but that since aforesaid tooth has been extracted defendant has regained normalcy and is affectionate and harmless as an unweaned kitten. Those items won't enter into this case."

"Um," said Uncle Sam. "By and large, I agree with you. Only way I see to remedy the condition that has turned this nation into a happy hunting ground for thugs is to stage a nice genial little hanging every morning before breakfast. But while our ideas accord, and you spoke in your customary casual vein, there was nevertheless an underlying note that bespoke venom. I've had a fool notion, son, ever since your first advent into my office this morning, that something had curdled in your mind and turned your private and personal thoughts ingrowing and p'isonous. What's biting you, boy?"

Something was biting Carson, as Uncle Sam had diagnosed. He had received that morning a letter from Hornet Ellis, which, though shedding some additional light on his problem, had darkened his soul. But he cared not to discuss that particular phase of the matter, so he passed it off with a grin.

"Do you happen to know Juan and Pedro Gonzales?" he inquired.

Uncle Sam Gilky chuckled. "Yes, sure I do, son. And so do you. They're the John and Pete Smiths of Mexico."

"But I happen to know this particular brace of Gonzaleses," Carson said. "They're brothers and they live on an isolated little ranch some three miles west of Elnagorta and a mile or more south of the line. That's what I asked about in Elnagorta—who owned that little place—when I'd discovered that whoever did was acting as walk-up guides for the Teepee folks. There's a fair camp site down this road within a few miles of the line, a place where we can run the car into the chaparral out of sight and still be handy to observe the occupants of all passing vehicles. It'll be a dry camp, but we have water to last us."

They had progressed some ten miles borderward on the twisting, sandy road, when they entered a narrow stretch flanked high on either side by chaparral. A low-built, powerful roadster rounded a bend in a flurry of churning sand and confronted them. Carson's heart leaped painfully, for the girl at the wheel was no other than Marion of Calizoni. Her male companion was unknown to Carson. Both cars came to a stop and Carson went into reverse to start backing to a point where he could turn out and allow the other car to pass. The girl's eyes lighted in sudden recognition and she smiled—that smile that had so distracted his thoughts of late—and she nodded and waved a gloved hand. Carson returned the nod, but he did not smile. He backed for fifty yards, the girl following closely, then turned out. Her car had slowed almost to a halt as it drew abreast and it was evident that she considered stopping. Her smile was turned upon him, but she must have read something of a forbidding character in his expression as he nodded briefly. A hot flush mantled her cheeks, a hurt look of wonder crept into her eyes, followed by a flash of resentment.

"Thanks," she said, and bowled on down the road.

Carson said but little during the rest of the ride and his brow was contracted.

"Son, you ain't like yourself," Gilky remarked.

"It's the heat," Carson returned shortly.

"Internal combustion," Uncle Sam corrected mildly.

It was late when they arrived at the camp site that Carson had selected, some two miles from the border, and turned the car off the road to park it out of sight in the chaparral.

Their purpose was to view the occupants of all border-bound cars, while remaining out of sight themselves, to determine when the guides were brought back to the border to start north with a fresh group of aliens, an essential point in timing the raid of Immigration men on the ranch. The road was used but little and there was but one car that passed south over it before nightfall. Langhorn was to stand the first shift of the night watch.

Carson spread his bed on the sand and tried to sleep. Again the face of the girl from Calizoni hovered, a tantalizing vision, on the screen of his mind. Heretofore he had facetiously bidden her begone so that he might slumber in peace. Not on this occasion, however. "Scat!" he hissed. For Hornet Ellis had written that he had unearthed rumors to the effect that Marion, the lovely creature of Calizoni, was no other than the Edith Call of evil repute.

Carson was forced to realize that such a possibility had haunted the background of his consciousness from the first. But he had fought it down, declining even to speculate about it. All the signs pointed to the truth of Hornet's surmise. Carson alternately reviewed them and tried to sleep. Well, what did it matter? Soon the Immigration men would raid the ranch. Just where did Cherokee Tanner come in? What was his part in the procedure? Anyway, they would catch him in the dragnet too. Then they would gather in the perfidious Edith Call and let her take her medicine with the rest. She had led him out to get shot in the back. That didn't argue to the effect that she deserved any leniency. He'd tell her about that, once she was in the toils. He tried to assure himself of how pleased he was over the prospect of such a fitting climax. Then, aloud, he growled disgustedly, "Ain't a man just a poor damn fool?"

"Yep," Uncle Sam Gilky's voice agreed from the darkness. "A man sure is, son. But he can't help it none. We humans was born thataway and it can't be remedied. We just got to make allowances for ourselves and do the best we can."

IX

"BUT what I can't quite fathom," Uncle Sam Gilky confessed the next morning as they breakfasted, "is this: You don't know which one of this mangy assortment was responsible for Carlos Martin's demise, yet you announced that you aimed to take that particular party into custody personally. Do you expect him to develop a strawberry birthmark or some other incriminating symptom, or just how do you propose to cut him out of the herd?"

"There's an old proverb to the effect that a murderer always returns to the scene of his crime," Carson submitted.

"And it's about as reliable as other ancient adages," Uncle Sam remarked. "Matter of fact, son, a murderer almost never returns to the scene of his crime."

"There's symptoms that lead me to hope that this case will be the exception that proves the rule," Carson announced. "So I'm banking on it, sort of."

"And besides, first off you'd have to know the scene where the crime was committed yourself," Uncle Sam pointed out.

"That's right," Carson returned noncommittally. "I can see that, now you've directed my attention to it."

The old sheriff consumed the rest of his meal in silence save for an occasional appreciative chuckle. The sound of an approaching south-bound car sent the three of them to points of vantage where they could scan its occupants without being seen themselves. When it had chugged on down the sandy road they gathered again.

"Well?" Langhorn asked.

"The two passengers were John and Pete Smith of Mexico—Juan and Pedro Gonzales, alien guides," Carson informed. "And the driver was Snell."

"I'll bet a pretty that the latter don't cross the border into Mexico," Uncle Sam Gilky murmured.

"He don't need to," Carson said. "He'll let the Gonzaleses out and they'll hoof it to some point near their ranch and cross over."

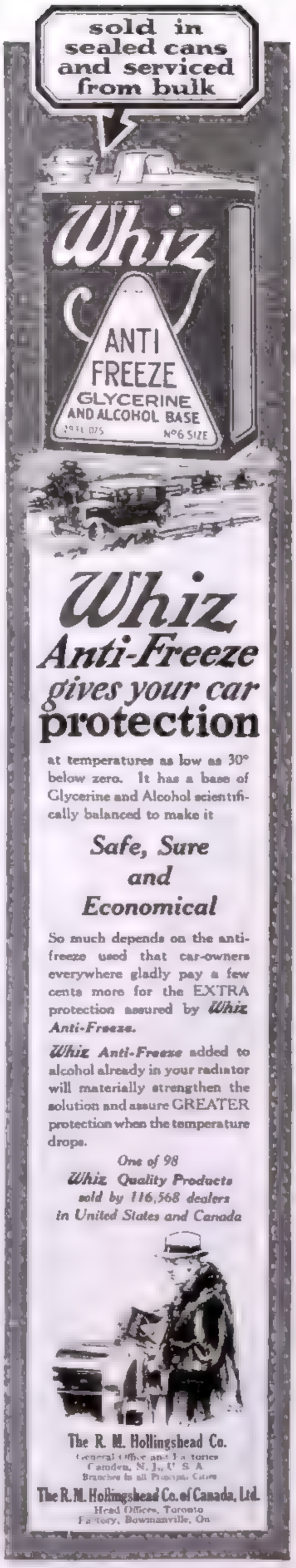
"Snell's need would have to be urgent to induce him to cross into Mexico," Uncle Sam stated. "But that's neither here nor there. The point is, what is the program now?"

"I'll strike out with Langhorn for a point round three miles west of here," Carson said. "There's a two-mile strip of heavy chaparral. That's where the Gonzaleses cross with their walk-ups. They don't march 'em across in a body so they would leave a plain trail for any officer to pick up and follow. Instead, they cross over on a wide front, traveling singly, and each man's tracks seems to wander round aimlessly in the brush. That leaves odd tracks all over hell's half acre, as if maybe a couple of natives had been hunting and looping round. It's not likely they converge until they're five or six miles back from the border.

"We know now that the Gonzaleses have gone south after another batch of recruits. All we do now is scout across that belt of heavy chaparral a couple of times a day until we find a few odd scattered fresh tracks meandering round in it. Then we'll know they're on the way. It'll likely be tonight or early tomorrow that they jump off. This gang works systematic and don't waste any time. Once we know they've started, we'll flit. Langhorn can phone to have several Immigration men meet us at Teepee Siding and we'll stay under cover and watch till the night we see Snell go in with the pick-up car, give him an hour's start, follow without lights and spring the raid. I'll take Langhorn over into that strip of brush where they cross. We'll be back before long."

Some hours later, returning, they came out into the little opening in the brush and were surprised to observe that there were two cars at the camp. Snell sat in the driver's seat of the second car, handcuffed to the steering wheel.

"See what I got," Uncle Sam invited proudly. "He didn't cross, just like I predicted he wouldn't, but came driving right back up the road. And I placed the miscreant under arrest. I consider that a sizzling good start, don't you?"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Langhorn's countenance expressed perturbation. This premature arrest might disrupt the whole plan as he and Carson had mapped it out. Carson, however, knowing Gilky of old, was well aware that he was not the man to go off half cocked without sound reasons. The three of them stood regarding the captive, who scowled back at them.

"You haven't got anything on me," he asserted. "I gave a couple of Mexican lads a ride down toward the border. How could I know that you wanted them?"

"You see?" Gilky observed to Carson. "That's what we was discussing this morning—about how difficult it is to get convictions. Like he says, how can we prove that Mr. Snell, as he calls himself these days, was doing other than being kindly and accommodating by giving two men a lift toward home? How could he know that they was reprehensible characters? It's doubtful if we could cinch a ten-dollar fine or two days in jail on him."

"It's a cinch you can't," Snell predicted sourly.

"Snell, here, was born in the States—white father, as the name indicates, and Mexican mother, and was educated in our public schools, so he's well aware of the loopholes in our legal procedure," Uncle Sam speculated aloud, stroking his goatee reflectively. "He don't fear trial on what flimsy evidence we've got. What we'll have to do is this: Keep his arrest quiet so the others at the Teepee Ranch won't know he's been taken into durance. Then one of us can drive the pick-up car in from Teepee Siding when the two Gonzales brothers get up there with their fresh batch of recruits. We'll get our signals, three flashes from within, answered by three flashes from without -advance, brother, with the countersign. Which the countersign will be .45's. Then we'll signal the plane to land and snatch friend pilot too. After that it will be dead easy to load a few Immigration men into the tank truck at the old Hopewell mine and persuade the pilot, with a gun agin his ribs, to drive on out to meet the pay-off men and bag them too."

He spoke as if to himself, reflectively, sketching his plans. Carson and Langhorn regarded Snell to determine the effect upon him of learning that every detail of his gang's operations was known to the officers. His composure was somewhat less and the perspiration beaded on his forehead. His scowl deepened just a trifle. Otherwise he was unchanged, defiant as before.

"Jarrat—if he ain't at home, we can pick him up when he crosses back from Calizoni," Uncle Sam went on. "But here, I'm a-talking too much, I reckon. I've got into the habit of thinking out loud. Forgot about Snell, sort of. Now he's apprised of what we know, and if he was to get free he'd tip them off and upset our apple cart. He'd be out on bond inside an hour after we'd landed him in jail. That's bad.

"Well, now I've gone and done it on the spur of the moment, I don't guess there's any use to fret. We've got our business to 'tend to down in Elnagorta, so we might as well be moseying along down there and get it over with. It won't take us over three-four hours to finish up our business with old man Rodriguez. We'll have to take Snell with us and leave him 'cuffed to the car. Rodriguez will lend us his son to guard Snell whilst we do business. And I'll let young Rodriguez have the keys so if Snell gets cramped from setting he can take him out and exercise him a bit."

Langhorn, regarding Snell, observed that the sweat had dried on his forehead as if an icy wind had dispersed it. A sickly pallor crept up beneath his swarthy skin, leaving his face the greenish color of spoiling tallow. His thick lips were momentarily out of control, then stiffened as if with cramps. And suddenly the Immigration man turned as if to look off across the desert, thus concealing a grin that overspread his features despite his effort to control it. He had not served for years as an Immigration officer for nothing. Those of his trade had been forced to adopt many an expedient to gain their ends and protect their country against the invasion of alien criminals, mental deficients, reds, degenerates and the malignantly diseased; and he was familiar with the particular variety of performance that Uncle Sam was putting on at the moment. Seldom did it fail, provided only that the officer was sure of his facts.

"One thing, Larry," Gilky was remarking. "Procrastination in administering justice on our side of the line is what we've been deploring. Most folks aver that the Mexicans incline to the other extreme. Also, some say it ain't justice that they administer. Without a-going into the relative ethical merits, one thing is dead certain. Justice or not, south of the border it happens quick, by whatever name you choose to call it. There's no delay. They pick a man up at sunrise, try him at noon and shoot him at sundown. Frequenter than not, noon being the siesta hour, they don't even try him, but they shoot him just the same. They've got a practical idea that the ends of justice oughtn't to be defeated just because noon is a good time to sleep. . . . Well, we might as well be packing up for our trek to Elnagorta."

Suddenly the prisoner spoke, his tones shaken and husky: "It's against the law for you to take me into Mexico unless I'm extradited."

"Well, as to that, you've broke the law with sinister intent, so I don't know but what I can make a technical violation in a good cause. We can't leave you here—and we've got business to transact with Rodriguez."

The captive croaked again.

"I'm not going to Mexico. One of you can stay here with me. It's against international law."

Uncle Sam chuckled. "Well, I ain't exactly posted internationally thataway. Anyhow, we got business with Rodriguez. I reckon we can explain our reasons satisfactory if you make a kick—after you get back from Mexico."

Snell gazed about him, his eyes wild as those of a trapped cougar. The three men began to pack their effects. "What do you want of me?" Snell inquired.

"Why, not much of anything," Uncle Sam stated, looking up from his task with manifest surprise. "Didn't you just hear us wishing that we didn't have to look after you at all?"

"You know all about the operations of the rest of the boys, anyway," Snell said.

"Sure we do. You learned that from my incautious habit of thinking out loud," said Uncle Sam, returning to his task. "Don't know how I happened to spill all that with you listening in. Yes, we know a-plenty, so that every last one of your associates will be slapped into the *cuartel* inside a week."

"Then whatever I say won't make it any harder on them anyhow. The jig's up, I guess. What do you want to know?"

Gilky straightened and regarded him. The old man shoved back his hat and scratched his head as if to aid reflection. "I don't believe Snell wants to go to Elnagorta with us," he said to Carson. "I wonder why." He looked at Snell fixedly. "You don't happen to be the man who knifed Rodriguez's oldest son and killed him a couple of years back in a squabble down in Mexico, now do you? The fellow that did that ain't ever been across into Mexico since. Now that I recall, Rodriguez did tell me that he'd pay a thousand dollars cash, and no questions asked, to the man that'd get behind you and give you just one push across the line and into the arms of a Mexican border patrol anywhere near Elnagorta. They'd know where to bring you, he says. I declare, that little item had clean slipped my mind. Well, Larry, this clears up the irritating question of what to do with Snell. We'll dispose of him at a handsome profit and get him out from underfoot."

"I'll tell you anything you want to know," Snell said shakily. "It ain't as if you didn't have them dead to rights anyway, so it ain't exactly squealing." Thus did he make one last feeble effort to exonerate himself in his own eyes for what he was about to do—inform on his pals.

"That's correct," Gilky assured him. "Your silence won't help them a mite, and if you speak right out in meeting you may help yourself a considerable."

"All right, I'll talk," Snell said.

"H'm," said Gilky. "Well, maybe we can trade. We'll offer you the priceless privilege of being tried on the American side along with your friends as against the alternative of making that little trip to Elnagorta to interview old man Rodriguez. We'll offer you no special consideration—just a fair trial same as your friends get. Also, we agree not to let friend or foe know that you loosened up with information, and what you tell us we won't introduce against you. Otherwise—we start right now for a little visit to Mexico. Make your choice."

"I've made it," Snell announced.

"Then," Gilky said slowly, "since you've made it, you'd better cleave to it. Either you recite the gospel truth or prepare to make your peace with the hereafter—via Elnagorta. We'll keep you in custody until the things you recite have happened to the extent that we can pass on your veracity. If they're straight, you get your trial. One bit of misinformation, and let me find it out, and I swear I'll spirit you out of jail and rush you to Elnagorta and old man Rodriguez. I'll keep my contract either way. And you'd best stick to yours.

"A thousand dollars is a sight of money. With that much I could buy me a new flivver, a spotted pony, a jug of corn licker and still live easy for a year. I can feel it coming on, Snell, that you're going to be a powerful temptation to me—knowing that any day I can cash in on you at five minutes' notice. But if you come through I'll try to resist it. One false slip, howsomever, and I won't be able to fight off the impulse a minute longer. Right then and there my resolution will falter and fail."

"I'll sign on," Snell agreed. "What do you want to know?"

"First off, you might as well tell us just which one of your outfit did the killing," Gilky shot at him suddenly. "Don't stall! Speak right out!"

Snell's face grew even more ashen as he faltered: "Killing? I didn't know he was dead. Paige, you mean? If he died, it was after I left. I swear it was. He might of died. But I didn't know it. That's gospel."

"You think Paige might be dead?" Gilky queried mildly, swiftly altering his former line of questioning. "What gives rise to that premonition?"

"Well, he's apt to snuff out any time. He's only a shell. Blake's trying to nurse him along as far as possible, because the game's up when Paige croaks."

Carson suddenly interposed. "Just how far is Paige into this?" he demanded. "We haven't quite got that point definite." In the background of his mind was that queer coincidence of Paige's reiteration of an expression that was foreign to his general manner of speech, his strange actions on the day of Carson's visit, the care with which he had been watched, even though he was the owner of the ranch; all those items, from the first, had constituted a disturbing element in his mind. Hornet's reference to an S O S had crystallized them into definite possibilities. Still, the possibilities seemed vaguely out of proportion. "Speak right out! Just how much is Paige into this?"

"Not any," Snell said. "He was most dead of dope. Got his supplies from Blake, so they knew each other well. Blake tells him he'll put him through a cure if he'll buy the ranch. Promises him all the dope he wants when he needs it bad, but gradually tapers it off. Only Paige has got to agree to do as he says. Paige put up the money—thirty-forty grand—I don't know how much, but the place was cheap—and Blake takes him there. Paige was too far gone then to pull through and Blake knew it. Nothing would have kept him alive for long. But Blake's doped him easy to make him last as long as possible. See?

"Paige, of course, got hep to the game Blake's operating—running in Chinese and dope. Sometimes he balks. Then Blake shuts down on his dope and he comes to his milk. But if we let him talk to anyone he's apt to spill the beans. So we don't. But he's treated swell. He'd been dead a year ago except for Blake measuring out his rations. If he's dead, it's that. Nobody killed him. If the outfit got pinched, Paige would deny any part in it. Nobody'd believe it was anything but the ravings of a hop head. They'd figure him the chief. Inside a week in jail without dope, he's deader'n a mackerel. The rest would all swear that Paige was the head and they'd have a good chance to get off or draw a light sentence."

"Very humane little scheme," Carson commented. "So Paige is financing the thing against his will. If it come to a pinch, Blake could step out and leave Paige holding the sack. I knew there was something queer about Paige's continual 'So's this, so's that and the other.' It kept plaguing me. Particularly since Hornet let slip a casual S O S and started me to thinking along those lines. I might have known that Paige wouldn't go in for that. But I've got a one-track mind and it didn't click right on that."

"Wouldn't have done a mite of good if you had, son," Uncle Sam stated. "Likely, if you'd thought he needed help, you'd have gone off half cocked and got yourself shot. And he's as well off there as anywhere, poor devil. We'll have him out in a few days now. Snell, just to save us the bother of watching, you might relate to us just when the Gonzales brothers start north with a fresh batch of Chinks and just what night they're scheduled to arrive."

"All right," Snell agreed, "I will."

"Good!" Uncle Sam complimented. "You can do that as we ride along. I'll drive your car and you can ride in ours. The boys can quiz you en route to Mogala. It looks like that business we had with Rodriguez ain't so all-fired important but what we can let it wait a few days. But don't forget, when answering polite inquiries, that there's many a place in that road, narrow as it is, where a car can turn round and head south."

■

"NO," SNELL remarked, as he listened to the trio that discussed plans for the raid after their return to the sheriff's office, "you won't see Blake and Jarrat when the pick-up car rolls into the ranch yard with the Chinks."

"No?" Langhorn inquired. "Don't they meet it?"

"The two Chinese servants meet it, and sometimes Gardner, if he's there," Snell explained to Carson. "You didn't see him that night you was there." Gardner, Carson reflected, would no doubt prove to be the man who was known in the border towns as Cherokee Tanner. "Blake and Jarrat," Snell amplified, "stay inside the house with the lights all doused when the pick-up car comes in. Then if there has been a slip-up and there's officers with the car—like there will be this time—they can view the play from a window."

"And what good will that do them?" Langhorn demanded.

"They can swear that they was asleep and didn't know what was goin' on," Snell informed. "You see, me and the guides would be caught red-handed with aliens, anyway, and the two Chinese at the ranch. But that gives Blake and Jarrat a chance to alibi themselves—to announce that the rest of us had conspired to run a few aliens through by way of the ranch without their knowledge."

"So they leave the rest of you holding the sack," Carson commented.

"Well, as I said, we're caught anyway, once officers have grabbed us with live baggage. No use for them to get caught too. That leaves them free to work for us on the outside and pull wires to get us off light. The rest of us would swear that

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(Continued from Page 94)

Paige was the chief; that he'd got us into it to get his own private stock of dope across and then he'd branched out and made us keep on with it under threat that he'd turn us up if we quit. That way we'd be apt to get off light."

It was evident that to Snell's inferior brand of intelligence this scheme was the ultimate in cleverness. And he was fully convinced that Blake and Jarrat would be working valiantly on the outside, spending money and pulling wires to procure the release of their less fortunate hirelings who had borne the brunt of the grief. To his questioners, it was evident that the two chiefs, Blake and Jarrat, were intent upon keeping themselves in the clear at the expense of all others.

"That don't look smart to me," Langhorn said—"bottling themselves up in the house thataway in hope of making that sort of fairy tale stick. Why don't they segregate themselves in the brush when the pick-up car comes in? That would give them a chance for a clean get-away if anything was wrong."

Carson, however, retaining one bit of knowledge which he had withheld from his associates in this venture, could see the logic in the course of the two chiefs of the smuggling outfit in bottling themselves up in the house. His thoughts reverted to two sprawled figures at the foot of a cliff. "Maybe they plan to depart the rear way and take to the brush if they see anything wrong from the window," he submitted. "You'd best send two men round back of the house on the run the instant the car rolls into the ranch yard."

"You speak as if you wasn't going to be there," Langhorn commented.

"To my everlasting regret, I won't," Carson said. "I've neglected my own affairs a considerable of late—and there's one piece of business that can't be put off. The plan's all set, anyway, so you won't need me. Besides, I don't want my name mixed up in it."

Langhorn stared incredulously. "Do you mean that after all the work you've put in on this case you're going to miss the fun of being in at the finish?" he demanded. "But that's against human nature."

"I know. But this business I spoke of just can't be put off. However, I'm hoping to wind it up in time so that I can be somewhere round at the finish. It don't appear likely though. So keep my name out of it. Later, if there's any rewards, which I understand there is for this sort of information delivered to Immigration men, you can cite Uncle Sam as the man who supplied it. Then he'll assign it to you."

Carson remained adamant in the face of Langhorn's expostulations. Uncle Sam Gilky, however, merely regarded Carson in half-amused silence. "Well, you see, like Larry says, he's neglected his business of late," he said to Langhorn. "We hadn't ought to urge him against his judgment. Maybe he'll finish up in time to sit in."

It was an hour after nightfall when Carson drove his car into the little mining camp of Armajo. He repaired at once to the livery barn to inform the proprietor that he would want his horses at daylight; and he had set one foot inside the dark, yawning doorway when he halted suddenly, every nerve a-tingle. A low bubbling laugh had reached his ears. There could be but one laugh with the power to flood his whole being with an ecstasy that was also pain and cause his heart to perform so erratically.

"Oh, yes. I'm quite sure that I can stand the ride easily. It was only the question of trails," a woman's voice insisted. Carson knew that voice.

Swiftly he stepped to the little square window from which a dim beam of yellow light issued from the lamplit office of the livery barn. The pane was begrimed and the interior of the stuffy little room, which served also as sleeping quarters, was blue with smoke. The light from the blackened lamp chimney was feeble. Nevertheless, Carson could see in reality the face that had visited itself upon him so often as a troublesome vision. The girl was dressed in smart riding togs and was engaged in convincing the solicitous livery proprietor that she was not so fragile and perishable as she appeared to the eye.

"I won't mind the ride in the least," she assured him. "The only question, as I told you, was the trail."

"Oh, as to that, you can't miss the trail, I don't guess," the man said. "It's the only one, and it's deep-worn all up this side of the hills past the Armajo Tanks and until you top out. Once you're on it you can't get off till after you get out on top. Across Big Bench, though, it won't be very well defined in stretches and you'll think it's played out. But just foller your nose and keep plugging on in the same direction and you'll pick it up again, miss. When you get into the choppy hills on the far side of Big Bench it firms up again and you can't get off it. It pitches right down past the Teepee reservoirs to the ranch. But listen! Why punish yourself a-pounding forty mile across desert mountains on a horse when you can avoid it? The stage leaves here for Mogala in the morning. You can go to Teepee Siding by train and come in from the opposite direction by auto. I'd do that, miss."

Again came that low bubbling laugh. "I'm afraid you're a poor business man," the girl chided, and Carson could visualize the smile and the friendly eyes that she was training upon the old liveryman. "You're working up business for the stage company instead of trying to rent me a horse."

"That's a fact," the man agreed. "I do hate to see you start out on a hard jaunt across desert country when you could just as well make it in comfort. I can send someone with you though."

"No," she declined. "I really look forward to the trip alone. And I'm much more efficient than I appear to you, and an exceptionally good horsewoman. This is to be a surprise, rather, my dropping in on them from behind. I have—friends there."

"Call it friends if you choose," Carson reflected bitterly. Cherokee Tanner might be there—probably was. The old liveryman was persuaded against his better judgment and the arrangement was made after the girl had promised faithfully to refill her canteens at the Armajo Tanks before topping out for the long dry ride across Big Bench. She was to start two hours before daylight to avoid comment and to take advantage of the cool morning hours.

Stepping back out of sight, Carson watched her trim figure cross the empty lot and come out upon the dimly lighted main street. His recent plans had been subjected to swift alteration. He entered the barn and called out, "Hello, dad! I'll be wanting my horses. Going to make a night ride."

"Up on the Bench?" the old liveryman inquired casually. He had promised the girl that he would not reveal her destination to any who chanced to be curious when it should become known that she had left the hotel before dawn.

"No; I'm riding down country toward Mogala this trip," Carson said. Then, his conscience untroubled by the prevarication, Carson rode up the trail and spread his bed at the upper one of the Armajo Tanks. But though his conscience was untroubled, the same serenity did not apply to his thoughts. Wasn't that a fine stroke of luck? If only the girl had delayed her surprise visit to the ranch for even one day, she'd have found it deserted, its inmates in custody—and there would have been nothing to connect her with them. If she were to drift in there tomorrow, she'd be just in time to get caught in the dragnet along with the others.

Well, why not let her take her medicine along with them? She deserved it. Hadn't she led him out to get shot in the back? That didn't argue to the effect that she deserved any leniency. But nevertheless he found himself building up defenses for her, advancing possible extenuating circumstances. No doubt she had been led into that sort of game by some man that she trusted—an inexperienced slip of a girl following blindly wherever he led. He indulged in considerable such mental excursioning. A creature of such maddening loveliness could not be fundamentally vicious all through. He felt, if he could but lift the veil of her past, that she could demonstrate to his own satisfaction that she had set her feet upon the doubtful trail originally through no fault of her own. "And I always knew I was a soft-headed chump," he said resignedly. "But since I am, there's nothing to do but to go through with it."

Two hours before dawn with the remnant of moonlight to aid him, he was riding along the dimly defined trail well out on Big Bench. He reached a point where it was so faint as to be almost indiscernible. Then it firmed again as it turned down country to the north to flank an impenetrable jungle of chaparral. The actual trail turned east again to skirt the lower edge of the big patch of brush, but it was very faint, while from the north there were horse tracks coming in almost on a straight line with the jog. These had been left by his own horses. It was here that he had cut back into the main trail after his first sojourn at Apache Spring three weeks before. It was here that he had left it with Langhorn to ride back to Apache Spring on their subsequent visit. In the waning light of the moon he sized up the situation. Those few horse tracks, in continuation of the northward jog of the trail, were more easily discernible than the trail itself where it veered again to the east.

Carson rode straight on from the jog upon the previous horse tracks and continued for half a mile. Then he retraced his course. Four lines of fresh horse tracks were thus added to the old sign. Twice again before daylight he rode both ways over the same route, the horses' feet cutting deeply into the yielding soil. The moon had disappeared and the last round trip was made in darkness.

With the first rays of dawn he gathered a quantity of dry leaves and other dead vegetation, scattering the trash and débris lightly in the dim semblance of the main trail where it turned sharply east at the end of the heavy patch of chaparral. He surveyed his handiwork with satisfaction. Such a ruse would deceive the most trailwise of mortals.

He rode at a trot to the end of his newmade trail and held on for a distance beyond it, then doubled back. In short hitches of a quarter of a mile or more, he repeated this doubling maneuver, following the lines of old horse tracks. When he had completed some four miles in this fashion he dismounted and trained his glasses upon the distant sag where the trail topped out above the Armajo Tanks. The distance was great, perhaps ten miles. She should have made the top by now. Perhaps she had been delayed in starting. The sun was oppressively hot. Carson rode on for perhaps another mile. Then, in a strip of rocky ground, he turned sharply west and after a half mile circled back to the south, tethered his two horses behind a patch of chaparral where they would be obscured from view and mounted a low knoll. Sitting upon a rock, he rested his elbows upon his knees to steady the glasses. A tiny dark speck was discernible against the tawny sand at a point where the trail passed through a stretch that was clear of chaparral.

An hour passed and the heat became almost intolerable. Carson trained his glasses on that heavy growth of chaparral a few miles up country. A toy horse and rider crawled along its flank and the observer almost ceased to breathe. Without so much as a halt, the horse held on into the more open desert country, headed north. Eventually the girl rode past Carson's retreat on the trail which he had prepared for her. She seemed undisturbed, and the horse, having its head, held unerringly to the tracks of the horses that had preceded him earlier in the day.

Carson watched. The horse reached the rocky stretch where Carson had turned

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west, and turned west also on the tracks. Presently the girl seemed to rouse from her abstraction and look about her. Even at that distance, Carson could read what was happening. She had waked to the realization that she had lost the trail.

For a time she sat there looking about her as if to get her bearings. Then she cast about in various directions in an effort to pick up the trail. For an hour she wandered down country in varying tacks. Carson followed unobtrusively, keeping well under cover. Finally the girl rode out on the rim of the arroyo that sheltered Apache Spring and could find no crossing place. It was evident that she was worried.

Carson saw her take her canteen from the saddle and shake it close to her ear as if to determine from the sound if her water supply was ample. Evidently the sound was not reassuring, for she replaced the canteen without drinking. She turned back up country for half a mile, then decided that she was headed in the wrong direction and turned back toward the arroyo. It was then that Carson rode into the opening something over a mile behind her and followed at a stiff trot. The girl's horse nickered as he drew near, but she was still peering ahead. Her relief was evident when she turned and saw him coming.

Attired as he was, in range togs, and with his hat pulled well down over his eyes, she did not recognize him until he had approached to within a few feet. Her face lighted with quick pleasure, but this expression was altered almost instantly to one of cool unconcern as she recalled their last meeting on the Elnagorta road.

"You're riding round broadcast, looks like," he said. "Miss the trail?"

"Yes," she confessed. "I could have returned to Armajo, but I wanted to keep on."

"It's going on two o'clock, and a bite to eat wouldn't be bad," he suggested. "I've a sort of secret hang-out near here. Shade and good water. We can let the ponies cool off and rest for a spell. Then I'll put you on the right trail."

She assented. By common consent, they avoided mention of their last meeting. He related the story of Apache Spring as they rode down a break in the walls of the arroyo and up its sandy floor. He stripped the pack from his led horse and loosened the cinches on the two saddle animals. The girl, observing the ancient handholds carved in the face of the obstructing ledge, mounted it and wandered farther up the course of the arroyo. After a while she returned.

"I found your still," she remarked impersonally.

For a second Carson gazed at her blankly, then smiled. "Oh, that! I'd forgotten it for the moment. It doesn't happen to be mine. Not that it matters."

"Were your people so hard hit as all that—to cause you to turn your talents to one-horse moonshining?" she demanded scornfully.

What did she know of his family and its varying fortunes, he wondered? "No, they managed to weather the deflation."

Just as the girl was seating herself to partake of the luncheon that he had prepared, he stooped swiftly. His left hand clamped her right arm while his other hand darted beneath the jacket of her riding habit and extracted the gun that reposed in a shoulder holster beneath her left arm. The girl rose, whitely furious, and faced him as if she would leap upon him bare-handed. She extended her hand. "Please return that to me at once," she commanded.

"Sorry I can't," he declined.

"Just what does that move portend?" she inquired icily.

"That you've been kidnaped, so to speak," he informed. "But only temporarily."

"And to what end? I suppose"—with utter scorn—"that you intend trying another experiment. Let me announce that you will fail."

"No," he denied mildly. "Not so much as by the lift of a finger. You must think me a greater chump than I actually am—which is a plenty in itself. I would like to, at that. You're a lovely thing to look at."

And suddenly the white face was mantled by a wave of crimson. She was aware of it, feeling its warm tide creep up, and she was furious with herself and at him. Not for diamonds and rubies would she have him suspect that she had given a thought to him since their unceremonious parting in Calizoni.

"Just what then is the purpose of this farce?" she demanded imperiously.

"To detain you from riding on to the Teepee Ranch tonight," he informed. "I judge that's your destination."

She whitened again and her lips were compressed. "But it is absolutely necessary that I get there before sundown," she insisted.

"It will be no place for a woman tonight—that ranch won't," he asserted. "And I aim to keep you away from there. Trouble will be popping round about, and you'll be better off by a wide margin to stay here."

She was gazing at him in surprise. "Then you knew what was going to happen there tonight?"

"Yes."

"But how?" she inquired.

"The proverbial little bird," he returned. "But apparently you know of it too." That, he mused, would explain the purpose of her ride across the back country—her insistence upon the fact that it was imperative that she reach the ranch before sundown. Possibly someone inside the Immigration Service, a clerk or some underling, was unsafe. Anyway, by some means the girl had become apprised of the forthcoming raid and was hastening to warn those at the ranch. He smiled somewhat grimly as he realized that the carrying out of what had been merely a sentimental impulse to shield her had resulted in blocking a move on her part that would have spelled defeat for his plans.

"Yes, I heard a rumor of what was going on," she said. "Do the others at the ranch know?"

"Not yet," he replied. "But they'll know soon enough."

"There are reasons why I must go on there at once," she urged.

"Sorry, girl," Carson said, "but I can't let you go down and get mixed up in that mess. Don't you know it's dangerous to you if it even leaks out that you're connected with it in any way?"

"Yes, of course. I'm not blind, or entirely devoid of common sense," she returned. "But there is greater danger to—one whom I wish to protect at all hazards. I have no choice in the matter."

"Then I'll provide you with one," he announced. "I'll fix to leave you here when I start out for the Teepee."

"When you start!" she exclaimed. "Do you mean that you're going there? Why? Are you one of that crowd? Don't you know that if you get mixed up in this they'll hunt you down?"

"I've had ample evidence of that, haven't I?" he inquired dryly. "But it's no place for you. I'm not going to have you mixed up in it."

She regarded him curiously. "Why?" she demanded, then instantly regretted the question. "No, don't tell me," she urged, and again she felt that warm tingle invading her cheeks.

"Oh, I might as well tell you," Carson drawled. "No harm in your knowing. Then you won't feel that I have any sinister motive in detaining you here. I expect you know, anyway, don't you?"

"No," she said. "No."

"There's a big variety of opinions about what it is," Carson commented impersonally. "Theologically, it's supposed to be a mixture compounded in heaven to create a divine fire in the breasts of two mortals; mythologically, it's reported to be inflicted by the darts of the little pink god; idealistically, it's the ecstatic union of twin souls; biologically, it is considered merely the urge of Nature to perpetuate each race of creatures by selective mating; psychoanalytically, it presumably results from an infantile fixation upon some hard-boiled chauffeur or stout female servant; economically, it's the fallacy that two can live cheaper than one; financially, it has to do with the price of prunes. But whatever it is, I suspect that I've got it."

The girl found herself without ready reply and sat watching him tighten the cinches of her saddle and his own. He seemed to have nothing further to say on the subject, and presently she inquired, "Did you think I'd be interested in that, knowing your profession?"

"Not specially—if any," Carson returned cheerfully. "And I knew from the start you were too infernally clever not to suspect what I was up to. No use for either of us to be interested. It couldn't ever lead anywhere but to trouble, us being on opposite sides of the fence. My own state of mind strikes me as downright ridiculous, to be real frank. It won't come off, as you once so aptly remarked. And reason don't seem to play any considerable part in it, sad to say. I'll be taking your horse with me, but I'll be back before morning. My bed stays here for your comfort and there's sufficient food to last you two weeks. But on the off chance that I don't turn up in the morning, you can fill my big canteen and start walking. The gap where the trail breaks down to the Armajo Tanks is visible from any place on Big Bench. You can't miss it."

He swung to the saddle, holding the reins of her horse and the neck rope of his pack animal, the latter now devoid of equipment. The girl, who had been biding her opportunity, with no idea of tamely submitting to this program, leaped suddenly to seize the reins of her horse and tear them from Carson's grasp. She might have succeeded save for the fact that the horses, startled by her spring, reared and crowded away from her. As this crowding was in the direction which Carson intended to take, he aided the matter by spurring his mount. He clattered off down the course of the arroyo, leaving the baffled girl at the spring.

XI

CARSON sat on the rim of the box canyon some three hundred yards back up in the hills behind the Teepee ranch house. Near him was the orifice that constituted the outlet of that old coulee bed that had been covered over by the original owner of the ranch buildings to provide a means of escape in case of emergency. Just at dusk he had left the three horses on the rims where the trail topped out and had made his way down on foot. It had been dark for some three hours. The drone of a motor reached his ears and he mounted the edge of the little depression, saw the lights of two cars flash on and witnessed the landing of the plane in the alfalfa flat. Far out in the desert, toward Teepee Siding, the lights of an approaching car showed brilliantly.

"The plane landed first this time. But the pick-up car is coming. I can see its lights now. And this trip it will be a pick-up car right."

Carson knew that Langhorn, with Snell's hat pulled well down over his eyes, was driving the big touring car. With him, prepared to crouch low at the proper time, were Uncle Sam Gilky and five Immigration men. He watched the lights until the car halted. Lights flashed on and off three times from a car at the ranch. The lights of the car five miles out in the desert replied with similar flashes. After a seemingly interminable period, the lights moved as toward the ranch. Carson knew that when the car had halted, the guides and aliens had come to the edge of the road and showed themselves in the lights to be picked up and that the officers had covered them. Now they had been left under guard of two men while the car and the rest of the officers had started on to the ranch. There had been no hitch in the plans so far.

(Continued on Page 103)

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(Continued from Page 100)

The barking of the two dogs in the ranch yard floated up to him. Then from high above on the rims there sounded faintly the shrill nicker of a horse. And from almost on a level with Carson, slightly higher, and out where the trail came down from Big Bench, another horse, clear and strong, answered the call from above.

"The deuce!" Carson exclaimed. He divined the purport of that horse talk instantly. Two of the horses had been left on the rim where he had secured them. The other was carrying a rider down the trail to the ranch. There was no question in his mind as to who that rider was. "She must have started out right on my heels to try to make it afoot—and she must have hit the ball."

The distance from Apache Spring to the point where he had left the horses must be around nine miles, he estimated. He had been gone from Apache Spring for some four hours. The girl, starting immediately after him and traveling hard, had reached the horses in something more than three hours. She had taken her own horse and was riding down to warn those at the ranch of the impending raid. The horse nickered again. She had less than four hundred yards to go to reach the ranch. But she was too late. The car was already rolling into the ranch yard.

"Now she's into it," Carson said. "And I'm chump enough to regret it. One thing anyway: There's no quit to that girl. Maybe when she sees it's too late she'll turn back and make her own get-away."

The car had halted, its lights switched off on the instant. Carson returned to the little depression on the rim of the canyon and sought shelter behind an outcropping rock against the brush-grown bank some ten feet to one side of the orifice that he had investigated a few weeks before.

Many items, formerly but vague suspicions and not quite fitting in with the pattern of the whole fabric, were now quite clear to Carson from Snell's information. Jarrat's run past the Immigration men that night on the highway had been occasioned by the fact that he had with him, crouched low in the back seat, two Italians who were to be delivered in a fair-sized town a bit farther to the west and who didn't wish to go north over the usual route by way of the Hopewell.

Ordinarily the smugglers engaged in but little of such isolated deliveries of aliens, deeming it too risky and apt to endanger their main plan of operations. Such scattering deliveries as were made were the work of Gardner; but on that occasion, Gardner being absent, Jarrat had undertaken the task himself. Gardner, Carson reflected again, must be Cherokee Tanner; at least he could think of no other. And of course this matter irrevocably fixed Marion's identity as the rumored Edith Call.

Jarrat had suspected him. The man had recognized Carson as the driver of the car when the Immigration men had overhauled him on the road. But Jarrat had made a quick stop and let the two Italians take to the brush. Word had gone out through the gang that their former overnight visitor was a secret agent for the Immigration Service. But it was not believed that he had learned anything definite. However, he might suspect and return for more adequate proof.

Snell had no knowledge of Jarrat's attempt to shoot Carson, but he did know that Jarrat had rather kept track of Carson's presence in the various border towns. They would have closed down on their smuggling operations for a period, half believing the ranch was under observation, but it was feared that Paige could last but a few months longer. His death would necessitate a cessation of operations while his executors were in charge of the ranch—perhaps the complete abandonment of smuggling at this point in case Jarrat and Blake could not arrange for the purchase of the Teepee from Paige's estate. They could do that now, having piled up riches since the day that Paige had purchased the place and so, unwittingly, had financed the pair from relative pauperism to wealth.

These things flitted through the background of Carson's thoughts, while his conscious efforts were bent upon detecting a sound from the depths of that dark orifice behind the brush close at hand. Many things Snell had not known. He was unaware of the existence of this ancient exit. When adroitly questioned by Carson, he had believed that Carson was referring to no more than the possible existence of a blind trail in the chaparral. And he had no knowledge of the death of Carlos Martin. However, it was certain that whoever had been responsible for that deed had knowledge of the passage. And Blake and Jarrat bottled themselves up in the house each time a pick-up car came in.

Carson had withheld one bit of knowledge from his officer friends. None but himself so much as suspected the existence of this old outlet. His thoughts traveled to those sprawled figures, dried and mummified by the desert sun, that reposed on the floor of the canyon below him.

"One day, Carlos, old friend," he promised, "I'll cut my way through the brush and bury you with the honors of war. There'll be just you and me, and maybe Uncle Sam. There's no one to wonder about you, for you're the last of your line. So I'll leave you right here on the old home ranch—the middle of what you always claimed was God's country. You'd prefer it that way." From below a heavy thumping sound reached his ears. The Immigration men were breaking down the door. "Unless my guess was incorrect, Carlos, you and old Miguel will have company down there real soon now. It'll be poor company, but the best I can provide. Anyway, I've done the best I could, and matters now rest on the knees of the gods."

The muffled battering continued for the space of a minute. Then all was silent. Carson knew that the Immigration men had entered the house and were searching it. Also, he knew that the far end of the exit would be concealed so cleverly that they would not discover it, lacking, as they did, any knowledge of its existence. Would the men—or man—who knew of that exit avail themselves of it, or would they submit to arrest and chance getting clear on the flimsy story that Snell had outlined? Perhaps they would elect to take their chances that way. But that cache of food and water just within the mouth of the old tunnel certainly indicated that someone had planned to use it in case of emergency.

The minutes dragged interminably. Carson wanted to smoke. The thought obsessed him. But a cigarette now might spoil everything. He was startled when the faint sound of rattling rocks smote his ears. Probably he was tensed to a greater point than he had realized. Presently he heard again that clattering of loose stones and a muffled thud.

For no apparent reason, so oddly does the human brain function, he recalled a scene on a sheep ranch when two bands had become mixed and the owners were separating them. The animals had been driven in single file down a narrow chute to the point where the cutter stood working the dodge gate, swinging it right or left to cut each animal into the one of the two branching lanes that was reserved for the members of its own band. The idea amused him as the sound of a human voice, muffled and indistinct, reached his ears.

"Carlos," he whispered, "I'm about to crowd two lousy sheep down the chute to the dodge gate. I'll count on you to cut 'em onto the proper trail to their rightful stamping grounds. That's up to you. If it was me on the dodge gate, I'd open the panel that would let the pair of them canter along the main-traveled highway to all points south. But you use your own judgment."

A voice boomed hollowly from the confined mouth of the orifice behind the brush.

"Quit it!" a second voice hissed. "You got a voice like a foghorn. It'll carry the length of this passage."

A vague light showed behind the brush, outlining the narrow orifice. Then it disappeared. There was a threshing in the brush as a heavy body pressed it aside. Presently two figures loomed against the starlight as they stood on the rim of the canyon.

"Whew! I'm glad to be out of that," the larger man whispered. The big shadow would be Blake, Carson knew; the smaller one would be Jarrat

"You're nervous as an old hen," Jarrat returned. "We'll rest here a minute and take the ledge trail to the bottom of the canyon."

"I hate to go down there with those two stiffs," Blake announced shakily.

"Ah!" Jarrat snarled thinly. "You're a superstitious old granny, you big cheese! Stiffen up! You got the jerks 'cause you croaked that pair down there. What else was there to do? I've rubbed out half a dozen and it don't bother me. Get hold of yourself and we'll go."

"Do you think you can follow that ledge trail at night?" Blake asked nervously.

And suddenly, from close at hand, a voice spoke in hollow sepulchral tones from the obscurity: "It will always be night—but you can't miss the trail. It's the main-traveled road."

"What's that?" Blake demanded hoarsely.

"The shade of Carlos Martin," the hollow voice groaned.

Blake ground out a hoarse, frightened oath that was, nevertheless, half a prayer; but Jarrat fired instantly at the sound of the voice. The spurting red flash leaped at Carson and the ball struck the high bank three feet from his head. From behind his rock, Carson shot back at the flash of Jarrat's gun. Then Blake went into action and shot twice. A leaden messenger crashed nastily against the rock, splintering it near Carson's ear. He fired again, once. The big figure swayed, its knees sagged. Then it crumpled limply and slumped over the brink of the canyon in swift pursuit of the smaller one that had already taken the plunge. Then up to Carson's ears drifted the double sound of two heavy bodies crashing through the brush a hundred feet below. For the space of a minute he remained there, squatting on his heels and twisting a cigarette.

"It's a mighty man that'll shoot at a ghost," he remarked. "Now I'll meander back to my horses and ride over to Armajo. This is the end of the trail."

Some time later he forced his way through the brush near the trail. As he parted the last of it he was suddenly blinded by the white flash of an electric torch. "Hands up!" a voice ordered tersely. "Steady now! I heard you coming and waited for you. Turn with your back to me."

Carson obeyed the injunction, wondering. Something was amiss. Why would one of the men from the ranch, having made good his escape, risk his liberty to hold him up? A hand plucked the gun from his holster. "That the only gun you've got on you?"

"Yes, that's the size of it," Carson lied easily.

"Except this," said the voice behind him, as a hand patted the automatic beneath Carson's jacket, and the muzzle of a gun was pressed against his spine.

"Oh, yes, except that," Carson amended.

"I rather thought you'd have an ace in the hole," his captor said, extracting it. "Well, still another time we meet again."

"Yes?" Carson asked. "Oh, it's you!" he said. For the man was Cherokee Tanner.

"No other," Tanner agreed. "Hold out your hands till I click these bracelets on you."

"Bracelets!" Carson echoed. "Oh, I see—bracelets. I'm beginning to divine things," he chuckled. "You're arresting me?"

"Oh, no, nothing so crude as that," Tanner said with broad sarcasm. He snapped the handcuffs on Carson's wrists.

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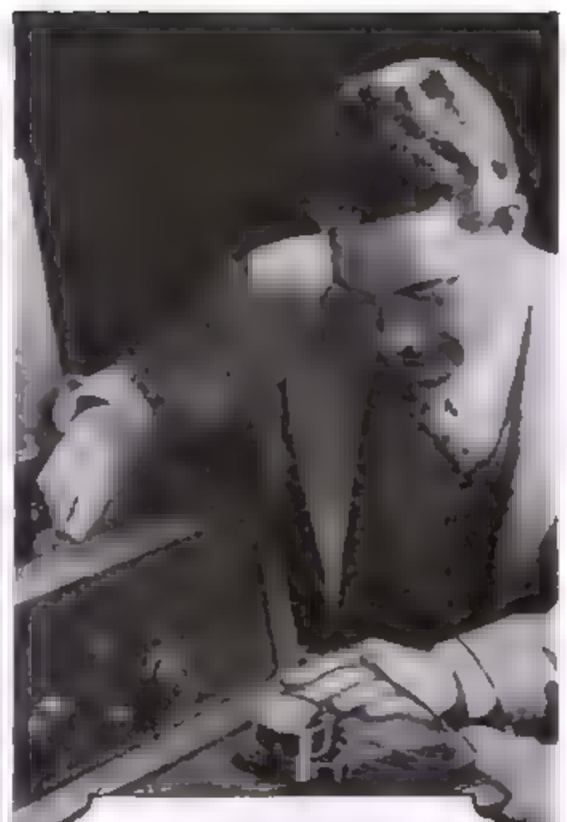

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SCHICK REPEATING RAZOR

(Continued from Page 103)

"I'm with the narcotic division of the customs—secret agent. The Immigration boys pulled off this coup, but we were sent a tip that your outfit was dope-running, too, so they sent me along. If they miss sticking any of you birds on Immigration charges or under the Conspiracy Act, the customs will go to bat on the opium charge. One way or another, you'll all get the book heaved at you. We'll salt you for the limit."

"I see. And the girl you were with in Calizoni—were you watching her too? Was that why you played yourself off as a crook with the help of those two Department of Justice men—to get on her blind side?"

Cherokee Tanner chuckled.

"No; so that she could get on your blind side. We were both watching you. So we ribbed that little byplay to plant her on you. Not bad, was it? We'll be moving on down to the ranch now. You step out in the lead."

"So that was the how of it," Carson said slowly. "But however did you come to settle on me as a suspect?"

"We'd been getting rumors that had been picked up by secret agents and stool pigeons to the effect that a big lot of opium was being cleared through some ranch along the border. It was all rumor—nothing definite. Then I heard in Tia Juana that you were a big rancher and that you were stringing with Hornet Ellis on some big play. We'd suspected Ellis of whisky running. But he seemed like a fairly decent citizen and I didn't think he'd go in for dope smuggling. I thought you might be the rancher in question and that you were maybe trying to get Hornet to handle the Mexican end of the dope game. The way I got it, there seemed to be considerable mystery about just what your game was. So I planted the girl."

Carson recalled Hornet's recital of what he had told the individual who loved to appear mysterious and to disseminate information from the corner of his mouth. "The girl's Edith Call, I take it," Carson submitted.

"Well, it doesn't do any harm now to admit that's been part of her play—since this is her last appearance," Tanner said. "Yes, that was my idea, when she turned up and volunteered to try to gather some information on dope running. She wanted to know how to go about it. Crooks are like every other element of society—anxious to stand in with the best. If a whisper was to circulate round that some mysterious woman was among the aristocracy of the dope runners, and spread for a few months, the smaller fish would begin to wish they knew who she was so they could stand in with her. Then let a few other rumors slip that a certain party who had been seen for months round the various border towns was the one, and it would give her the inside track with a lot of them and she could pick up valuable information—which she did. But she didn't pry much out of you."

"No, I didn't tell her anything to speak of," Carson stated.

"Matter of fact, I didn't have the least idea myself that you were hooked up with this layout," Tanner admitted. "I understood that your ranch was way off to the east, and we were going to have you watched when you went back there. I'd gone to the Hopewell on a tip from an old desert rat that a plane had landed there. When I met you there was the first time I had a hunch that you belonged to the Teepee outfit. Also, I thought Marion's idea that the Teepee was a dope-running station was largely imagination. But she's proved her point. That's what she was out for. Now she's through. Wish she'd take a regular job with the narcotic division, but she won't."

"She's an amateur then?" Carson queried.

"She's Marion Paige, sister of that poor devil down there," Tanner informed. "That's the end of the trail for her. She came here to visit her brother a few months after he'd bought the place at Blake's instigation. He told her Blake was giving him the tapering-off cure. He was scarcely allowed to speak a word with her alone. When he did, finally, and she asked him what was wrong, he seemed scared and shaky. Said nothing was wrong. Blake would shut down on his dope, likely; and Paige, poor devil, was so far gone that he was crazy without it. He did manage to warn her not to come back, even though he insisted that everything was all right. She got an idea that they were dope smuggling. That's when she got in touch with me.

"She came back another time to visit him later and he was worse off than before. Since then she's been trying to get a line on their operations from every crook she stood in with—all those who figured she was a bird of their feather. She acquired information a-plenty, but not one whisper about the one thing she was after. But you know all that."

"No, I don't know all that," Carson said.

"I guess you are rather a new hand with them, at that. She knew everyone who hung out at the ranch, but she'd never seen you there. She'll be surprised when I come marching you in."

"Will she?" Carson asked. "Then she didn't tell you to come up this trail and grab me?"

"No. How would she know where you were? When it was discovered that the pair of you had made a get-away, a few of us started scouting round. I found this trail and followed it. When I heard that shooting I figured that some Immigration man had jumped one or both of you and got into a ruckus. Then I heard you coming straight from the spot and waited, and here we are."

"Yes, as you say, here we are. And she's at the ranch now?" Carson inquired.

"Yes. She insisted upon coming on ahead of this raid, but of course we couldn't let her. She has no official capacity—even pays her own expenses. She made up her mind to come anyway, but she knew she couldn't come in by car—that the Teepee Siding road was being watched and that we'd halt her. She was afraid that when the raid was pulled off you-all would give Paige an overdose of dope and ease him across so he couldn't talk, but that if she'd land in here a half hour or so before the raid was sprung they wouldn't dare do it. So she made the ride across the mountains from Armajo."

Carson had been turning matters over in his mind. Many things were now clear to him. Of course she would know Jarrat and try to speak to him as a friend of her brother's, and many similar items swept through his mind like a fresh breeze.

A load that had weighed heavily upon him for long was now suddenly lifted from his spirit, which, freed of the weight, seemed to soar. He felt an unreasonable impulse to laugh aloud; but glancing down at his manacled wrists, he merely indulged in a chuckle.

"You're a cool hand," Tanner said. "One would think, instead of facing a stretch in the pen, you were on the way to a wedding."

"There's a thought!" Carson said. "Here's hoping! We've been working at cross purposes, you and I, when we were both on the same side." They had entered the ranch yard. "Better slip off these cuffs before we go in. It'll look better."

"Oh, I can stand it if I've picked up the wrong party," Tanner said cheerfully. "Who wouldn't, under the circumstances? I'll just leave 'em on."

"So be it," Carson said.

"That shooting has to be explained. And you come straight from the spot into my arms."

"Shooting? That's easy. There wasn't any. Your ears misled you," Carson declared. Then he stepped through the door into the big living room. For a space the group that was gathered there stared in silence. Carson's eyes sought those of Marion Paige. The girl's face was white

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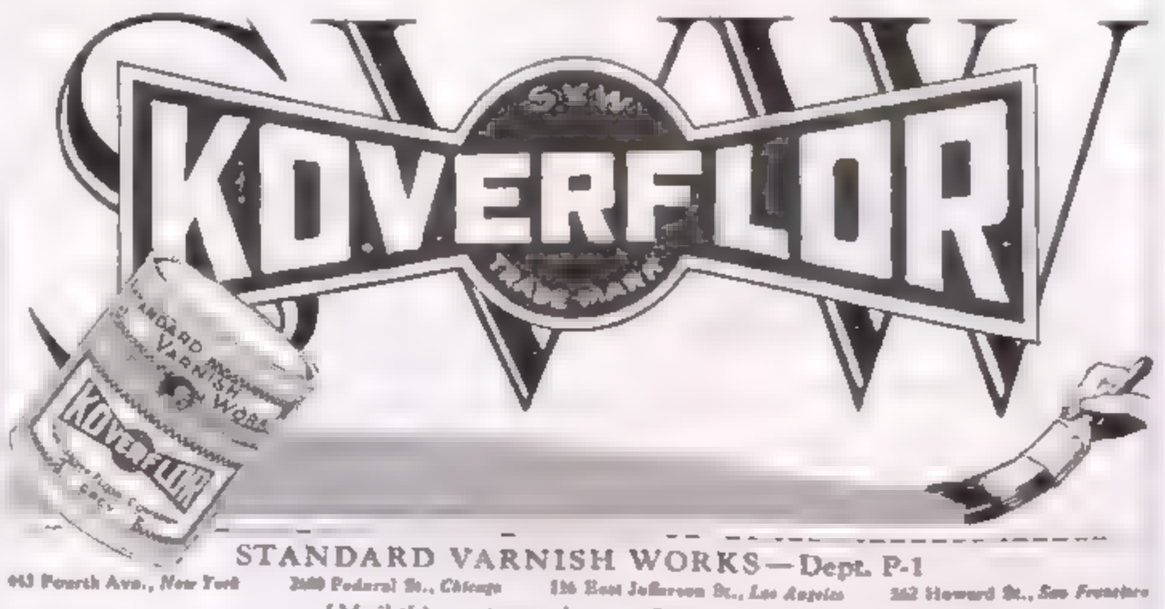

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A distinctive and very useful dish. Handsomely nickel plated with delicately colored removable glass, containing five compartments.

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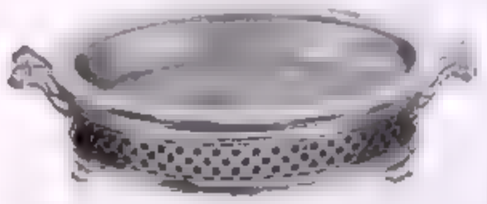

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Ask for genuine Farberware Gifts at the leading stores. Prices range from $3.00 to $10.00. Look for the name FARBERWARE stamped on every piece.

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and she gazed upon him mutely, as if distressed by his plight.

Uncle Sam Gilky broke the silence with a dry chuckle. "They will return to the scene of their crime," he stated. Only Carson recognized the slight inflection of inquiry.

"It's an infallible rule," Carson said. "Never fails."

"He told us he'd try to be somewhere round in time for the blow-off," Uncle Sam said to Langhorn. The Immigration man was regarding Carson's manacled wrists with a grin.

"I was on my way, but a mite late," Carson said. "I ran foul of Mr. Tanner and fell into his lap. He took me into custody."

"Fine deputy sheriff I've got," Uncle Sam remarked. "To go and let yourself get arrested! I'd be downright ashamed. You're discharged."

Tanner reached over and unlocked the handcuffs.

"So you're the one that worked up this case. But I thought whoever it was wanted his name kept out of it."

"And it would have been if I hadn't chanced across you," Carson said. "But no harm done. Can I see Paige?"

"He's sleeping in the back seat of one of the cars outside," Uncle Sam explained. "Miss Paige is starting back with him at once to place him under medical observation. She was just waiting for Tanner to come back to drive her."

Carson turned to Marion. "He recognized me the day that I stopped here, and he tried to flash me a signal for help or to warn me to be careful. When he wakes, will you thank him for me? And tell him that if he'll drop me a line when he's located, I'll come on and visit him soon."

"Yes, I'll tell him," she said. "We will be expecting you."

"Will you drive in with us?" Tanner invited.

"Thanks. But I have two horses tied up on the Bench without water. It'll be daylight before I can get back to them as it is," Carson declined.

Carson dared not look into Marion Paige's eyes for fear of what his face might reveal to the group of men, every one of whom was regarding him. He knew that her thoughts were traveling back over their trail of the past few weeks, as were his own. He was thinking that, believing the worst of him, she had not breathed a word to the officers to the effect that he could be captured by watching his horses. He knew that she was recalling that he, while beheving the worst of her, had kidnaped her in order to save her from sharing the fate of the others at the ranch. No, he could not look into her eyes without betraying himself to the others.

He turned casually to Langhorn. "Bagged the whole outfit, I take it," he said, then instantly regretted it.

"All but two. Gardner, aliens, guides, alleged Chinese servants, plane and the pilot—we got. They're in irons and under guard. Jarrat and Blake made their getaway," Langhorn informed. "But we'll pick them up somewhere later on."

A young Immigration man, a youth on his first big raid, spoke up eagerly: "I've got a theory. That shooting we heard back in the hills ——"

"What shooting?" Uncle Sam interrupted.

"Yes—I didn't hear any shooting," Langhorn contributed, taking the old sheriff's cue.

"I heard it plain!" the youth insisted, glancing round. "And so did the other boys."

"Sho, sonny," Uncle Sam remarked deprecatingly, "that was one of them horn-billed woodpeckers drumming on a petrified tree. They tap signals back and forth amongst themselves thataway; sort of a code they use. You'll come to recognize all such sounds when you've sojourned in the hills a spell longer."

The boy grinned, but was not to be dissuaded from expounding his theory, which he proceeded to do at some length.

Cherokee Tanner was leaning negligently against the wall, his mind working with its usual precision. He had caught that flash between Uncle Sam and his erstwhile deputy anent criminals returning to the scene of their crimes. He remembered that Langhorn had said on the way in that the man who had worked up this case—and who wanted his name kept out of it had started on his crusade because certain members of this gang had done to death his best friend. He glanced at the girl. Her eyes were fastened on Carson as if she feared to remove her gaze lest he might vanish and she would never see him again. Well, women had queer notions sometimes—squeamish about shootings, even when they were necessary or in fact highly desirable. Yes, that was how women were.

He glanced again at Marion Paige, but she was unconscious of his regard or of what her own eyes, still trained upon Carson, revealed to the customs officer.

Tanner sighed. "No need to indulge in all this speculation," he drawled. "Carson didn't believe I meant business when I stood him up, and he made a break for it and—well, I had to shoot a few corners right close to him before he decided to stop."

Uncle Sam beamed upon him. "Mr. Tanner," he said, "you're an officer of the old school and a man after my own heart. When next you pass through Mogala, if you'll drop round to my office, I'll pin the medal of the order on you and we'll celebrate the initiation with fitting and appropriate ceremonial rites. Don't forget, because I'd muchly admire to do that little thing."

(THE END)

GRANDFATHERS WILL BE GRANDFATHERS

(Continued from Page 5)

just dropping it, but, as a matter of fact, he chucked it down, and anybody with a fair mind could see he'd lost his temper.

"I will be calm, Willy. I am still your guardian morally if not legally. The job was wished on me and I would be only too happy to wish it on some other unfortunate. Unfortunately I agreed with myself to make a man of you and I am going to stick to the job in spite of discouragements. When I see you here in Paris dressed up like a mail-order cowboy ——"

"I'm expressing myself," Bill said in a hoarse voice, "and I don't need any fashion hints from Milwaukee to tell me what to wear."

His grandfather had picked up his hat and seemed to have himself in hand again. "A big European city like this, Willy, is not the wholesomest place for a growing boy. Take the point of alcoholic beverages. You will find more health in a garden, Willy, than in all the bottles in Paris."

"Buy a spade," Bill said, "and go and get it yourself. Nobody's stopping you."

"Milwaukee, Willy, has many advantages."

"If that's what you think, you'd better go back there."

Bill was facing him just as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar and the old man was losing his self-control and getting madder and madder. "I met some of your boon companions this afternoon, Willy, and with the exception of your friend Mr. Sears, they seem a remarkable collection."

"Oh, they do, do they?" Bill said, laying down the paper weight and picking up the heavy ash tray and balancing it in his hand for a minute and then picking up the paper weight again.

"They do, Willy. I recall one lady in particular who spoke fondly of you and your art. I believe she called herself Lola Cologne water, or something like that."

"If you've got anything to say against Miss Colonna," Bill said, breathing hard, "you can say it outside."

"Only words of praise, Willy. If her heart is as big as her weight would indicate—no wonder she appreciates you."

"If I had a nasal accent like yours," Bill said, "I'd go back where it wouldn't be noticed."

"That nasal accent, Willy, is my own private Legion of Honor. I acquired it wresting a hard-earned living out of the Mississippi Valley. Looking back on a long and blameless life, I have only one regret, and that is that when you were young I didn't take a barrel stave to you. It would have helped. And now, Willy, grandpa is going to get down to cold cabbage."

You could practically read Bill's thought as he stood there shifting between the paper weight and the ash tray and not knowing which to use.

"Grandpa has fooled with you long enough, Willy. In the first place, he doesn't like to see you running around France dressed like a cockeyed Paleo-Kansas City cow-puncher; and, cost what it may, he is going to herd you back to the United States. So write that down on your eight-gallon hat."

Bill tried to say something, but the old man interrupted: "In the second place, grandpa is going to marry you to a girl from the old home town and he's going to get you into a job if he has to sandbag you and your prospective employer—and God help the latter!"

He glared at Bill and Bill glared back at him.

"There's just one other thing, Willy. Grandpa understands that tonight there's going to be what the natives call the Quat-z-Arts Ball—an annual orgy, according to the best advices. It may be a surprise to you, Willy, but you're not going."

Then Bill cut loose. Of course he hadn't had any more idea than a rabbit of going to the Quat-z-Arts, but you could see just how he felt. "Oh, is that so?" Bill said. "Well, you try to stop me from going—that's all I ask—you try to stop me!"

"Grandpa is going to stop you, Willy. Grandpa is going to make tardy but adequate amends for not having taken a paleo-razor strop to your posterior when you were young. Grandpa is going to make a man of you, Willy, and he's going to begin this evening."

"Get out of the room!" Bill said, and he talked as though he was almost choking to death.

"Grandpa is leaving, Willy. Grandpa is going away, but not very far away. Grandpa is tired of your course of life and he is going to change it. Good afternoon, Willy. And don't lead Walter into any trouble on your account. It wouldn't be right."

And the next thing we knew he was outside the door and going down the stairs laughing, the old hyena.

III

I NEVER saw Bill so mad before, and on the way to Lola's, when I suggested stopping for a couple of coffees, he came near frothing at the mouth.

"A couple of coffees—right now if I was to see Le Roudic de Keriado himself I wouldn't stop. We're going to look up Kearney so I can tell him just what I think of him for spilling my address to the old hyena."

Kearney was leaving Lola's as we got there.

I always liked Kearney. Everybody in the Quarter did. Kearney didn't actually go in for art, but then he never claimed to be an artist. "I've made all the money I

(Continued on Page 111)

Said Father: "I've heard a lot about Endicott-Johnson being a most unusual shoe manufacturing concern. It must be so. . . . These shoes on the youngsters certainly have proved their money's worth."

Said Mother (who does the buying): "Not only that . . . I have never seen shoes more carefully designed for growing feet."

Putting value into shoes *-for you*

By GEO. F. JOHNSON

PROPER fit, sensible style, good wear. It isn't a good shoe, at any price, unless it has all three of these qualities. Endicott-Johnson shoes have them . . . and reasonable price besides. On that assertion I stake the reputation of an organization of tanners and shoemakers unlike any other in existence.

Putting *value* into shoes has resulted in millions of families buying, wearing, preferring Endicott-Johnson shoes to any other single-brand shoes in the country. It has made possible an enterprise whose growth represents a veritable romance in American industry.

As in the hand-built product of the shoemaker of your own childhood, Endicott-Johnson shoe quality begins with the *leather*. Few shoe manufacturers tan their own leather. We do—in tanneries which are among the largest in the world. . . . Because we know—and are determined to have—the kind of leather that gives the wear and comfort you want.

To this we add the workmanship of the best trained shoemakers to be had. We develop them ourselves. Build homes for them. Share with them the rewards that come from giving the public honest shoes at fair prices. We employ every efficiency-making method and equipment inventive genius can devise. Into 130,000 pairs of shoes a day we put values unparalleled in shoes regularly selling at similar prices!

I urge every family in the United States to try Endicott-Johnson shoes. I invite them to write me, stating frankly what satisfaction these shoes have given for the money they've cost. You can buy Endicott-Johnson shoes at leading stores in most every community: Long-wearing dress, school and play shoes for boys and girls; dress and work shoes for men; Oxfords, pumps and comfort shoes for women. Sound values in all of them.

Geo. F. Johnson

President
ENDICOTT-JOHNSON CORPORATION

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ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

SHOEMAKERS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

No. 18 Why *changed* motoring conditions

Gasoline is no

How today's added winter driving intensifies an old problem

THE growth of winter driving has brought in many so-called "winter" oils. Many of these are unusually light in body. Many are produced solely to give you easy starting.

But in one respect, many of them fall seriously short. They fail to provide the margin of safety necessary to prevent dangerous gasoline dilution of the lubricating oil—the greatest menace that threatens your engine in cold weather.

When you merely say, "Give me a quart of oil" at this time of year, you are pretty sure to get one of these thin-bodied, light oils.

A vicious circle

What happens? A cold morning finds this thin oil in your crankcase. You start your cold engine. You must use the choke freely. The cold combustion chambers fail to vaporize all the fuel. Where does the unburned gasoline go? Some of it is forced past the piston rings into the crankcase.

Gasoline dilution begins. This light oil thins out more and more. This seriously diluted oil fails to seal the pistons. Result: Still more gasoline gets into the crankcase.

In 200 miles of driving you may easily get a full quart of gasoline mixed with your lubricating oil.

High cost of gasoline dilution

Extra-thin oil plus gasoline may bring a wide range of mechanical troubles—anywhere from lost power to ruined bearings.

Gasoline dilution hastens wear.

Gasoline dilution often leaves pistons, piston rings, bearings, and other expensive metal surfaces dangerously unprotected.

Gasoline dilution is sure to result in an inadequate piston seal. Hence power fails and gasoline is wasted.

THE REMEDY

For winter use in most cars we recommend Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic meets the gasoline dilution problem with scientific exactness.

In it you get an engineering margin of safety against dilution and, at the same time, a quick-flowing oil that gives quick starting.

Mobiloil Arctic is quick flowing without being a "light oil." It has the full, rich body and the character that will resist dangerous dilution and provide thorough lubrication for all friction surfaces. It is made from crude oils especially selected for this purpose. And yet it is fluid enough to give easy starting even in zero weather.

There is a scientific margin of safety in Mobiloil Arctic to meet every winter driving need.

The popular winter oil

In Canada, in Norway, in Sweden, in Denmark, and in all countries where long cold winters are the rule, Mobiloil is, by long odds, the most popular oil. Its extra margin of safety against cold and gasoline dilution accounts for its popularity.

Today, 182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve the Mobiloil Chart. In a special Chart on this page we list the cars for which we recommend Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. If your car is not listed, look for it in the winter column of the complete Chart at any Mobiloil dealer's.

To really enjoy motoring this winter don't say, "Give me a quart of oil." That will probably bring you a "light winter oil." Ask your dealer for Mobiloil Arctic if your car is listed here. Or consult the complete Chart at your dealer's.

Then you will experience the full pleasure of winter motoring.

Keep a supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic on hand in your own garage. The 10-gallon drum or 5-gallon tipper box are convenient packages and afford about a season's supply. For touring or emergency use, the sealed quart cans are excellent as they can be carried in your car, ready for use at all times.

VACUUM OIL COMPA

Other branches and distributing wa

demand a new margin of safety

lubricant!

. . . For winter use in most cars we recommend Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic meets the gasoline dilution problem with scientific exactness.

Cold weather tips

1. Always push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.

2. When starting in cold weather use choke only while starting. Push it in part way the instant the engine starts, and fully as soon as possible.

3. Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.

4. Use suitable anti-freeze mixture (first cleaning out the radiator thoroughly). Keep at proper strength during cold weather.

5. If the temperature of the engine is not maintained by thermostatic control or radiator shutters, use a suitable radiator cover.

6. Be sure you have an adequate supply of Mobiloil Arctic in crankcase, or Mobiloil "E" in Ford (Model T) cars.

7. Be sure you have Mobiloil "C" in the transmission and differential.

TO assure satisfactory operation during cold weather, have your garage man or service station attend to the following:

1. Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity, have recharged.

2. See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.

3. Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.

4. Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.

5. Lubricate all parts of the chassis, including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear, and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.

6. Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Put in Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic unless your car is a Ford (Model T), in which case use Mobiloil "E" Change oil more frequently in winter than in summer.

Special WINTER *Chart*

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32° F.) in all cars marked *.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	•	•	•	•
Buick	•	•	•	•
Cadillac	•	•	•	•
Chandler *except Special Six*	•	•	•	•
Chevrolet	•	•	•	•
Chrysler *4-cyl.*	•	•	•	
Dodge Brothers	•	•	•	•
Elcar *all except Models 6-65 & 4-cyl.*	•	•	•	•
Erskine	•			
Essex	•	•	•	•
Flint	•	•	•	•
Hudson	•	•	•	•
Hupmobile	•	•	•	•
Jordan	•	•	•	•
La Salle	•			
Locomobile	•	•	•	•
Marmon *8-cyl.*	•			
Moon	•	•	•	•
Nash	•	•	•	•
Oakland	•	•	•	•
Oldsmobile	•	•	•	•
Overland & Overland Whippet	•	•	•	•
Packard Six	•	•	•	
" Eight	•	•	•	•
Paige	•	•	•	•
Peerless *Models 60, 80 & Eight*	•	•	•	•
Pontiac	•	•		
Reo	•	•	•	•
Star	•	•	•	•
Studebaker	•	•	•	•
Velie	•	•	•	•
Willys-Knight	•	•	•	•

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil
Arctic

A N Y

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

rehouses throughout the country

Imagine!

Your finest blankets cleansed without shrinking . . . *soft and fluffy as thistledown!*

FOR YEARS, we have been worrying about your beautiful blankets. We know, of course, how much you prize them—how particular you are—and just what a vexing problem blanket cleansing has always been.

So we put our great corps of engineers—textile experts, machine designers, cleansing specialists—to work on this problem. They studied and experimented and studied some more until they perfected the wonderful, new "American" method of washing and refinishing fine blankets.

And now laundries and dry cleaners who use this new "American" method can cleanse your loveliest blankets perfectly. Imagine! Having them returned to you without a particle of shrinkage—full-sized, straight-edged—soft and fluffy as thistledown. That is the perfect blanket-cleansing service you are now offered. And the results are *guaranteed!* So, you see, you can confidently send even your finest blankets to be washed the "American" way.

This is how it is done . . . YOUR blankets are placed in polished washers. They are gently soused in sparkling suds of the purest soap, until the fabric is immaculately clean. Then a running bath of crystal-clear water to rinse away the soap. The temperature of the water is scientifically maintained during the entire washing period. Next, your clean blankets are placed in a marvelous "spinning basket" that removes the surplus water. Then they are attached to frames, set to the exact size and shape of your blankets, and dried in balmy currents of filtered air.

Last of all, the blankets are brushed by a remarkable machine that merely whispers over the surface—leaving a fluffy lightness that is a joy to the eye and a caress to the touch!

As fast as we can build them, these marvelous "American" Blanket Units are being installed all over the country. Surely you will want to try this perfect blanket-cleansing service. Phone your laundry or dry cleaner, today. Send your finest blankets. The results will delight you.

True to size! You'll find length and breadth exactly the same before and after this cleansing treatment.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Norwood Station, Cincinnati, Ohio
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Underhill St., Camden Town, London, N W 1, England

SEND COMFORTS, QUILTS AND CURTAINS, TOO

(Continued from Page 106

need," he used to say, "and now I'm spending it in the Latin Quarter, because I get a bigger kick there than I would anywhere else." Kearney was always friendly when a fellow was broke, and in spite of his never claiming to be a paleo-meditationist, at the same time there wouldn't have been any paleo-meditationist banquet if Kearney hadn't managed it right from the beginning. He wore ordinary clothes, but nobody in the Quarter held that against him, because he was an old man—practically forty.

We reached Lola's just as Kearney was leaving.

"Hello," he said. "Just got a letter from Le Roudic's housekeeper. She says he's leaving Keriado and will be here for the banquet tomorrow night sure. Now if you paleo-meditationists will just do your share ——"

Then Bill broke out: "I want to know," he said, "why you gave my address to my grandfather."

Kearney looked surprised. "Because he asked for it. Why not?"

Bill went up in the air higher'n a kite. He explained just what he thought of his grandfather and about his grandfather being an old hyena and trying to spoil Bill's career and a lot more.

"If I'd known that, Bill ——"

"Well, you know it now. And if he ever asks anything else about me, you tell him I've gone to China and am never coming back."

Kearney looked mighty regretful. "Bill, if I'd known that was the way things were I wouldn't have told him. What can I do to make it right?"

"Nothing," Bill said. "It's too late now."

Kearney squinted his eyes. "Bill, all you ask is to have your grandfather let you alone—that's all, isn't it?"

Bill let out a hoarse laugh. "Yes, that's all. And if a man wants to swim across the Atlantic, all he has to do is to keep on swimming—that's all."

"Listen, Bill, I've got you in wrong and I want to make it right. I'm going to try to persuade your grandfather to see your point of view."

Bill laughed again the same way. "The old hyena, he'll never see anybody's point of view except his own."

"I'm going to try, Bill." Kearney looked worried. "I worked you into this mess and I'll work you out again. I know the name of his hotel and I'll go over to the Right Bank pronto, immediately, and talk to him."

Bill said that a picked team of the best talkers in both hemispheres could talk to his grandfather for a year and a half and it wouldn't do anything but make the old man more obstinate than he was naturally.

But Kearney wasn't discouraged. "I'm going to try it, Bill, anyhow. There's a lot to be said for the Quarter, and I'll try to convince your grandfather that a man who wants to live here isn't necessarily crazy. I'll see if I can catch him at the Hôtel des Rois right off."

Bill was still sore as we went on up the stairs to Lola's. Bill wanted to see Lola because he felt we ought to talk over with somebody else the question of just what he better do. And if anybody wanted to talk over anything, Lola's apartment was certainly the place for it. Even halfway up the stairs, we could hear people ripping off chunks of conversation, and when we opened the door it sounded like a boiler factory. That was the way Lola's teas always sounded.

Lola was in the kitchen, dressed in a kind of blue flour sack, smoking a pipe and mixing a cocktail. But when she saw me and Bill she laid down the pipe and the cocktail shaker, and after kissing us a couple of times, said, "Bill, something is wrong. Your aura is all red."

Ordinarily Bill would have started to quarrel with her on the subject of auras. Bill wasn't very strong for auras, but Lola believed in everything; though not for very long at a time. She'd changed her name from Lena Cumberback to Lola Colonna because of the sublime principles of numerology. But this afternoon Bill was too excited about his grandfather to talk science. So he fumed up and down Lola's apartment and drowned out everybody else, explaining just what he thought of his grandfather and asking what he ought to do about it.

Everybody agreed with Bill's idea of the old man except Melmer McHaffy, the Dublin super-atheist, and he probably would have agreed if Mike O'Hare, the Irish primitive mystic, hadn't expressed himself first. Melmer and Mike never got on the same side of any question, because each of them thought the other was a traitor to Ireland.

But I never before saw a bunch of paleo-meditationists coincide about a thing the way they did about Bill's grandfather. The only difference of opinion arose when the question came up as to what Bill ought to do. Everybody felt he ought to make an intriguing gesture, but they couldn't decide on what.

The French modified anarchist thought Bill's gesture ought to be a formal letter stating that everybody knew the family was an outworn and tyrannous superstition, and that if Bill's grandfather said he believed in it, then it showed he was either an idiot or a criminal. And the German absolute anarchist said he had some stuff in his private laboratory which, when connected with a time fuse, would put Bill's grandfather where the old man wouldn't tyrannize over anybody. Lola suggested adverse vibrations.

Everybody present had some particular idea of what Bill ought to do, but all the ideas were so different that by the time we left Lola's we hadn't come to any decision.

"Bill," I said, "let's stop at the first café and have a couple of coffees and talk it all over." And we did.

It was a little hard getting Bill's mind down to the subject, because he kept running on about how much he regretted not having bounced the paper weight off his grandfather's head and how low-down his grandfather used to treat him, and wasn't it revolting to think that the old man wanted him to ruin his career by marrying a little bourgeoise girl.

"But he won't get me to marry her, Walt. Not while I'm living, he won't."

"Certainly not, Bill."

"Right now she's probably the same as she was when I used to know her."

"I wouldn't be surprised, Bill."

"Once when I was twelve years old, Walt—just a thoughtless boy of twelve—I sent her a valentine, and she seemed to think I was stuck on her. And when we went to dancing school and there was girls' choice she'd always pick on me. And when it came to playing games like post office——"

"I get you, Bill."

"And now the old hyena comes around and thinks he's going to make me marry her and tells me I can't go to the Quat-z-Arts Ball and —— Walt!"

"What is it, Bill?"

"I know the gesture I ought to make to put him in his place."

"What gesture is that, Bill?"

"Walt, we'll go to the Quat-z-Arts Ball tonight. We'll show him he can't boss me any more." I started to interrupt. "Wait, Walt. I know what you're going to say: Being paleo-meditationists we ought not to lend our presence to encourage a lot of poor nuts that are just producing a bunch of tripe. Yes, I know just how you consider the Quat-z-Arts, Walt. But it's a gesture. He told me I couldn't go, so I've got to go. If I didn't, Walt, I wouldn't feel I had any integrity left—artistic or otherwise. And it's the only adequate gesture I can make."

Personally, I don't approve of the people that hang around art schools. I don't think they've ever produced anything but a lot of tripe, and I don't think they ever will. But I could see how Bill felt, and after a minute I said, "All right, Bill, I'll go with you."

"I knew you were a friend of mine," Bill said with a good deal of emotion.

"Yes, Bill," I said, "I'm your friend, and if I can do anything to save you for your art I'm going to do it."

So we had a couple more coffees; and then, as it was getting along toward seven o'clock, we dropped in at a restaurant and ordered something to eat. It wasn't until we'd pretty near finished that Bill remembered we hadn't any tickets. And as the Quat-z-Arts is particular about not letting outsiders butt in, this was an important point. In fact we might have been blocked right there if a waiter hadn't told us about a friend of his who had got hold of two tickets and wanted to sell them.

This bird asked five hundred francs apiece, but we bargained him down to eight hundred fifty for the two. Then we went over to my place for the costumes. The costumes weren't much, because everybody was coming as an ancient Briton, so the principal thing was to be painted entirely blue. I did that for Bill and myself. Outside the paint, there wasn't much except a little piece of cloth here and there, and some beads. So we put on our overcoats and got a taxi.

Bill was kind of nervous. He was afraid maybe his grandfather had hired a gang of *apaches* to waylay us, or maybe the old man himself would be waiting at the door with a policeman and accuse Bill of having stolen his watch. But when we got out of the taxi there wasn't anybody there except about ten thousand miscellaneous people who were being held back by the cops as they watched the ancient Britons pass into the hall.

"Walt," Bill said, as somebody yelled something about his being disguised as five matches, "you understand the only reason I've come here is just as a manly protest and a gesture."

"That's the dope, Bill," I said.

Well, there was no trouble at the outer door and it looked as though everything was going fine till we reached the head of the stairs. There was a committee of ancient Britons standing there. They took one look at the tickets and then an American ancient Briton yelled, "To the left!" And before you could tell what was happening, we were being shoved past a second committee of ancient Britons manipulating a bucket of yellow paint. The next thing we knew we were going down the stairs fast with yellow paint on our legs and on our overcoats and on our faces.

Bill said, "I demand to know the reason for this outrage."

And I said in a quiet way, "No, I don't belong to the Beaux-Arts, and when I produce something, it won't be a lot of tripe either."

And at about that time Bill and I hit the bottom of the stairs together.

IV

FOR a minute I was afraid Bill might pull something desperate. Underneath the blueness, his face had a terrible expression. "Bill," I said, "always remember you got your art."

"Yes, Walt," he said after a minute, "I got my art."

"And you know, Bill, that bunch in there is nothing but a gang of fakers. There isn't a paleo-meditationist in the lot."

"I know it, Walt."

"Tripe, Bill. That's all they can produce—just tripe."

"You said it, Walt."

By this time there was a pretty big crowd gathering around, making personal remarks at us in French and other languages, and it looked as though maybe we ought to beat it. I was just saying so when Bill caught my arm.

"What is it, Bill?"

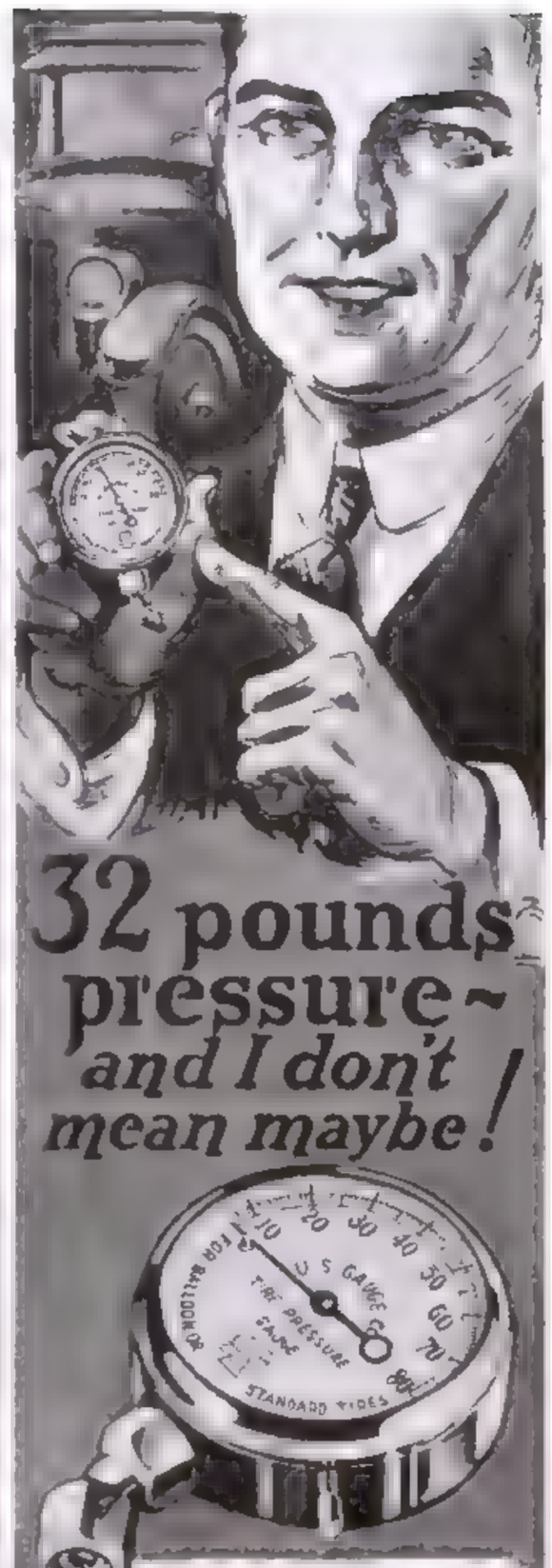
"They're here, Walt, watching us."

"Who's here?"

"The Spinners—Betty and her father. And they're looking smack at us."

"Bill," I said, "the only thing to do is to beat it while we have time. They won't chase you far—not in this crowd. Where are they?"

(Continued on Page 113)



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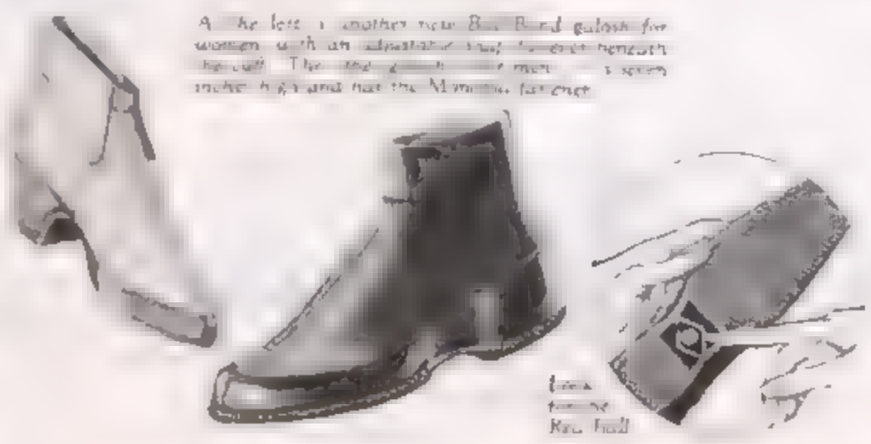

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(Continued from Page 111)

"In the big car just pulled up by the curb."

"Treat 'em with silent contempt, Bill. Remember you got your art."

"No, Walt," Bill said, "silent contempt wouldn't be decisive enough. We ought to go over and speak with them."

"What do you want to speak with them about, Bill?"

"It's that girl, Walt—Betty. I've known her all my life, and here she is, hoping to marry me. It would be only fair to her if I should come out flat-footed and tell her she hasn't a chance."

It didn't sound like a good idea to me, but Bill was determined, and in fact he'd already started. So I followed him over to the auto.

Apparently they hadn't recognized us at all; and even after Bill told who he was, they seemed to have some difficulty believing it, probably on account of our being all blue.

It was a big rented limousine with a chauffeur, and the Spinners were in the back seat. They looked about like what I thought. Old Man Spinner was pretty dignified and had white hair; Betty was what you might expect of that kind of a girl of eighteen, except maybe more so. I mean by that she was pretty, but not beautiful to anybody who knew anything about true art.

"Oh, Bill," she said, "to think of seeing you here! How romantic!"

"Well," Bill said, "we went to the Quat-z-Arts Ball."

"It must have been very interesting."

"No," Bill said, "it wasn't, and that's why we left."

This may not have been the exact truth, but in my opinion Bill was justified in making the statement, considering the circumstances. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too.

Then Old Man Spinner asked me what I thought about art and I started to tell him, but pretty soon I noticed that instead of listening to what I had to say, Betty was carrying on a separate line of conversation with Bill. It went something like this:

"It's wonderful to see you again, Bill."

"It's wonderful to see you again, Betty."

"I've often thought about the wonderful adventures you must be having in Paris, Bill."

"Oh, I've not had any very wonderful adventures, Betty."

"I don't see how you could help it, Bill; you were always so sentimental. Do you remember when you were twelve years old how you gave me that valentine?"

"I should say I do!"

"And when I tried to thank you for it you ran away."

"Yes, I remember that, Betty."

"You always used to pull my hair and throw things at me."

"That was because I was so embarrassed when you were around I never knew what else to do."

"Do you remember the dancing school, Bill?"

"I should say I do, Betty!"

"Wasn't it funny—ha-ha-ha!"

"I should say it was—ha-ha-ha!"

I could see Bill was in danger, so I interrupted my conversation with Old Man Spinner to say, "Bill, we'd better be moving along."

But Bill didn't seem to hear me. He just went on: "Do you remember that party where they started a string of old-fashioned games and finally played post office?"

"I certainly do, Bill. You sent me a letter. And then when I came to get it you weren't there."

"Wasn't I?" Bill said.

"No, you ran away."

"Well, in that case I'll give it to you now, because this is Paris and you don't have to go into a corner to kiss somebody." And before anybody could say anything he'd kissed her.

Betty laughed a good deal, saying it was the first time in her life she'd ever been kissed by a person painted blue, and she thought he seemed even bluer after than before, and Bill said however he might look, he felt about a hundred and fifty shades less blue.

I saw the time had come to act, so I said, "Bill!"

"What is it?" Bill said in a kind of cross way.

"We've got to beat it," I said. "You got some work to do on your novel."

Well, that started Betty all over again. What was the subject of his novel and when was it going to be published and would it be illustrated and this and that? Seeing that Bill hadn't done anything about his novel yet except the meditative part, it was kind of embarrassing for him. But he kept right on talking and it almost needed force to break him away and get him into a taxi.

All the way back Bill was in a sort of daze and didn't say anything except once when I spoke to him. "Bill," I said, "I thought you didn't like that little bourgeois girl."

"I don't," he said; "but I couldn't be rude to her, could I?"

And right then I began to feel that maybe Bill's worst enemy wasn't his grandfather, but himself.

As a matter of fact, we didn't even discuss his grandfather again until up in my place, when we started washing the blue off. And then every time Bill struck a spot where he had to scrub himself practically raw he'd say, "The old hyena!" But with trimmings.

It was better than one o'clock in the morning before we really looked right, and even then there were patches left. By that time Bill was sore inside as well as out.

"Walt," he said, "nobody ever handed me such a raw deal as my grandfather tonight. I'll never forgive him, Walt—never!"

"All right, Bill," I said, "let's go and have a couple of coffees and talk it over."

So we walked along to St.-Michel and had a couple of coffees and began to discuss necessary action.

Bill was excited, and the more I tried to calm him down the more excited he got. And when I'd say, "Always remember, Bill, you got your art," he'd say, "Yes, but for how long? I've a good mind to go and enlist in the Foreign Legion."

I'd say, "Don't do that, Bill. We'll fix everything up yet."

"Not if the old hyena can horn in, we won't. Didn't he get us thrown out tonight? Walt, he won't stop at anything."

Personally, I didn't believe Bill's grandfather had had anything to do with our being thrown out, but there was no convincing Bill, though at the end he kind of wavered.

Well, we talked for a long time about what was the best move to make to save Bill for his art, and what was art, and was there anybody today except a few people in the paleo-meditationist movement that appreciated art, and what to do about it, and whether at the banquet Le Roudic de Keriado would speak in French or if he knew English. Sometimes we walked and talked, and sometimes we stopped and had a couple of coffees and talked, and then walked and talked again.

It was after five in the morning when I said, "Bill, every paleo-meditationist has got one good friend in the Quarter, and that's Kearney Sears. He may not be an artist, but he's always ready to help a fellow out." Bill looked kind of doubtful. "Yes, Bill," I said, "and if Kearney Sears hadn't pitched in, probably the banquet tonight for Le Roudic wouldn't happen at all. He's worked mighty hard arranging that banquet."

"You're right, Walt. I don't suppose Kearney is really responsible for this skulduggery my grandfather is pulling. The worst you can say about Kearney is that he's an innocent victim."

"That's all, Bill. So why not look up Kearney at his room now?"

"What for?"

"Find out what your grandfather said and ask him what he thinks we ought to do. Kearney Sears is a pretty wise old bird."

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"Will we find him in his room, Walt?"

"We ought to. He never goes to the Quat-z-Arts Balls any more and he never stays through any of Lola's all-night parties, so the chances are he's sleeping. He may be kind of sore at being waked up so early in the morning, but when we explain it's an emergency he'll understand."

So we walked along the Rue St.-Jacques till we came to the hotel where Kearney lived and woke up the porter, and he asked where we were going and I said, "Numéro blah-blah," and that seemed to satisfy him, because he wasn't altogether awake anyhow, and we walked up to Kearney's room, which was Number 8 on the second floor. We could hear breathing inside.

Bill said, "If it was anybody but Kearney Sears, I wouldn't think of butting in this way; but Kearney'll understand."

"Yes, he'll understand, Bill."

"We'll have a good frank talk, Walt."

"Settle everything, Bill."

We tried the door gently; it wasn't locked, so we opened it and tiptoed in. The room was dark, but we could make out the bed.

"Hey, Kearney!" Bill said, lighting a match. There wasn't any answer.

"What's the matter, Bill?" I asked, because the match had gone out and Bill seemed to be gasping.

"Did you get a look at him, Walt?"

"No, I was watching the window."

"Walt, the fellow there on the bed isn't Kearney—I'll swear he isn't. It's somebody else. And he's all painted blue."

"That's all right, Bill. Don't get excited. It's just one of Kearney's friends and Kearney told him to use the room after the Quat-z-Arts."

Bill was breathing hard. "Walt, it's worse than that. It's terrible."

"What do you mean, Bill?"

"Walt, I just had a glimpse, and it seems impossible, but I'll swear it's a fact. That bird on the bed there—all painted blue ——"

"Go on, Bill."

"It's my grandfather, Walt. It's the old hyena."

"CIVILIZATION is certainly cracking under the strain," Bill said in a bitter whisper, "when a man can't call on a friend without finding his own grandfather lying on the bed and painted blue. I wouldn't care so much if he wasn't painted blue. But that's what gets me—a grandfather all painted blue."

The color seemed to grate on Bill especially. So finally I felt obliged to say, "Well, Bill, suppose he was painted purple—would you have liked that any better?"

"It's Kearney Sears' fault," Bill went on without answering my question. "He double-crossed me. I consider him a traitor to the whole paleo-meditationist movement."

Personally, I didn't hardly feel Kearney Sears was to blame, or, anyhow, that he'd tried to do any double-crossing. Kearney Sears wasn't that kind. Besides, Kearney wasn't a paleo-meditationist and never claimed to be; he was just an interested friend.

"There's some explanation," I said to Bill.

"Is there any explanation of that?" Bill asked, pointing to his grandfather. "The old hyena! Look at him all painted blue and lying there in a state of coma! I'd give anything if they could see him that way in Milwaukee."

Bill had been talking louder and louder, and as he said these last words, his grandfather rolled over and remarked in a sleepy voice, "If you are burglars, you will find what there is left—if anything—in my overcoat pocket. Take it and go away and don't disturb me; I am feeling too good to be disturbed."

"Oh, you are, are you?" Bill said in a mean voice. "Well, you're going to be disturbed just the same."

Propping himself up on one elbow, his grandfather looked at us. "Speak gently, Willy. For the moment dull reality and myself are strangers. I am seeing everything in a golden haze and I want to stay just like that. We are only star dust, Willy, so why not make the best of it?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Bill said in a severe voice.

"I ought to be, Willy, but I am not. So I am going to make peace with my imperfect nature and light a cigarette."

"Well," Bill said, after he'd got over the shock a little, "what would you say if you found your grandfather soused to the guards and all painted blue and smoking cigarettes in bed?"

"I shan't try to cripple my imagination, Willy, by supposing anything so extraordinary. My grandfather was not interested in the customs and pastimes of the ancient Britons. And I may remark here, for the benefit of any antiquarians present, that if the ancient Britons were anything like their counterparts last evening, no wonder Julius Cæsar liked the country. As for being soused—I am not soused, Willy. I am merely looking at the world through rose-colored spectacles studded with diamonds. That's all, Willy—that's all."

"I'm ashamed of you," Bill said. "Walt is ashamed of you too."

"What does Walt's Uncle George think about me?"

I told him I hadn't any Uncle George.

"It is a matter of trivial importance, Walter. The real reason of our getting together here is to discuss big issues in a big way. What is your idea of the ancient Britons, Walter? Not that it matters particularly, because any idea you may have about that wonderful little people is probably all wrong. I never imagined how interesting antiquity could be. As a matter of fact, I feel, in my humble way, that Nature designed me to be an ancient Briton."

Bill said, "If you haven't any shame on your own account, kindly remember that Walt is here."

"If Walt is here," said his grandfather, "he is in a safe place. I would rather see him here than at the Quat-z-Arts Ball. I left at four o'clock in the morning, when everybody said it was just getting good. I was afraid if it got any better I would wake up and find myself in Milwaukee."

"At your age you had no business at the Quat-z-Arts Ball," Bill said, and his voice showed he meant every word of it.

"You are wrong, Willy. In my opinion that affair was designed especially for people of my years. It ought to have been advertised as the Grandfathers' Special and any gentleman present below the rank of grandfather should have been executed on the spot."

Bill acted as if he was hunting for the right words to say. His grandfather lit another cigarette.

"I looked for you, Willy. In fact one of the reasons I went to the ball was to see you and Walter disport yourselves. Your friend Mr. Sears, persuaded me to withhold the hand that smites long enough to see whether, after personal investigation, I really disapproved of the artistic life. He said I had seen you at work, so why not see you at play and get the full portrait. Hence the blue paint."

"You didn't see us," Bill said. "I hope you noticed we weren't there."

"No, I did not see you, Willy, and I regretted it. If I had had that opportunity I might have been able to draw for you valuable moral lessons from little things I observed—lessons that you would have doubtless remembered all your life. I take it you didn't go."

"No," Bill said in a short way, "we didn't."

"I hope, Willy, there was no difficulty and that you and Walter were not thrown out on your necks, a misfortune which seemed to strike a lot of would-be ancient Britons. I have been informed that a large number of guileless persons paid good prices for counterfeit tickets."

"We didn't even try to go," Bill said. "Walt and I spent the whole night at work—meditating."

Of course that wasn't exactly the truth, but I think Bill was justified in making the statement. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too.

"We're not wasting our lives," Bill said.

"That is the way to make grandpa happy, Willy. Waste nothing. Spend all your evenings in your room meditating and you will grow up to be healthy and happy and wealthy and wise. And it is better to be wise than to be a wise-cracker. Let age have its fling, Willy, and always remember that grandfathers will be grandfathers."

He leaned back on his pillow and, blowing out a cloud of cigarette smoke, smiled like a hyena.

Bill walked across the room and back again with his hands in his pockets. Finally he stooped opposite his grandfather and looked at him in a fierce way. "I've had enough of this nonsense," he said. "I want to know what you're going to do."

"I have been doing things all my life, Willy, and I am beginning to wonder if I have not made a grave mistake. If you wish to know what I expect to do in my own case, I take pleasure in telling you that I am going to keep on lying right here in this bed and thinking over last evening. These last few hours have mellowed me, Willy."

"I'll say they have!"

"Not only obviously, Willy, but in the larger sense. At 10:30 P.M. last evening I began to understand why you like Paris. I sympathized with you. After a careful investigation of your little city, I am prepared to be quoted as saying that Milwaukee was nothing like this. I don't believe anything was ever quite like it."

"Oh, is that what you think?" Bill said, probably because he felt he ought to make some remark, but didn't know exactly which one.

"That is what I think, Willy. That is grandpa's mature opinion. He sympathizes with you. He would like to extend to you the right hand of good fellowship. I have met some of your playmates and I like them. Kearney Sears is a good fellow. In spite of her name, I rather like Lola."

"I forbid you to speak of the lady in my presence," Bill said.

His grandfather closed his eyes and, dropping the cigarette on the table, remarked in a dreamy voice, "Then I will sing it. Once at midnight in San Francisco I met an individual who told me I ought to go into grand opera. I binged him on the jaw, but who can recall the word once spoken?"

"I demand to know," Bill said, "and without any more nonsense or equivocation when you're going back to the United States and leave me alone."

"I have already decided to leave you alone, Willy. As for my departure from foreign shores, that has been indefinitely postponed. I have seen your city and I like it. As we say in the vernacular, it is a good town. I think I shall make an extended visit."

Bill took a long breath and said, "You can't leave your business, and you know it."

"I will bet any reputable citizen the sum of one dollar that I can, Willy. In the last few years my business has become practically automatic. It will get on without me. But can Paris say as much?"

"What do you mean?"

"I am a light-hearted young American, Willy; a representative of Uncle Sam in his happiest mood. I am beginning to believe that Paris needs me, and I am not one to neglect the call of duty."

Now Bill got mad. "Once for all," he said, "I want to know what you think you're going to do."

"Nothing, Willy—nothing at all. So run away and let grandpa alone. He is sound asleep." And he closed his eyes again.

"If you're sound asleep," Bill said, his upper lip curling scornfully, "how can you be talking like this?"

"I am talking in my sleep, Willy, and if you were to wake me up now it might be

(Continued on Page 117)

"Hey...Wait...I *forgot something!*"

An important order waits unattended to in his office

A DASH for the elevator. He's in. The door slams, the car starts down. Of a sudden, something reminds him of an important order unattended to at the office. Back he comes excitedly, into the office, a half-hour's work ahead of him.

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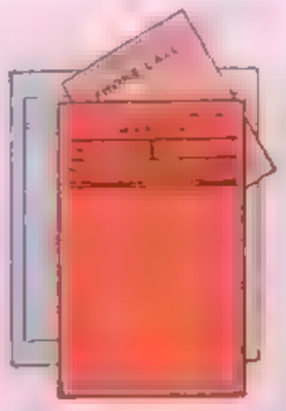

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 114)

fatal. When you and Walter go out, close the door gently; otherwise you might disturb my slumbers."

Bill said in a frank way, "I think you're crazy."

"I am, Willy—I am. I am crazy about the city of your adoption. And in the future, if anybody interviews you on the subject, do not strive to extenuate or apologize; simply tap your forehead and pronounce the one word 'Cuckoo.' And now evaporate, Willy, and leave grandpa to his remorse."

As we walked out and down the hall we could hear him laughing.

VI

WHEN we busted out of the hotel into the early morning light Bill was stumbling—yes, sir, stumbling. I never saw anything so pitiful in my life. That meeting with his grandfather had jarred poor old Bill right to his spinal column. He kept repeating, "All painted blue, the old hyena!"

Naturally, the first thing I did was to steer him into a little café across the street and order a couple of coffees.

For a long time there weren't any remarks of any kind, and then I said, "Well, Bill, remember you always got your art."

"Yes," Bill said after a while, "I got my art."

Then there was another silence.

Pretty soon Bill said, "Walt, what I want to know is your real opinion about him. Do you think he's sure enough cuckoo?"

"Bill," I said, "if he was my grandfather, and if I ever found him like that, I'd know he was cuckoo. But I don't feel well enough acquainted with your grandfather to express an opinion."

"Maybe he's cuckoo, Walt, and maybe he's putting it on. He's deep. Maybe he's just getting ready to pull something and all this stuff is only to throw me off my guard."

"What do you think he's getting ready to pull, Bill?"

"Walt, it's that girl. He won't stop at anything until he gets me married to her. The chances are he's trying to work me into a position where I won't suspect him and then—good night!"

"Well, just what—what do you think he's planning, Bill?"

"I wouldn't put anything past him. As like as not he's getting ready to have me drugged and carried aboard some steamer bound for the U. S., and then while I'm still unconscious the captain will perform the ceremony."

"That would be terrible, Bill."

"You said it, Walt."

"It would ruin your art."

"It wouldn't be her fault, Walt; she's a nice girl."

"She may be nice, Bill, but she doesn't understand. If you marry that little bourgeoise girl it will mean the end of your art. She'll drag you down and down and down, and lower and lower, till you get to be just the same as your grandfather."

Bill shut his eyes and shuddered, and jamming half a roll in his mouth, chewed it in what looked like mental agony.

"Bill," I said, "I got an idea. I can save you for your art if you're game."

"You know I'm game, Walt. What's the idea?"

"It will spike your grandfather's guns and leave him swinging like a gate and not hitting anything."

"What's the idea, Walt?"

"Bill," I said, "if you want to get clear of all this—if you want to shake your grandfather and save yourself for your art, you can do it by one simple little act—marry Lola."

Bill dropped the other half of his roll and the knife he was using to butter it. "Me marry Lola?"

"That's what I said, Bill; marry Lola Colonna."

"Why, Walt, she's been married four times already!"

"It means she's had just that much valuable experience, Bill. The marriage will be safer."

"But she's twice as old as me, Walt."

"She'll be a steadying influence, Bill. She'll keep you true to your art."

Bill picked up his knife, wiped it off and began putting a little curl of butter on his roll.

"Think it over, Bill," I said. "Lola likes you. She's declared before witnesses that you're the greatest writer of the whole paleo-meditationist movement except Le Roudic de Keriado himself. Think what it will mean, Bill, to marry a woman like that. And you don't have to stay in Paris and be persecuted; you can beat it down south to Nice or somewheres till your grandfather has gone back to America again. And always remember, if you're married to Lola nobody can marry you to that little bourgeoise girl."

"That's right, Walt."

"And you'll be happy with Lola, Bill."

"I suppose I will be, Walt."

"And even if you aren't, you always got your art."

"Yes, Walt, I got my art."

So we ordered a couple more coffees and started out to put the thing through.

We found Lola sitting alone outside the Select. Of course it was early in the morning, but as Lola had been giving an all-night party in honor of the Quat-z-Arts Ball, it was really about as late for her as it was for us.

She kissed us a couple of times and then said, "Have some coffee or something." So we ordered a couple of coffees.

It was hard work getting Bill started, because he was still brooding over what had happened to us, and especially about his grandfather crashing into the ball and then enjoying the hospitality of Kearney Sears' room

But Lola said if we'd been thrown out Bill's grandfather probably hadn't had anything to do with it; there were lots of forged tickets on the market.

She said, too, that Kearney Sears hadn't done anything against Bill's interests; on the contrary, he'd been trying to fix things up.

"Your grandfather was pretty sore, Bill, when he saw Kearney, so Kearney said, 'Why don't you go to the Quat-z-Arts yourself and see what it's like?' Kearney wasn't going, because he's seen enough of 'em, but he fixed it with an architect he knew to slip your grandfather in. And he offered his room, because naturally your grandfather wouldn't care about coming back to the Hôtel des Rois all painted blue."

When we understood how it had all happened I could see Bill felt different about Kearney Sears; but it just seemed to make him bitterer and bitterer about his grandfather. He started talking about the old man, and went on talking and talking.

It began to look as though he'd never get around to the point and why we'd come to see Lola. So finally I said, "Lola, Bill has something to say to you."

"What is it, Bill?" Lola asked.

"Go on and tell her, Bill," I said.

"No," Bill said, "you tell her."

Well, I was Bill's best friend, but it didn't seem to me I ought to ask such a personal question, so I said, "No, Bill, it's up to you."

"All right," Bill said after a while—"all right."

I never heard anything so roundabout in my life. He began with his earliest years and how he was brought up, and then how his grandfather was brought up, and his own earliest ideas about life, and how his grandfather got married at the age of seventeen and his father at eighteen. Then he went on and explained that he was just fifteen years old himself when he decided to take the literary art as a career. By this time I felt I had to butt in to get the suspense over, so I said:

"Lola," I said, "Bill is trying to say that he wants to marry you."

Lola gave a laugh. "I thought he was getting ready to borrow money from me."

"No," Bill said, "all I want to do, Lola, is to marry you."

At first she was inclined to take it in a kidding way, and said it wasn't her marrying year and she'd forgotten whether or not she was divorced the last time and this and that. But we finally persuaded her we were in earnest.

"Bill's got his art," I said, "but with enemies in his own family he's having a hard time, and the only thing that'll keep him true to his art is somebody like you, Lola. You've always wanted to do something for the paleo-meditationist movement. Well, here's your chance—marry Bill."

Lola smoked a couple of cigarettes before she could decide. Finally she said, "I've been married to a doctor and an actor and a business man and an idle rich, so I don't see why I should draw the line at you, Bill. When is the wedding?"

"Just as soon as we can fix it up," I said.

Then Lola got serious. "Nothing in my life," she said, "has ever meant so much to me as the paleo-meditationist movement. I've been a paleo-meditationist for only three months, but I know it's the one thing in the wide world that stands for art in its deepest sense. And if you think, Bill, I could help keep you true to the paleo-meditationist ideals, I want to do it."

I nudged Bill and he said, "Sure I think so, Lola."

And I said, "Sure, Lola."

"All right," Lola said, "we'll try it out."

"Maybe I'd better leave you two together," I suggested, "so you can talk things over."

"That would be fine," Bill put in, "but I've got to go back to my room and meditate for a while before the banquet for Le Roudic tonight. I owe it to my art."

"See you at the banquet then," Lola said, lighting a cigarette.

Bill and I said yes, and after being kissed a couple of more times we beat it.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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Sauerkraut

Dealer: I advise you to take this Sauerkraut, Mrs. Jones. It bears the Emblem of the National Kraut Packers' Association, which means First Quality.

Housewife: But the Sauerkraut you used to sell didn't have that Emblem.

Dealer: That is true. But the moment the Association began advertising this Emblem, I decided to handle only the Sauerkraut of the members who alone have the right to its use.

Housewife: How did you come to change your mind so quickly?

Dealer: Well, I know the product of the members of the National Kraut Packers' Association. They have been advertising Sauerkraut as a health food, quoting famous authorities to prove their claims, for five years. Now that they have found a means of identifying their product and are advertising the Emblem, I believe my sales will be doubled. If you were in business, wouldn't you do likewise?

Housewife: Yes, I certainly would.

Dealer: I have read too, what the Kraut Packers' Association have done to standardize Sauerkraut. They cooperated with the government and fixed a standard quality and placed themselves under the Pure Food Act.

Housewife: Well, that is interesting and worth knowing.

Dealer: Yes, they had you and other buyers in mind when they decided on this course. They want to protect you. More than that, they have spent thousands of dollars in connection with a great university to produce invariably sound healthy cabbage.

Housewife: I never dreamed that any manufacturers would go to the extent of sending their product through a university, so to speak.

Dealer: Well, the Association Packers did. Therefore I know the Emblem of First Quality is in a certain sense a diploma. And I know when I sell you this, you will come back for more.

Housewife: Indeed I shall, for I know it must be good. Give me Emblem kraut.

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TO MAKE PROSPERITY PERMANENT

Continued from Page 7)

that wages have a high purchasing power only because the cost of food products has dropped. But food does not take up more than a fifth of the modern wage.

We are said to be living extravagantly, with no thought for the morrow, but savings deposits steadily increase and they are owned by 47,000,000 people, which means that nearly half the people have a cash reserve. That is a pretty good cash position. In addition to that, insurance assets last year rose by $1,000,000,000 and the life insurance now in force amounts to the incomprehensible total of $72,000,000,000, which shows some regard for the future. Our total mutualized assets—that is, the assets of insurance companies, savings funds, building societies and fraternal organizations—are staggering, and in addition to this are thousands of millions more put into stocks and bonds by people who ten years ago did not know a stock certificate.

Some idea of what all this means in dollars may be had by comparing the present deposits in the seven largest New York banks with those of twenty-five years ago. Then they totaled $354,000,000. Each of two Chicago banks has current deposits exceeding that total. Each of the seven New York banks has now deposits greater than the total of twenty-five years ago. In June their combined deposits were $4,839,000,000, which represents an increase in a quarter of a century of 1267 per cent.

Always a Silver Lining

During the past half dozen years we had a great number of bank failures in some of the agricultural sections of the country. We had the rise and the collapse of an enormous real-estate boom in Florida. We had the rise and partial collapse of a national real-estate boom. We have had all sorts of major and minor booms and collapses, on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere. And we go right on as though they were only summer showers. We are spending at an extraordinary rate, but we are saving at an even more extraordinary rate. This is something new in the world.

Unreason piles on unreason. Every seemingly unfavorable fact has a reverse side which is favorable. General Motors earns more than our supposedly basic United States Steel Corporation, and yet the condition of the steel company is more than satisfactory. The Mississippi region was hit by a devastating flood, but cotton has since been picked from many of those flooded lands. And cotton growing, because the great crop of last year showed that the world could use unlimited quantities of cheap cotton, is on the way to industrialization.

The sales of automobiles will probably fall about 500,000 units short of last year, but this is with the largest manufacturer out of production. This single manufacturer has paid, directly and indirectly, the wages of around 1,000,000 people. This year he has not furnished work for more than half that number, and many of the figures of the lessening of employment can be traced in a large part to this source.

The introduction of better machinery which uses fewer men has thrown many men out of employment; but, contrary to the Old World belief that such men would remain out of jobs, they are being absorbed into other industries and the amount of involuntary unemployment has been small.

The average profits of farmers are said to be low, but since no farmers exactly know their profits, there can be no data for average profits.

In point of fact, more farmers are making money than are not making money, and few of those who are not making money are actually losing. In farming, just as in industry, are a certain number of men who can be counted on always to fail.

The average profits of industry are said to be low, but the averages do not mean anything. Out of twenty automobile concerns, the profits of seventeen are 20 per cent lower than last year; but of the remaining three, two have profits this year to date of more than 60 per cent above last year, while the third is more than 50 per cent above.

The largest chain-store system shows an increase of business over last year of only 8 per cent, while a newer chain has an increase of 65 per cent, but in dollars the first increase amounts to more than $13,000,000, while the second increase is only $1,000,000.

The coal business is down but other industries are up—cotton, food products, chemicals, wearing apparel and tires. Most remarkably and unreasonably, it seems that whenever one industry lags, another—or half a dozen others—takes its place, and thus the general movement is always forward.

Your Past, Present and Future

If we are bewildered about the strange turns which events have taken, is it the fault of the events or of our preconceptions? For only a professional crape hanger can say that the sum of our doings makes for evil. Have we not perhaps been fooling ourselves about the amount of exact knowledge we possess concerning the business of life? What do we know?

We actually know very little about the course of business. Economics, far from being an exact science, is not a science at all, but congeries of conjectures. Every economic history is compiled from a miscellaneous assortment of fact fragments, and they may not even be fragments of facts, because there are practically no facilities for checking them up. And then, too, most economic histories have been written less to present a progress of events than to present the progress of a theory, and a man seized with a theory is apt to reject as untrue anything which does not fit his theory.

The writing of a real economic history is probably impossible, because it would involve the appraisal of transient human motives and tempers and a minute examination of the settings of life. A record of prices of itself means nothing, for we cannot determine purchasing power without knowing what is to be bought or the desire to buy. George Washington lived at Mount Vernon on a scale which today would require an income exceeding $50,000 a year, but he evidently managed to get along on almost no money at all, for he had often to borrow small sums.

The study of economics went on very peacefully and quietly until the war. Those in business, finance or government rarely consulted an economist about anything. Then all at once economics became the rage. For it appeared that a trained economist was not at all what he was supposed to be. He was not merely a student. He was a sure-fire prophet who could tell you all about how business and almost everything else was going to be.

We are partial to prophecy. A farmer likes an almanac giving the weather for a year ahead. Fortune tellers can make good livings in the business and financial districts. Napoleon had a book of fate which was supposed to have been found in an Egyptian tomb. Many of our great individualists in business had handy little tests for determining the future.

The means of economic prophecy was found in what was called the business cycle. We are all familiar with what is called prosperity, and also we are familiar with financial panics and periods of depression. We know the kind of prosperity which is accompanied by rising prices and much speculation, when one can always sell anything for more than one paid for it. We had that condition all over the country through part of 1919 and 1920. The sense of values was lost on the way up and it was lost again on the way down. It was a plain case of overdoing and underdoing. The business cycle is an attempt to chart our overdoing and underdoing. It is a historical record—sometimes only quasi historical.

The word "cycle," however, presupposed a regular movement in the past. Therefore this movement could be projected into the future—and thus reveal the future.

The president of a national statistical association, who happens to be a man of common sense and broad experience, lately lamented that the statisticians were inventing so many terms that the profession threatened to become mystic. It is our habit, whenever we strike something which we cannot comprehend, to give it a name and then discuss it by this name just as though we knew what it was—for instance, gravitation, electricity, the atom, the soul, democracy, and so on. And so a pseudo science of economics has grown up which assumes to have the gift of prophecy, and its adherents get into the magazines and newspapers and sometimes seriously bother the work of the men who know enough about economics and statistics to know what they do not know.

Take the business cycle. This is a case of giving a name to a phenomenon which we do not comprehend. The name is not happy; it connotes definiteness and there is nothing definite about it. We know that prices go up and come down, and also that we used to have financial panics when the banks would suspend payments and everyone would rush about like chickens with their heads off. We know that panics are emotional and that whatever may be the national actual condition, it is made infinitely worse by the panic—it is a case of everyone rushing for the same door in a theater fire.

In the Hills and Valleys

A bank run is always caused by panic. A bank of deposit is founded on the habits of depositors, and especially on the unlikelihood of all of them asking for their money on the same day. Thus a part of the deposits may be loaned out. If all the depositors come for their money on the same day, the bank will go broke, unless some other bank hurriedly supplies cash for the promissory notes and securities in the vaults. We seem to have got over the panic habit, for the Federal Reserve System has made us less fidgety about the safety of our money.

A study of our business records discloses that we seem to have passed through phases of prosperity and depression—prosperity usually ending in a panic. Defining these periods is another matter. It is possible to chart the price of any commodity over a period of years and the result will be a series of hills and valleys. But no single commodity tells the condition of the country, and especially when not related to its volume. If a farmer raises 1000 bushels of wheat for which he gets a dollar a bushel, he is better off than if in a crop failure he raises only 100 bushels for which he gets five dollars a bushel.

Then there is the general price index made by taking an average of a large number of commodities. This again is misleading, unless instead of an average the various commodities are entered on a percentage basis according to their importance. These percentages are called weightings. A weighted index is valuable as a cross section, but even an absolutely accurate weighting would hold good only for the time being, for the relative position of commodities is constantly changing. Pig iron production used to be an excellent scale on which to measure the amount of general business being done, but it no longer holds. The production of automobiles and the consumption of electricity now seem to be among the most important factors in measuring business, but no one knows just what

Continued on Page 123

A MASTERPIECE OF RADIO ENGINEERING

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Hook the Exide Super "AB" Unit up to your set, plug it into your house lighting circuit, and after that your power supply becomes entirely automatic. It converts the alternating current from your house supply into smooth "A" and "B" power and all you have to do is click your set switch "on" and "off."

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In addition to the Super "AB" Unit pictured here, there is also an Exide Super "B" Unit for those who have "A" Units or batteries and wish a dependable and convenient "B" power supply.

Method of operation

The Super "AB" Unit contains four major parts: 1—The Super "A" power supply, consisting of a very large capacity Exide Battery in a glass container. 2—A Super "B" Power supply including patented electrolytic rectification. 3—A duo-rate charger. 4—A specially designed automatic relay master control switch—exclusively Exide.

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This continues until the battery comes up to a state of approximately full charge, when automatically the charging rate reduces to a low trickle value, consuming very little current. This low rate continues until the set is again placed in operation.

On the front of the unit is a panel containing an indicator and two control knobs. The indicator tells the rate at which the "A" Battery is being charged. The control knobs enable you to vary the "B" detector voltage and the "B" amplifier voltage to suit the requirements of your set.

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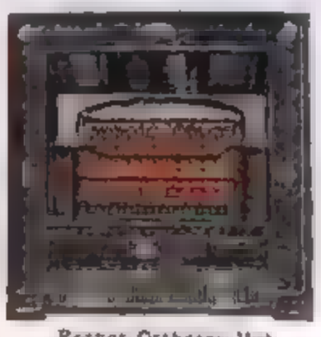

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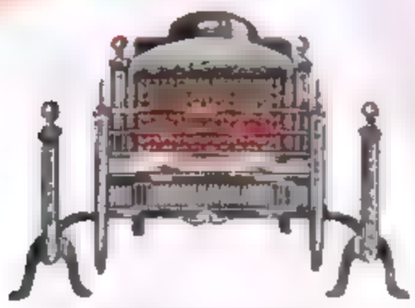

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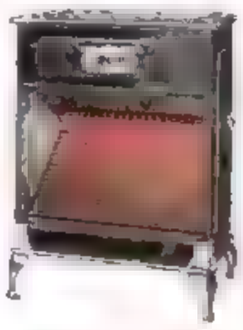

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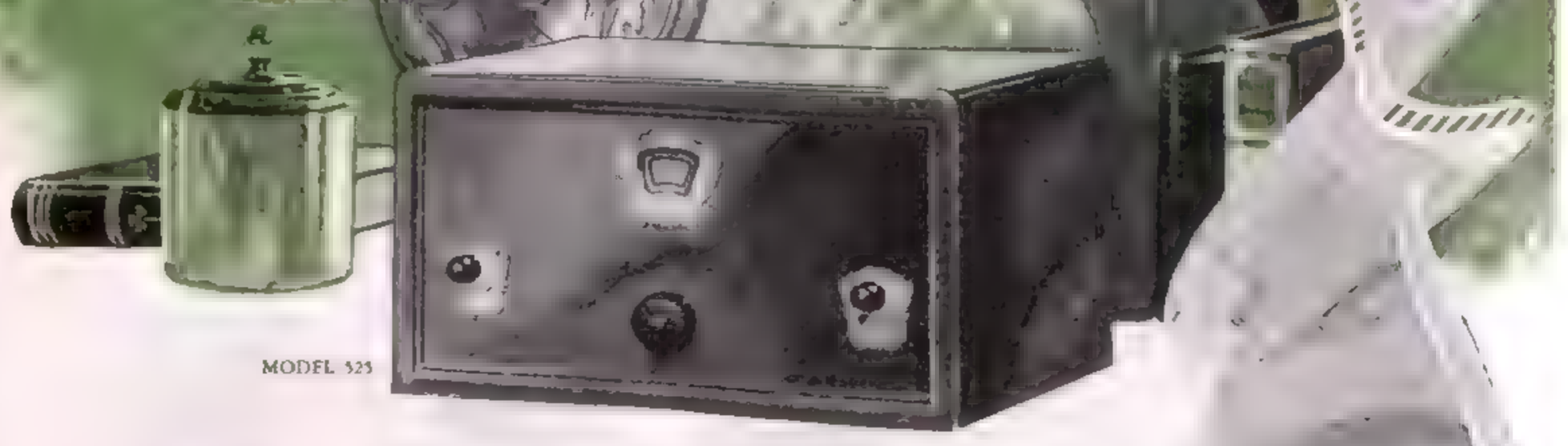

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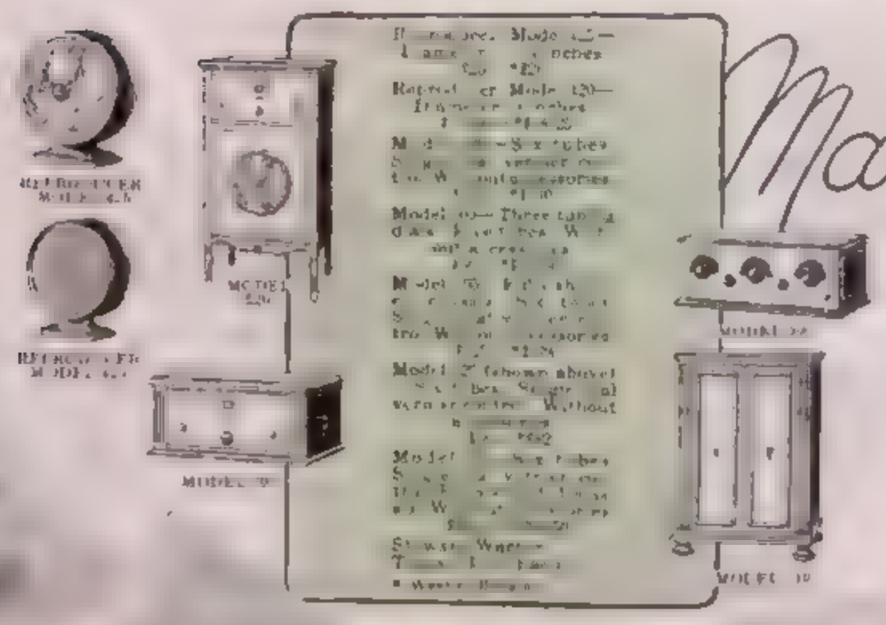

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A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR DEALERS

If you have not already procured your Stewart-Warner franchise, do so at once. The Stewart-Warner policy—with its many special and protective features—offers unlimited possibilities for making money. A request will bring complete details immediately—with no obligation.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION - Chicago

(Continued from Page 118)

their importance is or how long it will continue.

Many interesting and helpful facts are disclosed by careful chartings of the prices and volumes in individual businesses and single industries, and several large institutions keep up chartings which they find useful, although their usefulness seems to depend a good deal on the man who says what the charts mean. But the solidly thinking economists and statisticians will tell you that no real representation has yet been made of the course of well-being in the United States.

The nearest approach to a real chart which actually shows the general progress of the country is one which has been devised by Carl Snyder, of the Federal Reserve Bank. This is made up from fifty-six sources, and the final expression is not in dollars or tons, but in a line which represents a trend. This representation is used to judge the general state of business and not to forecast.

Finally, almost every economist of standing has his own individual theory as to when cycles begin and when they end, and even as to what constitutes a cycle.

There is an equal disagreement among economists as to what causes business cycles. Their theories are all clear on why depression is inevitable, but not so clear on how we ever manage to get out of depression. None of them explains why we are here rather than some place else. And all of them are static—they make no provision for the world changing its technic.

But suppose all the economists were in agreement as to what had happened and why it happened, what would it amount to? It would be at the most an accurate record of observations—call them facts. History cannot be more than that. As has been observed:

"We record what happened under a given set of conditions, but until we try the same thing under another set of conditions, we cannot say whether it will happen under such circumstances at all, or whether it will happen, but in a different way. Moreover, we are exceedingly fond of fooling ourselves into believing that we know more than we do."

The Unknown in Any Problem

It may be possible some day for economics to build up into a science, and then it will be possible to resolve any given situation into its elements, and from experience in like cases to know a good deal of how any future situation will work out, always provided that no new factors enter. There are in economics no equations such as one finds in mathematics or in chemistry. For the human element enters into every economic problem and human beings do not always act in the same way under the same circumstances.

And as to the theories of the business cycle, some of them may be true, but those which are negative are probably not true, for no negative theory dealing with human life has ever yet proved true. Others of the theories, though essentially negative, would have affairs regulated from time to time by boards of control. This is using the grand manner to cover up what amounts to passing the buck. The findings of a court of law are right not because the court is inspired but because its decision becomes a part of the law, and every law, while in force, has to be taken as right.

No board or commission, no matter how much wisdom it contains, can do more than assemble the best knowledge of the day. It can weigh testimony and decide what are the facts and also frame a policy for the time being.

We get back again to the principle that an accumulation of knowledge is not the same as the gift of prophecy. The best geographers of the time decided that Columbus was silly to sail due west. Our bankers for years missed the significance of the automobile. And assuming to know is not the same as knowing.

The Automobile Complex

Careful observers who have no axes to grind or theories to support are coming around to the thought that something is happening which cannot be judged by the old standards. J. H. Tregoe, who for more than a quarter of a century has directed the affairs of the National Association of Credit Men and has had an exceptional touch with business, said recently:

"Nothing is more interesting to me than the obvious fact that under former conditions, and exemplifying the theories of the business cycle, we should be in a depression just now. Yet, as a matter of fact, there is no depression despite the difficulties through which some enterprises are going, and the slowing down of some of our basic industries.

"The question naturally arises, why has the theory of the business cycle been to so large an extent disproved, and why have the prognostications of the old school been unfulfilled?"

None of the quick and easy explanations out of the old vocabulary of business fits today's case. Our present activity is not due to the war. Time has killed that version. The war closed nine years ago. We supplied our associates with billions in money and goods, and we have been repaid little on that account. One does not get rich by giving away things. Another explanation is that the cessation of building during the war caused a shortage and making up that shortage has lifted all business. We have had a stupendous amount of building and undoubtedly in the beginning a deal of it was to catch up with a shortage. But we have kept right on building, although the war deficit must long since have been covered. The building today may be a cause, but it looks more like a result—the result of a higher standard of living.

The rise of the automobile trade is by many given as the cause, and by a discriminate use of figures one may prove that this is an auto prosperity. But the production and sale of motor vehicles is hardly as much as 10 per cent of what is believed to be the total of national business; and although the industry is an extremely important part of our national economy, probably the use of its products has more to do with national prosperity than their production.

The mentality of the country has been profoundly affected by the automobile. The ability to move about freely has prevented people from being satisfied with any traditional life, and also the addition of so many millions of mobile horse power must have had some other deep effects, for we now use much more power in individual transportation than we do in industry. One effect has been to increase the area over which a man may work, and this is exactly equivalent to giving him another power tool, for he can annually do more work and therefore get more pay.

In the old days, the men in the building trades, taking only one example, had to depend on the work offered within a radius of five or ten miles of their homes, or give up their homes. Now that radius is thirty or forty miles, and often on country operations where local union rules do not hold, one will notice license plates from half a dozen states.

The automobile has probably been the largest single factor in bringing about our condition, but it is the use of the automotive unit rather than its manufacture which counts most heavily. In the English coal strikes the strikers stayed and starved. Our coal strikers mostly jumped in their automobiles, went off and got other jobs. But giving to automobiles the credit for our present condition does not show how the people managed to buy them.

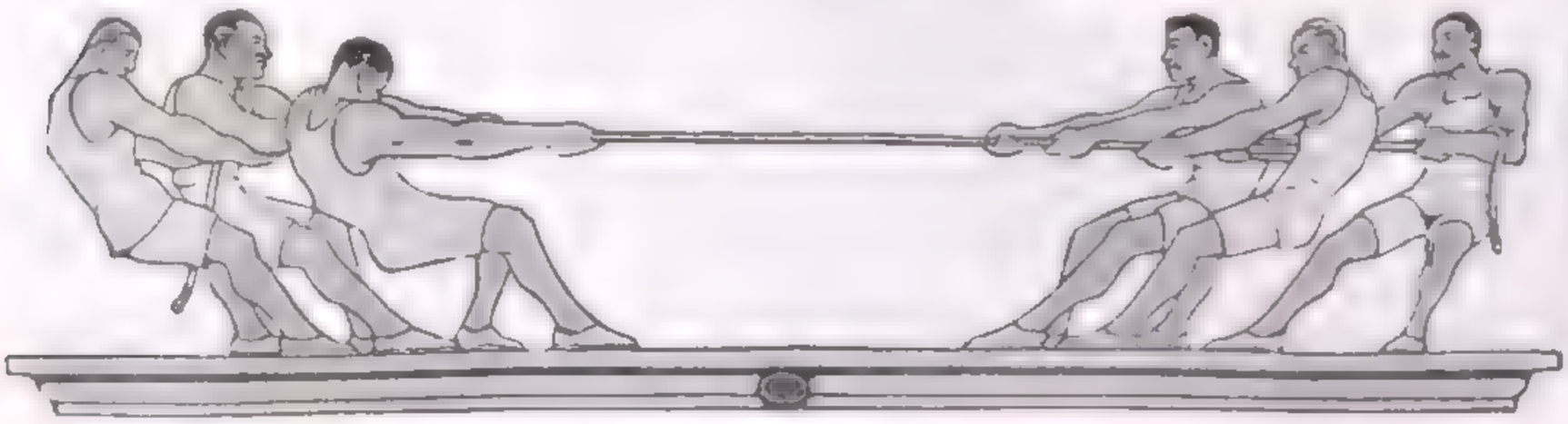
Another more mysterious explanation is that our large receipts of gold gave us a large amount of credit to play with, and that we have since been playing with it. This, in a measure, also is true, but it does not explain the complete absence of a boom condition or the increases in savings. Easy credit has always before brought about rising prices and speculation. We have falling prices and only stock speculation. The expansion and control of credit by the Federal Reserve System is a favorite explanation, but this does not get very far, because, although the part of the Federal Reserve Bank is extremely important, its functions are regulative. It does not pretend to initiate industrial practice or teach us how to use credit.

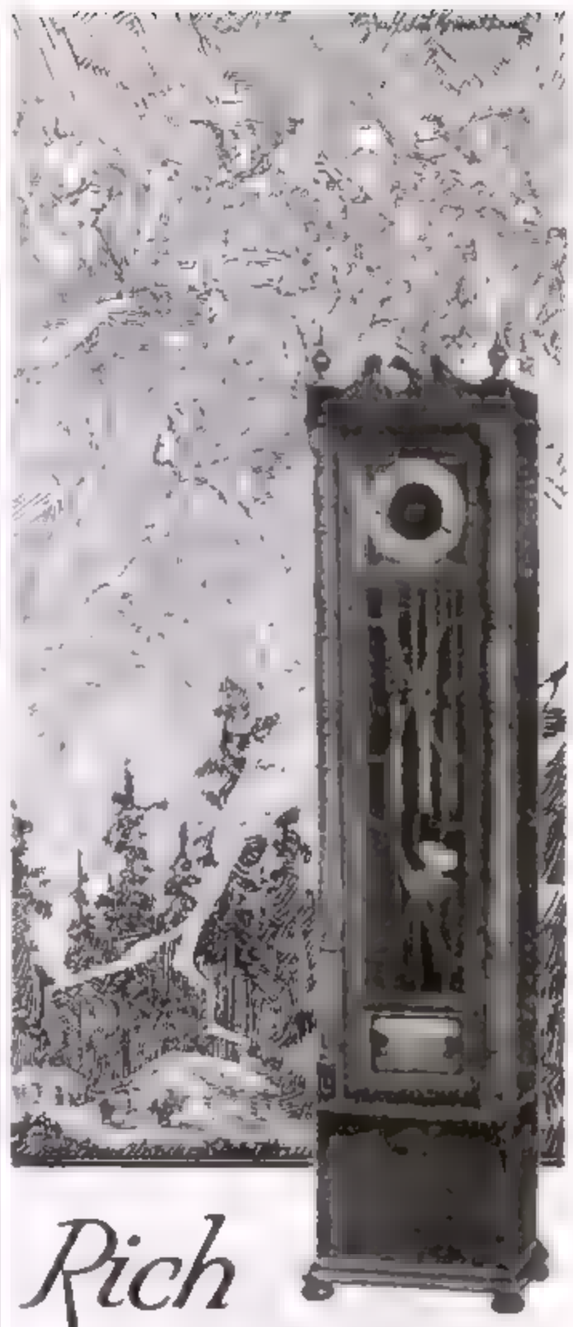
Cause and Effect

Credit power is essential, and so also is artificial power applied through machinery, but the rather usual attributing of our wages and standards of living to mass production gets the cart before the horse. It is estimated that the annual output per wage earner has increased 40 per cent since 1919, and nearly all this has come since 1921.

The cost of living is about 70 per cent above prewar costs, but wages are 121 per cent above. In the ten years preceding 1919 the increase in per capita production amounted to only around 4 per cent, while wages, so far as buying power was concerned, remained almost stationary. None of these figures are accurate, but they show the trend. A spectacular calculation is that, as compared with China, each of our workers has thirty-five invisible slaves helping him. Our mass production is an effect and not a cause. We have worked into mass production because of an ability to supply purchasing power. What would happen to a concern which set up a plant in China capable of producing 5000 automobiles a day?

It is very hard to draw the line between cause and effect. They do get frightfully mixed up. The best evidence seems to show that we have, during the past half dozen years, actually gone through an economic revolution which we do not wholly comprehend, for it is partly material and partly



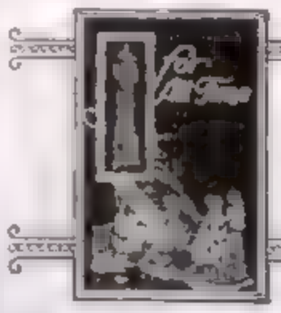


Rich In Sentiment

EVENTS rich in sentiment—like the first Thanksgiving—are hallowed the more each year. So, too, does time enrich a Colonial Clock. Seeing all, knowing all, this storehouse of memories lives on and on, growing mellower and friendlier with the years. Forever faithful, never weary, it is the one possession that imparts to the home a stability and dignity, a charm and hospitality that naught else can give.

Such a clock—"Colonial" by name—is to be had in whatever style or price your taste may dictate. Modest or elaborate, the "Colonial" nameplate inside the door signifies the ultimate in clock-making art; —it's essential that you find it.

All Colonial Clocks Are Famed for their Imported Movements and Solid Honduras Mahogany Cases



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spiritual. The "great American secret" is not a secret, but the intelligent combining of the best methods and means which can be found and a quick discarding of that which does not prove up. It is in the nature of a revolution—a continuous revolution which destroys only better to rebuild. And some day we may discover that it has been the most far-reaching of all revolutions. This revolution has released forces which we cannot measure. Some of them we cannot even locate, but we know they exist.

The beginnings are directly traceable to the depression following the postwar boom, but since then a thousand other factors have entered. Whatever may be the genesis of this new era, it has been carried forward by two great forces, neither of which is mechanical. They are: First, the high quality and resource of our industrial leadership; and second, the capacity of our people to have confidence in the future.

The year 1919 produced an almost complete disorganization in every line of business and financial activity, and when the crash came men found themselves facing an unheard-of condition. Everywhere wages had gone up and the willingness to work had gone down. The railroads and all transportation were in a mess. The retail distributors had on hand great stocks of goods bought at high prices. Buyers resented having been stung and did not willingly buy anything but the bare necessities.

Hand-to-Mouth Buying

Discerning merchants noted that the chain stores were the least affected by what was said to be a decline in trade, but which was actually a strike against high prices. Then came the price slashes to clear the shelves. With their stocks down, retail merchants began to buy cautiously in very small quantities so that they could not again be caught with heavy stocks. The manufacturers referred to this contemptuously as hand-to-mouth buying. The manufacturers, following the lead of the automobile makers, had to tackle the problem of producing at low prices and at the same time paying high wages.

Stark necessity drove new policies into business. The retailers found that they had customers for good stuff at low prices and business grumblingly began to pick up. The moment prices were raised it quit. Then it began to dawn on everyone that the few leaders who had accepted the challenge were actually earning money under these absurd conditions. Then the new business policy shaped itself. High wages not only gave better workers but also produced a great purchasing power.

The hand-to-mouth buying was discovered to be a working out of the principle of rapid turnover which the best retail men had been urging for years. We had been buying and selling as though our stores were on islands that ships visited only twice a year. We had not discovered the importance of the telephone, of fast railway service, nor grasped the motor truck. The system took the speculation out of merchandising and relieved the market of the ever-present possibility of sacrifice stocks and it kept the retail merchant in touch with his public. At first it seriously interfered with manufacturing, but again the leaders found that manufacturing in response to a steady volume of small orders instead of to a fluctuating volume of large orders gave them a better chance to regulate their production schedules as well as to keep them in closer touch with the market.

This closer touch with the market is largely responsible for the rise of specialty goods and effective advertising. In the old days a manufacturer of, say, canton flannel was through when he had sold to his distributors. The rest was up to them, and canton flannel was canton flannel. Now if a manufacturer wants to sell canton flannel, both he and the distributor have to interest the public in canton flannel, and since no distributor will stock far ahead, the manufacturer must keep on the job every minute, else his factory will immediately feel a decline in orders. Thus the whole chain of business is kept on its toes and is beginning to learn that it never had the remotest notion of the consumptive needs of the public. This sort of business is not easy. The man who slackens simply has to drop out of the parade—only the fit can survive in leadership. Which means that leadership cannot be hereditary and that opportunities are wide open. This is not soft prosperity.

Business has to be done on narrow margins, and above all it is important for plants to keep going. The machinery which makes high wages productive is very expensive and soon eats its head off when idle. That has brought in the adoption of many standards under the leadership of Secretary Hoover. The amount of money now being saved each year by the adoption of standards runs into the hundreds of millions. The lumber industry alone is saving an immense sum simply by bringing standards into its manufactured sizes. Standards make for more even production. The men's clothing industry is now able to give its people nearly a full year's work and has saved about 25 per cent of the cost of production by cutting out useless styles.

The savings of standardizing run all the way to the consumer, for they prevent useless duplication, while at the same time they do not restrict the range of purchasing. For instance, it aids everyone to have sizes what they purport to be, irrespective of the maker. The pooling of business ideas has added greatly to the common wealth. The same urge has brought on winter building, which means that the highly seasonal nature of the building trades is being taken away. There is nearly 50 per cent more employment during winter in the building trades now than there was five years ago, and this of course means steadier employment in a greater number of affiliated industries, and consequently steadier employment throughout all industry. The development of the inexpensive closed car took the automobile out of the class of seasonal vehicles.

Every flattening of the seasonal curve of an industry adds to the purchasing power of its members. And few industries are now so backward that they accept the old seasons. If they cannot change the seasonal character, then they take on a supplementary line for the off seasons. An aid to this is the breaking away by the American workman from the rigid craft conventions of older days. A man who cannot find work in his own trade will shift to another line where men are needed.

Easy Credit

This all adds to our man power and our purchasing power, and it is a spreading process. And in this line the extension of the machine and the planning of work which was forced by the high wages has brought another interesting development of extreme significance. Formerly only an expert workman of good physique could earn a decent living. The machine has extended an excellent living to the very large class which could never hope to earn livings as craftsmen. Thus a great human waste has been taken up and the result has been to move the craftsman a peg higher, for he is needed to make the tools and the machinery for those who are not craftsmen. The specialization has extended to benefit the white-collar employes, for now a great number of underexecutives need do only one thing well. Thus many a man who could earn little because he was not well rounded is able to earn a fair salary.

The scope of the revolution is so far-flung and extends in so many directions that no one can grasp the picture as a whole. None of it, however, would be possible were it not for our new financial system. The Federal Reserve Banks have made credit cheap and plentiful and yet not available for wild speculation. Although it is doubtful if we should have much speculation in any event, because our industrial leaders know that speculation is not the road to profits. The absence of speculation and regard for values have enabled a very wide distribution of income and also a wide distribution of savings. It is this wide distribution which is at the foundation of our universal buying power. For instance, the finance of building used to be a local affair, but now, through negotiable credit instruments, investments are made in buildings as readily as in railroads or industries.

The provision of credit has aided production, but also it has aided ultimate consumption through the rise of installment selling, which by the fearsome is said to hold great dangers. Undoubtedly it does—but so also does everything else. The very men who oppose installment buying freely advocate extensive governmental building work in hard times, although this has to be paid for by issuing bonds which are a mortgage on the community. Installment buying involves a pledge of future earnings, but so does nearly everything else worth while. No one as yet knows what installment buying means, for its name is unfortunate, but probably it will develop into a means for regularizing production; and if in the meantime it be abused, we shall learn something from its abuse. To date it has been beneficial and apparently but little abused.

Too Contented to Fight

The foregoing is a brief and very imperfect summary of the new order of things. There appears to be in this new order no dependence on any one source of income. It is a constantly changing roster. There is in it nothing of capital, labor and the public, for there are no such classes. Everyone belongs to the labor class and also to the public class and, even if only momentarily, to the capital class. And that these distinctions are vanishing is shown by the decline of both the old-time capitalist and the old-time labor unionist, each of whom was always out to fight someone. Now they are learning there is no one to fight—that they have been making faces at themselves.

When we better understand this new order of things, we shall perhaps know better what to do with it; but since it seems to have a more solid permanency than any order which has yet been met with, it seems absurd to believe that it is transitory or that slight ups and downs here and there are more than natural symptoms of growth.

It is agreed by everyone that one of the evidences of depression is the heaping up of unsold goods, which is variously called overproduction or underconsumption. The close coordination of manufacturing and consuming which has somewhat involuntarily come about would seem to be an insurance against at least this kind of depression. Therefore it would seem that, barring some great national catastrophe, there is nothing about our progress to make it stop. It is rather unreasonable to believe that it can stop, for it is so very natural.

It is also natural for the processes of production to improve so that cheaper goods and services may be rendered, and it is natural for some of this saving to go to income and some to go to lower prices. We have gone a long distance in production, but a short distance as compared with the ultimate, while on distribution we are well behind production. The only cause within business which might have the strength to break it would be a violently stupid encouragement of higher prices. The old school would fight for these prices, but the old school is not now running business, either on the capital or on the labor side.

If business be broken, it will be from the outside by ill-judged taxation, by the regulation of profits, or by any number of paternalistic or inquisitorial schemes which are in the air and all of which rise out of a lack of even rudimentary knowledge of what actually is going on.

Of course it is possible to upset the whole thing by reaching the decision that it is unreasonable to be prosperous and that we ought to do something about it

It's really amazingly simple

You see that it hasn't a single drain pipe, belt or fan . . . . and it never needs oiling.

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The all-in-one icing unit is merely lowered into the top of the specially designed cabinet. There is no assembling, no plumbing to be done. There are no pipes, drains, fans or belts. The unit is intact. It just has to be plugged into any electric outlet. Instantly it starts.

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Hot radiators 3 hrs. (not 30 min.) after banking

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THE average heating system requires approximately 1½ tons of coal (or 190 gallons of oil) a season for each radiator. By replacing ordinary air-venting valves on the radiators of your one-pipe steam system with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves, you save ⅓ of this fuel.

By this saving, you earn 50% to 65% on your investment in Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves—*the first year.* At the end of the second, you have your original investment back—plus a profit. Every year (after this) you make yourself a gift of approximately $5 a radiator.

Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves make radiators hot in 15 minutes (not an hour). Radiators stay piping hot 3 hours (not 30 minutes) after fires are banked. Hence greater comfort besides this *saving of ⅓ of the coal or oil you formerly used.*

SEND FOR BOOK. Like any investment, this one is worth studying. For complete facts (explaining the clever invention which makes this amazing comfort and fuel saving possible) send for an illustrated book, "How to Lock Out Air—*the heat thief*". Just write your name and address on the edge of this ad and mail to Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc., Dept. O-15, 25 W. 45th St., New York, U.S.A.

HOFFMAN
NO. 2 VACUUM VALVES

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

Continued from Page 17

exposure in sugar orchard and hay field, reddened darkly. "Colonel," he said, and his bushy eyebrows came down, "I got a comp'ny here that's been fightin' for a week without decent sleep or food. Le Charmel an' that piece o' woods is held in force. I ain't goin' to lead my men out an' get 'em butchered for nuthin'."

"That's an attitude that will find you in Blois one of these days," snapped the colonel.

They moved on silently to a low knoll, whence the colonel looked about him. There was a field where the wheat had been cut that reached out to the road. Beyond was more wheat that stretched clear to the woods. The ground rolled here like the waves of the sea. The colonel could see nothing. He came suddenly upon an old cart, abandoned probably by the owner of the farm and from which the Germans had removed the wheels. The colonel climbed upon the seat. This raised him above the wheat and he could see for quite a distance.

"A-a-a-r-r-h!" he coughed. "I can see some of these places now. That machine gun is in a beautiful position to be masked by the platoon to the left of it in case anyone came out of the woods. What the hell are those men doing? Oh, yes, they're some of the loafers I kicked out of the farm! Not a very fine example of discipline there, captain. You shouldn't have allowed ——"

Crack!

The captain threw himself to the ground, but even as he did so he realized that the crack of that rifle had come from behind. From behind? There was no enemy there. Someone had fired from the farm. The captain wanted the ground to open and engulf him, but it would not. He arose then to his feet to see what might be. The colonel was bending over, apparently looking at something on the seat. The captain walked over, for something to do to relieve his embarrassment and looked too. There was a small hole, black at the edges, in the woodwork of the seat, a long splintered scar where the bullet had passed between the colonel's feet and then wandered off into the landscape. The scar pointed like an accusing finger directly at a slight rise behind the farm, where was the captain's support platoon. Someone there had taken a crack at the colonel.

"Huh!" said the colonel. "The man that fired that was no marine. Among other things, we pride ourselves on our marksmanship." He turned once more to survey the landscape, and the captain, having nothing to say, remained silent.

"Have you a patrol out looking for any of the Third Division infantry?" asked the colonel suddenly.

"Yes, sir," answered the captain. "They've been out since four o'clock. The order said we might expect to meet 'em round daybreak."

"Well, the patrol hasn't been a hell of a lot of good, because I can see men over there in those woods, and they look like the advance units of quite a force. They're right against the sun. Well, now that they've showed up, let's get ready to advance. The old days of standing around with your thumb in your mouth are over."

He leaped down from the seat and started to go back toward the farm. The captain followed sadly. Some member of his company had tried to kill the colonel, and the colonel knew it. Things such as that were not lightly passed over, especially by old barnacled men of the sea like his present commanding officer.

In the yard of the farm, the mess line, once the colonel had disappeared, began to form again, though diminished in numbers. "Slip us a little coffee, will yuh, Marty, like the captain said?"

"It ain't really done yet," objected the cook, hooking up a cupful out of the marmit and letting it run back again. "It ain't much darker than poor beer. Don't put no more wet wood on that fire! Hear the old son tell me to put it out? He must think I'm crazy. Wood ain't so plentiful a man puts out a fire once he's got it goin' good. Careful about the smoke though."

"Come on," pleaded the men, "give us some coffee an' a spud in our hands. That old son'll have us outta here without no chow!"

"No, he won't," announced Marty. "The skipper took him out in the fields a-purpose. We'll feed yet. How yuh comin', cook?"

"Oh, man, half a hour yet. The best cook in the marine corpse would take a hour to fry steak an' boil potatoes, even if he had a hot fire. What spuds was peeled is comin' right along, but it won't do to eat 'em raw. Give yuh cramps."

The crack of the rifle cut short the conversation, and the mess line again started to scatter, but the cooler heads calmed the others.

"'Tain't but one shot!" they cried. "If it was somethin' beginnin' you'd hear the machine guns go. Some John let off his rifle by accident."

"Don't suppose someone was trying to pick that globe an' anker off the old boy's helmet, do you?" wondered Marty aloud.

"Wouldn't put it past some o' the gang, the way they felt at him kickin' 'em outta here."

"Hey!" called someone suddenly from the upper end of the yard. "Here he comes back!"

"Gee, pardon me if I seem to go," remarked the man at the head of the line, and without more ado he took to his heels and disappeared out of the main gate. The others began to scatter, some to hide in the cow shed, others to retreat entirely, going out through a door in the wall and into the wheat.

"Here's where we catch 'Hark from the tomb,'" said Marty sadly. "He give you a direct order to put out that fire an' you ain't put it out. He'll bust me an' turn you to duty. Better throw a little water on the edges anyway."

"Nah, I won't no such thing. I'll tell him I didn't hear him. No, that won't do, 'cause he's got a voice like a Shropshire yearlin'. I'll tell him I didn't ——"

P-r-r-t! P-r-r-r-t! A faint sound, yet everyone that heard it felt his blood run cold. It was a Chauchat rifle firing.

Tac-tac-tac-tac-tac! The machine gun on the knoll began to eat its way through a clip. With deafening suddenness another in the upper stories of the farm answered it. The colonel and the captain appeared at the upper end of the yard on the run, and the man who had run out of the south gate now ran in twice as fast.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Boche!" He tried to swing the great gate shut, but he dropped suddenly in a flat heap like a punctured balloon. A great number of running men passed across the section of the field that could be seen through the breach in the wall. The wheat had been cut there, and these men were clearly outlined against the eastern sky. Their long blouses, their hoodlike helmets, their little canteens and the tassels on their bayonets flying with the motion of their running, easily identified them. They were Germans. The fields leaped into clamor. Men shouted, machine guns roared, grenades barked and there began a steady crack-crack of rifle fire.

It was impossible for the captain, in the yard, and blinded by the surrounding walls and buildings, to get a picture of what was going on. He looked desperately around, then espied in the corner a flight of steps that led up to a platform, the entrance to some farm hand's quarters. He ran there and up the steps three at a time. The men that had run across the open field had probably been making for the wheat north of the farm, but now there was no sign of them.

From which direction had the attack come? How strong was it? Undoubtedly it was an attempt to pull the old German stunt—drive in between two divisions, then work outward, taking both in flank. If they broke through his line, how far could they go? Regimental headquarters was at Grange Marie Farm, less than a mile down the valley, and behind that was open country clear to the Marne. And where was this lazy Third that should come up and help him? The platoon runners would be in shortly and then he could get some definite idea of what was going on.

There was a sudden twinkle in the air. It was far too small to be a shrapnel, but the captain ducked instinctively. When he looked again three balls of black smoke hung directly over the farm, then slowly began to fade away. And so, having his eyes on the sky, the captain saw what he would not have otherwise noticed. There was a balloon up, just over the woods, and it had not been there five minutes before.

The shriek of onrushing shells drowned the sound of the rifle fire. They burst in the wheat, and by the frightened calling for first aid had found a target.

The captain turned white beneath the bronze of his cheeks. The Germans had attacked his tired company with fresh troops backed up by artillery adjusted from a balloon. The enemy must be able to see every man of the Americans. A shell burst in the courtyard, sending the manure pile heavenward in a brown cloud. The farm was no place to linger now. The captain turned, ran through the door and the room behind and looked out. An eight-foot drop into soft ground. He swung himself out, hung by his hands a moment, then dropped. All safe. He jumped up, and running doubled over, gained the wheat. Here he stopped a minute or two to get his breath and see if he could locate the point of attack. Impossible. Rifle and machine gun fire came from all directions; the steady crashing of grenades sounded like giant crackers exploding; and every few seconds a shell arrived, bursting now in the wheat, now in the farm.

By the rolling kitchen, Marty and Joe, the cook, looked on in horror. They ducked the shell that burst in the yard. The K. P. and the driver of the ration cart disappeared from sight at high speed.

"The Old Man's beat it!" yelled Joe. "It's time we were gettin' outta here!"

"An' leave all these good victuals?" demanded Marty.

"What the hell good's victuals if they run out through a bayonet hole in your stomach?"

"C'mon!" They ran toward the south gate. Here, Marty, who led, stepped upon two Germans that had crawled almost to the gate. They arose and seized him. Arrived Joe, swinging the cook's traditional weapon—a cleaver.

"Hey! Leave alone of him!" cried Joe. He smote lustily with the cleaver, then he and Marty ran on again. They just caught a glimpse of the captain entering the wheat, then they were in the shelter of the high stalks themselves, following the direction their officer had taken.

In a depression in the field the captain found a collection of ragged, haggard men, hunting feverishly through the pockets of their belts for ammunition they knew they did not have, opening first-aid packets and binding each other's wounds and calling to one another to keep an eye open and give a guy a chance to grab his rifle before the sons were on top of him.

"Ah-h!" cried one of the men, who might have been a cook's police or an escaped convict from his appearance. "Here's the skipper. I was beginning to worry about you."

The captain recognized a lieutenant who had commanded the reserve platoon. If these ten or fifteen men were all that were left of it, things were going well indeed!

"What the hell is all this?" demanded the captain.

(Continued on Page 128)

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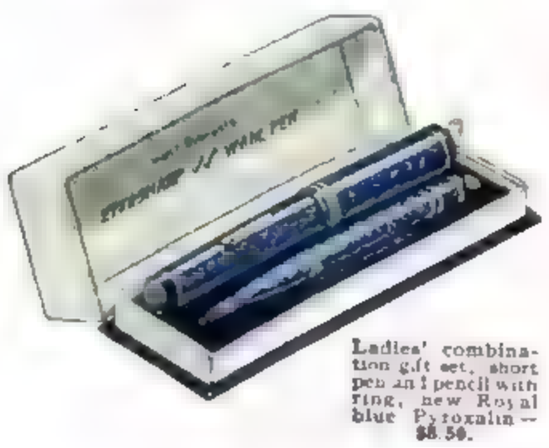

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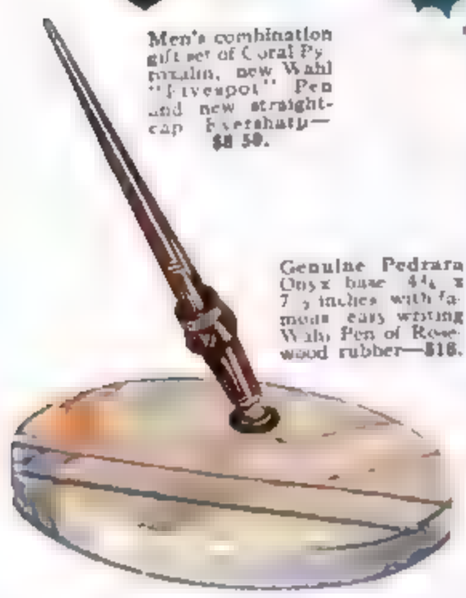

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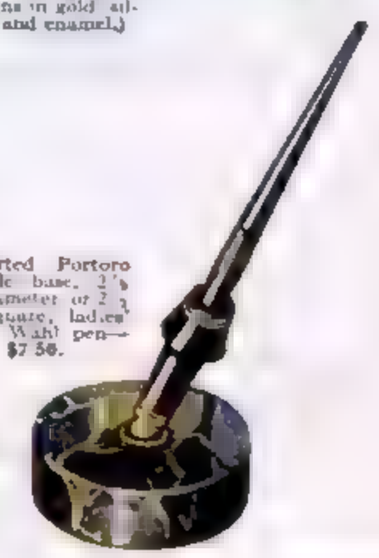

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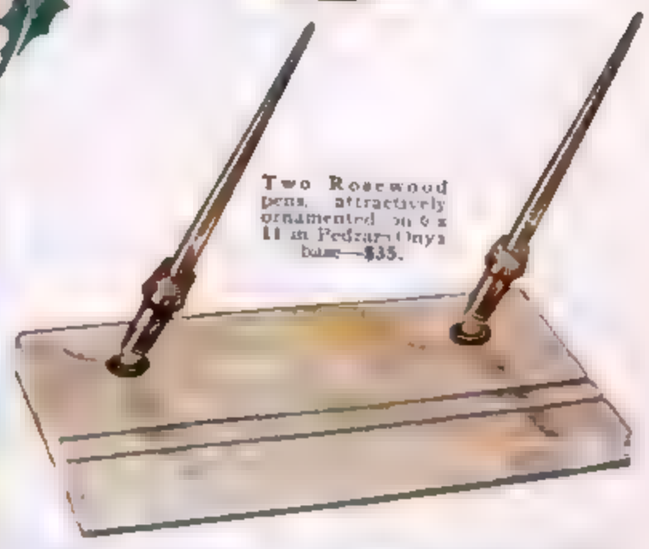

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(Continued from Page 128)

"I think they came out of the woods and jumped the first platoon before it could fire a shot. The first I see of 'em they was gallopin' down the road at us two-forty. We run into the gulley, but they had a machine gun going down it."

"How about Porter's platoon?" asked the captain.

"I don't know, sir," replied the lieutenant. "That gang that run across the pasture musta got between us an' him."

"Let's crawl up and see what we can see," decided the captain. "We got twenty men here that maybe we can rush over to the right place at the right time an' make ourselves felt."

At the edge of the wheat the captain lay down and tried to see what was going on. It was almost impossible. The high wheat hid his own men and the Germans, but he could tell after a while approximately where the two forces were. This because men who had been hit kept rising suddenly out of the wheat, high velocity bullets having that effect when they strike. In the short time that their heads and shoulders were in sight the captain could identify their nationality. This did not aid him to a decision, however, for it seemed that Germans and Americans were scattered all through the wheat like the squares of a checkerboard.

"They're shellin' hell outta that farm," remarked the lieutenant. "That's a sign there ain't any of 'em in it yet."

"It makes a nice target for 'em," replied the captain. "That's why I didn't leave anyone in there but one gun crew an' my striker."

"Spose Marty an' the cook got out?"

"I never thought of them!" exclaimed the captain. "If they take Marty to Germany this outfit might as well close up shop! And I'll never dare go back to Barkers Falls. His wife'll kill me."

"Say, where's the colonel? Didn't he go in the farm? Wasn't that his old bowlegs I saw gettin' out of the side car?"

"The colonel?" cried the captain. "Why, he—where the hell did he go? He came in with me —— Golly, I don't know what became of him. Things moved fast there for a minute!"

"He wouldn't be captured now, do you think?"

The two officers looked at each other, and it seemed as if they both took courage anew. The captain even grinned. "Oh, no," said he, "I hope he's not captured."

The lieutenant chuckled happily. He still chortled when the captain suddenly nudged him. "Give me your gat," ordered the captain. "Mine's still in the farm. Give me your gat, somebody's coming out of that little door."

There was a small door in the wall of the farm, and this opened, so that even the lieutenant could see with the naked eye. A man came out, but instead of bending double or of making a quick jump for the cover of the wheat, he remained erect, walking calmly along. The captain swore. The lieutenant, in a few seconds' time, could see the bowlegs, the short figure and the characteristic crook of the left arm that held the box of cigars. It was the colonel. A grenade burst beyond him, but he emerged calmly from the smoke. The captain, with the glass, could see the hits of a machine gun tossing stones and grass just in front of the colonel, but the gunner was giving the lead to his target that he would for a running man, and the colonel, at a slow walk, was untouched. He quartered across the field, entered the wheat at some twenty or thirty yards from the two officers and disappeared.

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed the captain.

Simultaneously there was another spark in the sky, and this time a long yellow streak of smoke followed it. The artillery fire stopped and the slap-slap of the rifles seemed doubly loud by contrast.

"Now what?" demanded the lieutenant. "You see that smoke? Musta been some kind of a signal."

"They're in the farm," replied the captain. "They shut the gate."

The sky seemed to crack apart and there was a whistling as of wind in trees. Shrapnel! These shells burst in air, spraying the scenery with round balls as a watering pot sprays water. The high-explosive shell bursts only on contact, and in undulating ground, such as these fields, is practically worthless. The observers in the balloon had seen the Americans in the wheat and had telephoned the artillery to switch to shrapnel, against which troops in the open have no defense.

"Let's get back to your platoon," said the captain, "and get out of here. There's a road back there runs into the woods. We can fall back to it and maybe hold on long enough to get some help up here."

They began to crawl back as fast as they could. The Germans were lacing the wheat with machine guns and the stalks leaped into the air continually, to fall again on the captain's neck.

Shrapnel cracked overhead incessantly and the sound of it striking the wheat was like that of a man reaping. The sun was well up now and the day would be hot. The men would have no water.

"This is the beginning of a perfect day," thought the captain. He and the lieutenant arrived at the hollow where the support platoon was gathered. They could hear loud conversation, but before they could discover the cause, another man appeared and came down the slope. It was the colonel. He must have come safely through the field and been guided to the platoon by the sound of voices.

"Well, captain," greeted the colonel, "this is a nice state of affairs."

The captain made no reply. He was listening to a harangue. This, he had thankfully discovered, was being given by Marty, the mess sergeant.

"We run out the gate," Marty was saying. "Man, they're a rough bunch, them krauts. Oughta see 'em throwin' them potato mashers around! The wheat's full of 'em, but they dassn't stand up an' the wheat's too high for 'em to set up guns lyin' down. Man, we flew! They're thicker'n bees, I'll tell the world!"

"What have you in mind?" rasped the colonel. The captain came to himself with a start.

"Get out of this field," he answered. "I'm going to send some runners out to find what units they can and tell 'em to fall back to that road that goes into the woods—that one over there. There's some trees along it you can just see the tops of. If they shove us outta there we can fall back to the woods along the road."

"Did it ever occur to you to ask for some artillery support?"

"Artillery? There ain't been a peep out of the artillery for days. I don't know where they are, even."

"Well, fire an SOS rocket and see what happens."

"We haven't any rockets," replied the captain.

"That's what makes me mad, too," announced the cook from the hollow below. "Imagine them jerries eatin' all that nice chow we had! Steak an' potatoes! We stole a case o' condensed milk, too, so's a man could have cream to his coffee! Them steaks'll be burned to a crisp. I had a nice hot fire goin' under 'em an' just had time to turn 'em 'fore we had to go!"

"Well, give your orders for the withdrawal, captain," said the colonel coldly. He paused to light a fresh cigar. "You haven't any idea of where your men are, have you? . . . No, I thought not. You should have remained in the farm until you had made an estimate of the situation. Well, I did it for you. There's a force of probably three hundred Germans has attacked in three columns. One has gone each side of the farm and the third has occupied it."

"They were the men you saw in the woods and thought was the Third!" exclaimed the captain. "Yes, sir! And they were the ones that shot at you!"

"You didn't think so at the time, did you?" The captain made no reply. "No sign of your men," resumed the colonel. "They're probably being destroyed in the wheat in detail. There is some resistance along the line of that drainage ditch north of the farm, but that's all. The other units have probably been smothered. What support have we? None! What's the decision? Withdrawal. And damned quick before he gets a line on us with that shrapnel. If you've got any runners you'd better start 'em."

The captain crawled back to the hollow. There were fewer men there, for some had been sent out to watch for signs of the near approach of the enemy. The mess sergeant still recounted his adventures to the few that remained.

"I was just openin' a can o' butter," explained Marty. "Not oleo, but real butter, yellow like gold, an' wouldn't it go good on a baked potato! Well, just as I hit the can the first shell came. Sye to the cook, 'Joe, this ain't no time to match pennies!' So we come away an' left all this nice hot food for the krauts!"

"Here!" interrupted the captain, bursting into the group. "Where are your runners, lieutenant!"

"God knows."

"Well, who knows where Lieutenant Porter's platoon is? Come on now, speak up."

"There was some fellars along the road that hollered at us when we come in this morning," said Marty; "it must be them. I recognized the lieutenant's voice."

"Well, listen," went on the captain hurriedly, "who'll volunteer to find the rest of the gang? There's some in the ditch up the other side, and if you saw men across the road, that's Porter and his crowd. Who'll go?"

The men hesitated a moment. The colonel, thought the captain, would not have asked for volunteers; he would have ordered some men to go, but the captain had known these men from childhood, and their fathers before them. Moreover, he was going back home, if he lived, to live in the same town, and he dreaded to think of facing a mother whose son he had sent to his death.

"Well, sir, I'll go for one," said Marty. "I just kinda know where that crowd is I saw."

"I'll go," said another man, stepping out diffidently. "What the hell! I ain't afraid o' them krauts." He laughed loudly, but no one joined him.

"Come on, Joe," urged Marty, "you might's well go too. If I get bumped off you won't be no earthly use. Who'll start breakfast when you got a lemon-extract hangover?"

The machine-gun fire beat upon the ears like rain driven against the panes of a window. At only rare intervals could one hear rifle fire.

The captain knew what that meant. Ammunition was running low. "Well, come on!" he said. "Who else? Two more."

"Sure!" said the cook. "I'll go."

"Come on," whispered the platoon commander in the captain's ear, "that's enough. If you want any more, I'll go. This platoon don't need but one officer, an' it's got you an' the colonel to look after it."

They went back, the two officers and the three men, to the colonel. "Well, give your orders, captain," said the colonel, puffing at his cigar.

"Marty, and you, Paine, find Lieutenant Porter, or whoever is in command of that platoon that you saw. Tell him to fall back to those trees over there. Raise up just a little. See 'em? We'll be waiting there for him. All right, go ahead."

He extended his hand and Marty shook it. Then the mess sergeant crawled away through the wheat.

"Bussonet," continued the captain, turning to the cook, "you heard what I said? Understand it? There's some men in the ditch up north of the farm. You remember there was a gate there? Well, just beyond that gate was a little washhouse. This ditch runs from it straight across the field. If you

(Continued on Page 131)

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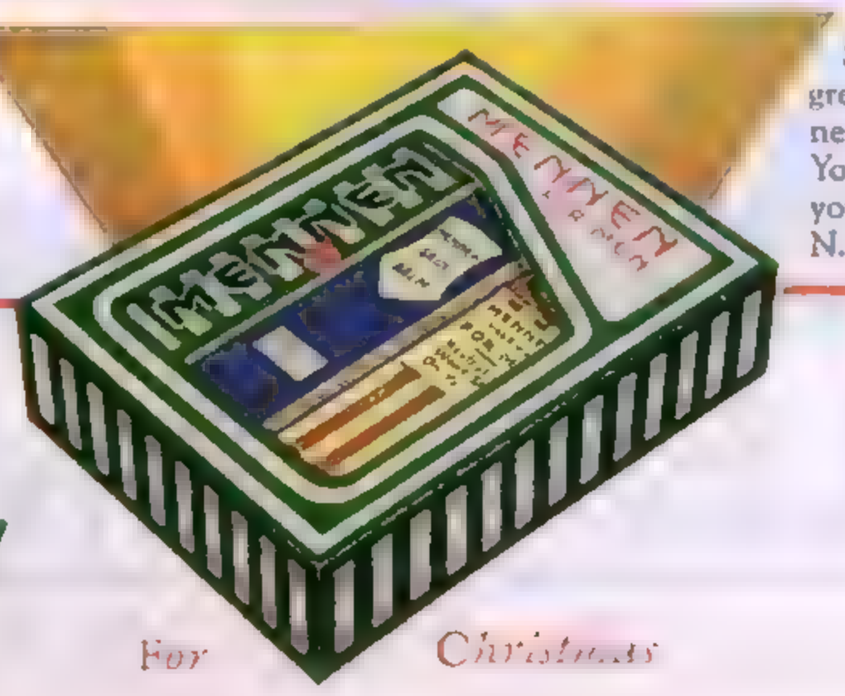


For Dad – Brother – or The Boy Friend

For Christmas

The famous – Mennen Shaving Trio 3

(Continued from Page 128)

crawl north, keeping the sun on your right hand, you can't miss it. Give them the same message. Good luck now."

The cook went away; then, shortly after, the third man. When he had been gone about five minutes, the lieutenant and the captain solemnly shook hands.

"Here!" barked the colonel. "What's this?"

"I'm going out to try to find the platoon in the ditch," answered the lieutenant, "in case Bissonet doesn't get through."

"No such thing," replied the colonel. "Officers are too scarce. That's a duty for an enlisted man. Those men won't get through, either of them."

"They won't!" cried the captain. "Why not?"

"Well, while you were down there I looked around a little. The boche have worked their way straight across from the farm between us and the men in the ditch, if there are any left. Then they've got a machine gun in every one of those stable windows, and they've got a barrage going on the other side of this field that has cut a hole through the wheat as wide as a road."

"You mean to say you let me send those men out when you knew they couldn't get through?" cried the captain.

"Don't get excited," replied the colonel coldly. "They may get through. Their duty requires them to obey, as yours requires you to give an order that in all probability means their death. You militiamen never realize in all your parading at the annual encampment that the country is some day going to ask you for your life in return for all these armories and uniforms and guns it has given you to play with. The instruction in the Marine Corps is slightly different. A marine's ambition is not to save his own life but to kill as many of the enemy as he can before he dies—at least six."

There was silence while the colonel stuck down a bit of the wrapper of his cigar.

"That's a good one on an empty stomach," remarked the captain finally.

The colonel regarded him sternly but said nothing. The three officers listened to the machine guns, German, distinguishable by their more rapid rate of fire. They heard grenades from time to time, also German. The sun rose higher and the heat increased.

"Have you got any men out at all in case these squareheads shove down this way?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir," answered the lieutenant. "I've got a squad in skirmish line toward the road and I thought we could give the alarm if anyone came in this side."

"I wonder if we'd be much good," muttered the colonel. "It seems we've only got one pistol for the three of us."

"Would you like me to crawl back and get you one, sir? I can get you one off one of the sergeants."

"Stay here! My duty is not to fight, but to command. We'll stay here until we find out definitely that the other platoons have been destroyed or that they are retiring. We may be able to help one or the other of them. I think that's the best solution. At the proper moment I want you and the captain where I can give you instructions and not off hunting pistols somewhere."

The three officers lay in the wheat that was beginning to give off heat like a griddle. A half hour went by. They crawled out once or twice to the edge of the field, but could see no movement. A second balloon had joined the first. The colonel insisted that he could hear firing and explosions of grenades far down to the road. The runners that had been sent out did not return, nor did any more men find their way into the hollow that sheltered the support platoon.

"We might as well go out," said the colonel finally. "Some aviator will report this fight and we ought to have a few survivors left to guide up whatever outfits come to our relief. They'll be up to relieve us tomorrow night, or next week, or any time at all. They'll need some guides. It's useless to try to hold this field with only fifteen men—and militiamen, at that!"

"I'm going to take one more look around," said the captain. "I'm not going to abandon any men as long as there's any hope of gettin' 'em out."

So they crawled out to the edge of the wheat again. Two hundred yards northward a line of smoke clouds traversed the horizon like a row of gigantic white bushes. Behind this smoke could be seen several Germans, and the heads of more appeared above the wheat in that direction from time to time.

"They're bombin' out what's left of the crowd in the ditch," said the lieutenant. "Let's go while the goin's good "

"They'll be after us shortly," agreed the colonel.

Again the little door in the wall of the farm opened, and a squad of Germans carrying a light machine gun rushed out and made for the wheat. There was a sudden crackle of fire; three of the Germans plunged forward as men do from a springboard. The man with the gun dropped it and started back for the gate. Two more stood uncertainly, but their indecision was short-lived. A group of men leaped from the edge of the wheat and made for them. There was a moment of conflict, then the men who had come from the wheat dashed through the door, leaving behind them the five scattered bodies. The machine gun they had taken with them.

"Hey!" exclaimed the three officers.

"Those were Yanks!" cried the captain excitedly. "Those were my men!"

"They're dead by now!" remarked the colonel.

The chill silence that followed was broken by more excited exclamations. Germans had suddenly started leaping out of the wheat and falling back again, as fish do after flies.

"They're under fire from the farm!" yelled the officers.

"They got that gun in there and turned it loose!" went on the captain hurriedly. "Lieutenant, you get what men you can an' we'll make for that door. If there's men in that farm they'll need help. We may make a fight out of this yet!"

"We might as well go forward as back!" agreed the colonel. "He's extended his range on that shrapnel and we'd never get through it."

The few men of the support platoon appeared and were led forward through the wheat, keeping in its shelter until they were near the door in the wall. Here they came suddenly upon a force of Germans and fired off what was left of their ammunition. The Germans, confused and unnerved by the sudden fire from the farm, and believing themselves in the presence of a strong counter attack, surrendered. Men appeared at the upper windows of the house and yelled something of which only a few words could be understood, but those were so profane that the yellers must be Americans. The platoon, minus three men left to guard the prisoners, dashed forward and swept through the door into the yard of the farm.

Simultaneously, through the south gate, appeared a great many ragged doughboys, who yelled hoarsely and began to execute movements of the bayonet manual. The few Germans in sight put up their hands.

Fifteen minutes later, after a hurried mopping up of the farm, the officers gathered in a corner of the yard out of sight of the distant balloon.

"Did you get my retirement order, Porter?" demanded the captain.

"No, sir. We were across the road, lying right in the open. I had 'em spread around with intervals of about twenty yards, and the first thing I knew they started going for the farm. I thought they could see something I couldn't, so I came along. And there you were in the farm!"

"Was it your crowd that rushed that gate?" the captain demanded of a sergeant who commanded the other platoon, its officers having all become casualties.

"Yes, sir, we started workin' out of the ditch, like the captain ordered. Then them jerries come out the door with their gun. The first thing I knew we took after 'em."

"What did you do that for?" demanded the colonel. "The order was to retire, wasn't it?"

The sergeant shifted weight from one foot to the other. "Well, sir," said he, "I don't know. Maybe they wanted that machine gun for a souvenir."

"What's going on here?" exclaimed the colonel. He pointed to some dozen or so men that seemed to cluster about something under the shed.

"It's the mess sergeant," cried the captain, "and the cook! Let's go over there and find out about this. Spose they got through all right?"

"Since they're alive, it's probable that they did," remarked the colonel.

A shout came from under the shed: "Luther! Hey, dumb-bell! Send us over some o' them krauts to peel spuds an' cut me a little wood, will ye? These soldiers'll be crabbin' around here after food in a minute or two."

"That's right!" agreed Marty as he dumped a panful of burned steak on the ground. "Now we promised 'em a good feed, we gotta give it to 'em!"

"Here, you two, did you deliver my message?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir," replied Marty, "I done mine an' the cook done his. Didn't we take this farm back again?"

"No, but the order I gave was to retire."

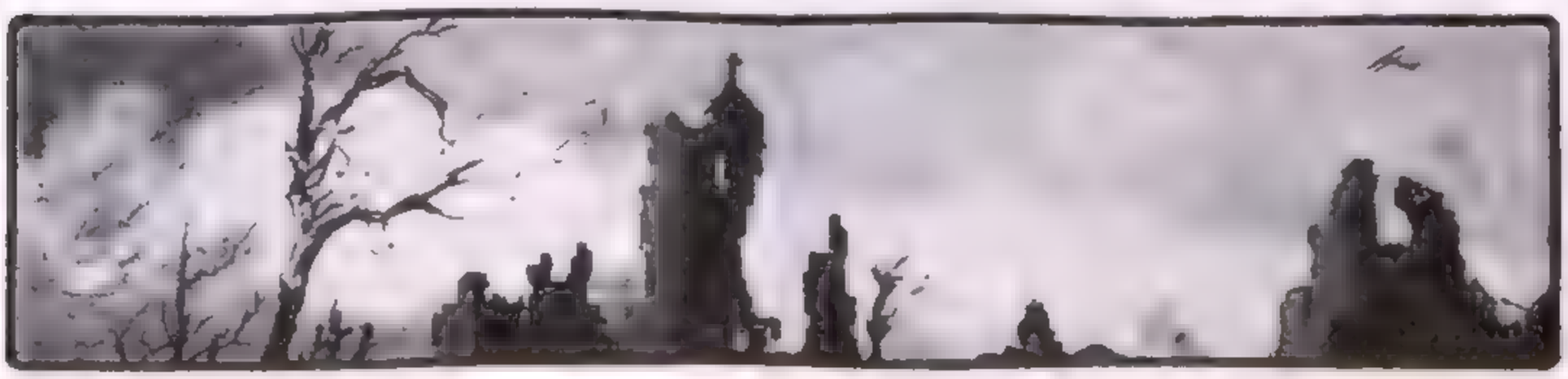
"Well, that was the order we give," replied the cook. There was a look in his eye that the captain did not like.

"I wouldn't want you should try to pull any tricks on me, Joe Bissonet," said the captain sternly, "or I'll turn you to duty!"

"Come, come," interrupted the colonel, "we're wasting time. There's hell to pay to the south of us. The boche have run into the Third there and they're all over the lot. We'll be getting a counter attack. Your men have retaken this farm in fine style, now let's help them to keep it. They're beginning to show the real marine spirit."

Both the cook and the mess sergeant grinned. "Marine spirit hell!" said Marty. "We just let on to every guy we seen out there in the wheat that there was a lot o' good victuals goin' to waste in this farm."

"An' they bein' all good upstaters," added the cook, "it would take more'n the whole German Army 'n' the marines, too, to keep it away from 'em!"



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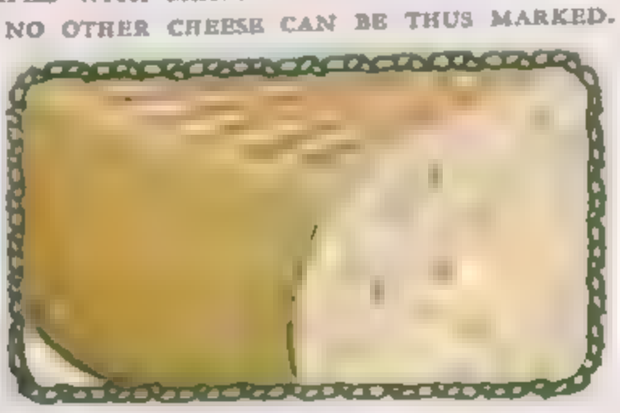

The sound of peasant music floats out upon the air

ABRACADABRA

Continued from Page 13

"Yet you promise not to call on them for anything more."

"It was the only way."

"Then if we fail to collect our three thousand ——"

"We're out of luck. But you don't think the town is either so mean or so poor as that."

"I don't like to think so," admitted Stanley. "But I'm not sure how the rest of the committee will feel. The way you've put it makes it read like a contract."

"You bet your bottom dollar. Read it again."

Stanley did so without gaining any further enlightenment. Caldwell drew his old pipe from his pocket, filled it deliberately and lighted a match.

Over the flame he said significantly, "Supposing we raise more than three thousand?"

"I don't understand."

"Supposing we raise ten thousand?"

Stanley shook his head sadly. He remembered an observation of Emerson's to the effect that tobacco smoke produced in a man the illusion that he is thinking when, as a matter of fact, he is only idling away his time. And Stanley liked Caldwell, too; liked even his optimism, however vain and foolish.

"Supposing we raise twenty thousand?" questioned Caldwell, emitting a heavy cloud of smoke which was not too fragrant by the time it floated across the desk. Evidently there was something about these large figures that pleased Caldwell immensely, because little lines appeared at the corners of his eyes which made him look as though he were smiling, though his mouth remained immobile.

"Well?" Stanley questioned in order to appear sociable.

"They'd have to double the sum, wouldn't they? I haven't stipulated any limit."

"I'm afraid that was scarcely necessary."

"Which is precisely what Holwell and the others thought," exclaimed Caldwell with an air of triumph.

"What else could they think?"

"It's up to us to show them. They've left the door wide open and offered us the opportunity of a lifetime. If that isn't a legal contract—and it may not be for all I know—I'm going to give it the effect of one. Quimby of the Edgemere News is with us and has promised us a front-page story. He is going to reproduce in facsimile the agreement and the signatures. After that it will be hard for any of them to squeal if they want to. I've ordered an extra thousand copies and Jimmy says he can get boys enough at the community house to distribute these to every house in town. We'll have every man, woman, and child boosting for us. That crowd on the Heights thinks I'm not a business man, but I'll bet a dollar to a plugged nickel that within a week we have a campaign started here that will make their eyes stick out. Supposing we raised fifty thousand?"

"Mr. Caldwell!" Stanley warned.

"They'd have to double that or lie down cold, wouldn't they? It's so nominated in the bond. And if I know them, they'll dig deep no matter how much it hurts, before they'll acknowledge publicly what this would imply."

"You're looking at only one side of it. How in the world do you imagine we can raise our share in Edgemere?"

"That remains to be seen," Caldwell answered calmly. "I have a lot of confidence in my neighbors. Watch the News."

It was scarcely necessary to ask anyone to do this, for Quimby was as good as his word and spread the story over the front page in type which would have done credit to a metropolitan murder edition—in boldface letters. This was Wednesday. On the following morning at about eleven o'clock a car stopped before the door of the Edgemere National Bank and a stranger stepped out carrying in his hand a leather bag. Going briskly up the stone steps like one who knew his business, he hurried to the cashier's window presided over by Harvey Stetson and introduced himself:

"I am Mr. Hawkins of the Boston law firm of Bangs, Bangs and Herrick."

Stetson knew instantly—as who would not?—that here was an important person. Had the stranger been only an office boy in a firm of such high standing, still he would be an important person.

"You are the authorized depository for the Community House Fund, I believe?" he asked briskly.

"Yes, sir," answered Stetson, a little disappointed, but making ready to receive a modest check.

"I wish to make a deposit to the account," he announced.

Whereupon he reached in his leather bag and drew out a thousand-dollar bill which he spread out neatly on the counter before Stetson's astonished gaze. Before the cashier had recovered he drew out another and then another and then another. Before he finished he had a neat pile in front of him amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars. Stetson counted it twice and might have kept on counting it all the rest of the morning if Mr. Hawkins had not interrupted him

"You will make out the receipt to Bangs, Bangs and Herrick," he requested, "but the money is to be credited as from a citizen of Edgemere."

"Yes," gasped Stetson. "And the name?"

"The donor prefers to remain anonymous," replied Mr. Hawkins. "It is quite necessary, however, that he be recorded as a citizen of the town."

"Yes, sir," answered Stetson. "Perhaps you had better see Mr. Holwell."

"I don't think that is necessary," replied Mr. Hawkins.

In another minute he had taken his receipt and gone. Yet he was out the door no quicker than Stetson, in his excitement, was out of the cage and, with the bills clutched in his hand, was hurrying to the president's office to announce the good news. He found Mr. Holwell seated behind his cold and formal official desk, everything in place at exactly right angles. Bursting in—and after ten years of experience he should have known better—Stetson gave the president something of a start. As a matter of fact, Holwell was ready to throw up his hands.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded as soon as he was sure it was only the cashier.

"Excuse me, sir," stammered Stetson, "but a most extraordinary thing has happened. A stranger just came in and deposited this—twenty-five thousand dollars—to the Community House Fund."

"A stranger?"

"Mr. Hawkins of Bangs, Bangs and Herrick. He said the donor was a resident of Edgemere. That's all he would tell."

Slowly Holwell rose to his feet. His face was as rigid as a marble bust.

"Where is this stranger?" he demanded.

"I asked if he wouldn't see you, but he couldn't stop. This is quite a boost for the fund, sir."

"A boost for —— Stetson, get Caldwell on the telephone for me at once."

Caldwell could not be found, but Holwell immediately summoned as many subscribers to the fateful agreement as he could reach. He called a special meeting in his office for six o'clock that night. Fifteen of the twenty men who had affixed their signatures to the harmless-looking document responded and the other five sent their attorneys. They represented the wealth and aristocracy of Edgemere Heights.

"Gentlemen," said Holwell, addressing the excited group as soon as he was able to make his voice heard above the informal

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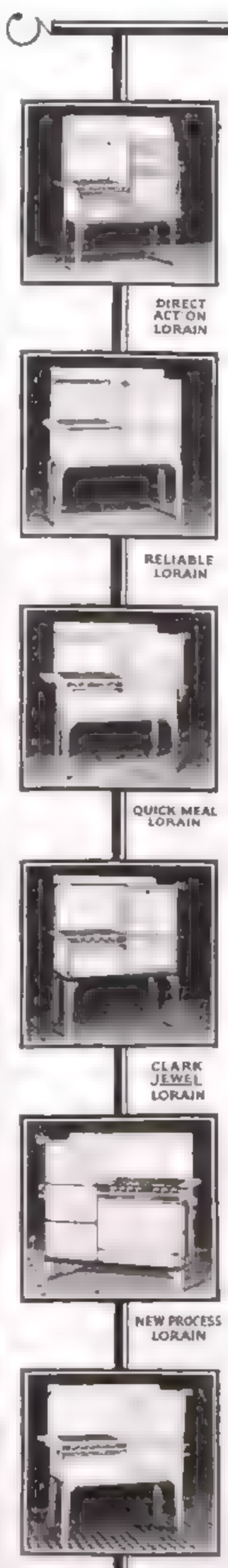

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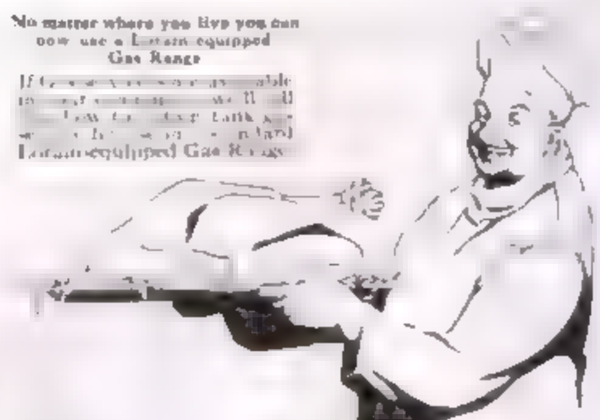

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"A boat came by which I found was going toward Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in and we row'd all the way.

"I was dirty from my journey; I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing and want of rest; I was very hungry."

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discussion, "I accept my full share of responsibility for being the first to sign the paper prepared by Mr. Caldwell, but it is scarcely necessary for me to state that I did not foresee any such development as this. I have known Mr. Caldwell for fifteen years and had nothing but the highest respect for his integrity. When he came to see me, as he came to you, and asked me to help raise a few thousand dollars more for the drive, I agreed willingly enough, as I always have in the past—as you also have always been willing to do. We accept the support of this worthy institution as one of our civic responsibilities."

"Hear!" interrupted someone from the rear of the room.

"Civic liability, I call it," chirped in someone else.

Holwell raised his hand. "Gentlemen," he continued, "I think none of us had any intention of committing ourselves to such a sum as this—twelve hundred and fifty dollars apiece."

"I'll say not!" shouted Barnett, who liked to make himself heard in so distinguished a gathering.

"This amount," went on Holwell, "I think you will agree, is excessive. It hardly seemed credible that Mr. Caldwell could raise in the town proper more than the usual few thousands. I know the resources of our citizens fairly well, and I cannot understand even now where he found anyone who could contribute so large a sum."

Nor, for that matter, could anyone else. Yet there it was. It was useless to debate along this line when the cash had actually been deposited. In fact, it was useless, as the attorneys pointed out, to debate along any line. The paper appeared to be a perfectly good contract, and even if it were not—if technical objections of one sort and another might be raised—the attendant publicity would be neither pleasant nor profitable. Canning rose to voice this point of view.

"Believe me, I'll pay up before I'll have every resident of Edgemere calling me a quitter," he declared. "I don't know whether Caldwell had this up his sleeve from the start or not, but I'll take back anything I may have said about his being a child in business."

That, on the whole, was the sentiment of a majority of those present after they had a chance to calm down somewhat. It was agreed, however, that a committee should be appointed to talk over the situation with Stanley and Caldwell before any further damage could be done. They were to make it clear that the drive had been carried far enough, and that in the event, however remote, that any other mysterious Croesus should be found, he was to be called off. Barnett, Canning, and Holwell were delegated for this task and that evening appeared at the little white house on Larch Road. Caldwell met them at the door with a broad grin.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed before they had a chance to get a word in edgewise. "Isn't this great stuff? I've heard nothing all the evening but what regular fellows you chaps are. Fifty-four thousand, two hundred and twenty-one dollars is the grand total. That guarantees the swimming pool anyhow."

After this greeting not one of them had courage enough left to discuss the incident further.

By the following Thursday Mr. X and his gift had become such an old subject of conversation that it was practically dropped even by those on the Heights. Yet it was on this day that Mr. Hawkins appeared once more.

This time he needed no introduction to Stetson, who recognized him the moment he entered the door. The latter was about to leave his cage to summon Mr. Holwell when Hawkins stopped him.

"My business is brief and I'm in something of a hurry," he said.

"The president wished me to call him [illegible]"

"It isn't necessary. I wish merely to make a deposit to the Community House Fund. Of the same amount as the first."

With that he drew from his leather bag another batch of twenty-five one-thousand-dollar bills. To Stetson it was like a feat of legerdemain. He had a notion that if the man wished to stop long enough to say something like "abracadabra" and wave a wand, he could draw out still another handful of the crisp new bills. He would like to have him do it for him just once. Lord knows, with a family of five and a salary of only twenty-five hundred he needed a drive as badly as the community house. However, Hawkins showed no disposition to exercise his skill further. Yet he did produce a document signed and sealed after he had received his receipt.

"The firm of Bangs, Bangs and Herrick"—he pronounced those names with a relish—"understands that some question has been raised as to whether or not our client is a legal resident of Edgemere."

"Yes, sir," nodded Stetson, thinking for a second that he was going to be let in on the secret.

"To set that at rest, once and for all, the firm has drawn up an affidavit signed by Mr. Herrick himself. The deponent appeared personally before a justice of the peace and swore that he knew the donor to be a bona fide resident. I leave this for Mr. Holwell, with my compliments."

"If you will wait only a minute."

"Sorry. Press of business."

With that he was out the door and in his car and on his way back to the offices of Bangs, Bangs and Herrick.

Stetson was not fired on the spot—as though he had been a party of the first part in the transaction instead of a humble servant—only because Holwell was too busy during the next half hour rounding up the twenty for a special meeting. This time they all came, half of them bringing their attorneys too. Even Barnett and Canning were serious for once. As for Martin, Aspen and Tillinghast, who had not given away so much money as this in the whole course of their lives, they were ready to have Holwell hung, drawn and quartered. They even had a more practical and more dangerous punishment in mind—nothing less than a withdrawal of their accounts from the bank.

Martin, a spare old man who had grown as hard as the anthracite coal in which he had made a fortune, rose to his tottering feet and shook a bony finger at the chairman.

"I'm not sure you aren't in cahoots with this crazy spendthrift!" he shouted.

"You forget, Mr. Martin, that it is costing me quite as much as it's costing you," Holwell replied, white-cheeked and trembling

"You ought to be made to pay the whole of it. You got us into this mess."

"You're not talking rationally, sir; calm yourself."

"I'd never have signed the paper except for your lead."

"I appreciate your confidence, but I refuse to accept any responsibility for your act."

"For all I see," broke in Barnett, "this X crank can go on as long as his capital holds out. Supposing he gives a million?"

Aspen sprang to his feet Aspen who was the leading promoter of the original Edgemere Development Company

"Caldwell is the man to nail!" he shouted. "Can't we buy him off?"

"Shall I appoint you a committee of one to arrange that?" asked Holwell.

"Appoint yourself."

"I'm willing to see Mr. Caldwell," Holwell agreed. "In the meanwhile I advise a conference of our attorneys."

Fifteen attorneys, duly accredited members of the Massachusetts bar, pricked up their ears.

"I object!" snorted Peterson, a thin, wiry insurance man. "We might as well turn our money over to the community house as to the bar."

"Possibly we can check further imposition," suggested Holwell. "Let us agree on one lawyer."

(Continued on Page 136)

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With built-in floating horn and Atwater Kent reproducing unit $85
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Same style as above but mahogany finish $75
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(Continued from Page 134)

But that in itself was not an easy matter, for no one trusted any lawyer but his own, and besides, the group of subscribers not being duly organized, the payment of the legal fee would fall on a single individual. If a vote had been taken this would have been wished on Holwell. As it was, he was delegated, in spite of himself, to interview Caldwell once again and arrange some sort of compromise.

"Tell him from me," said Martin, "that I'll see him in Hades before I pay another cent."

"That sounds fine," sneered Peterson, "but how much coal do you think you'll sell in Edgemere if you carry out your threat?"

"What is this then—a holdup?"

"It's something that shaking your fist at won't help. This matter must be handled diplomatically, and if I know Caldwell it's no use trying to scare him."

"Hear!" chimed in Barnett and Canning. "Use the soft pedal, Holwell."

That was good advice, but personally Holwell would have preferred to use a golf club—a driver by choice. He called at Larch Road that evening and Caldwell received him cordially.

But after listening to Holwell's plaint, he answered, "I don't know what you're kicking about. You've gained a new account for the bank, and a big one at that. It may become even bigger."

"This has ceased to be a joke," Holwell replied tensely.

"It never was a joke."

"In behalf of the subscribers I've come to ask if you don't think you've carried this far enough."

"Why come to me? Mr. X is the man to see."

"I have talked to Mr. Herrick with that in mind. He states he's acting only in the capacity of agent."

"How you going to prevent a man from giving away his money, anyhow?" asked Caldwell. "I wouldn't have the nerve even to try. Certainly he's using it in a good cause."

"You know that the rest of us can ill afford ——"

Here Caldwell interrupted abruptly, "Honest Injun, is that quite true?"

"Well—er—at least ——"

"You'd rather use your money in some other way. It gets down to that. There isn't one of you who can't afford to give four times as much as you have. How you spend your money is your own business, but that holds true also for this X fellow. Certainly I shan't try to stop him. We're going to have the finest athletic equipment of any town this size in the state, if he only keeps on, as I hope he will. And I'll miss my guess if even you fellows don't receive back a hundred cents on every dollar you invest. The pool, the tennis courts and the running track ——"

"Who said anything about a running track?"

"That's our latest scheme. There's a field near the high school which can be bought cheap, and the selectmen have agreed to chip in something as rental if we develop it. That involves raising more than we set out to raise, but with the drive humming as it is now, we ought to do it."

"If Martin hears that!"

"Martin is an old fool if he objects. All this is going to mean finer boys, and finer boys mean finer men—more prosperous citizens. Don't you see how that's going to count for all you fellows—more coal bought, more insurance, more bank accounts?"

Holwell wiped his perspiring forehead. "How far do you propose to carry this idea?" he gasped.

On the following Friday Hawkins appeared with another deposit, making the grand total of the fund one hundred and fifty-five thousand four hundred and twenty-seven dollars. When Quimby announced this in the News excitement ran higher in the town than ever before in its history. The boys, headed by Richard and Jimmy, organized a procession and paraded through the main streets with banners bearing the gorgeous numerals and such lines as "Let's keep going." and "Make it two hundred thousand, Mr. X." Martin, who ran into the parade on his way home, nearly fainted. Nor did he feel any better when one of the boys, recognizing him as a subscriber from the Heights, demanded a cheer, followed by "Who's all right? Mr Martin! Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!" To add insult to injury, a story gained currency, based on this episode, that Martin himself was the mysterious Mr. X. Not only Barnett and Canning but even Caldwell rang him up to inquire as to the truth of this. His reply was interesting but unprintable. When finally Quimby sought substantiation of the rumor, Martin threatened to sue him for libel if he ever referred to it.

Not only was nothing else talked about on the street, on trains and on the golf course, but Caldwell was besieged with questions in his own home as to the identity of the donor. It was assumed that he at least must have some inside information.

"I should think you might confide in your family," declared his wife in some pique.

"I shouldn't dare to peep—even if I knew who the man was," answered Caldwell. "Herrick tells me that the poor fellow would have to leave town if he was ever discovered."

"With everyone cheering for him?"

"You forget the crowd on the Heights, my dear. His life wouldn't be worth a nickel up there."

"But you'd think we'd all recognize anyone so wonderful as he must be," she exclaimed. "I've been over in my mind every human being in town and I can't think of a soul capable of so generous an act."

"There's dad," chirped in Jimmy. "He's the kind if he had the money."

"That's the trouble," Mrs. Caldwell smiled sadly. "He hasn't. Those who might give haven't anything to give, while those who have plenty are too mean to give what they might."

"Maybe there's a magician snoopin' round," suggested Jimmy. "Maybe he's got hold of some word like abracadabra."

"That's it," grinned Caldwell.

"I wish you could coax him this way," said Claire.

"I should think he's been this way already," Caldwell replied. "I wouldn't take a good many thousand dollars for the direct benefit we ourselves are going to derive from these improvements. I don't see why the two boys won't get in this line about everything they might expect in a private school, and get it right here at home where we can all share in the fun."

On the final Thursday Hawkins left his car a block away and tried to approach without exciting attention; but he found difficulty, in approaching at all through the crowd which had gathered, until someone went ahead and made a path for him. At the top of the steps he even had to turn and bow an acknowledgment of the applause.

"How much this time?" asked someone.

But being strictly an agent he refused to divulge the amount and went inside. Holwell himself was in the cashier's cage and smiled a professional "Good morning" as Mr. Hawkins drew from his bag the first thousand-dollar bill. One-twentieth of that was fifty dollars—an inescapable fact, greeted by twenty scowls and twenty more or less audible groans.

Mr. Hawkins drew out a second bill with the same result. In a few minutes twenty-five of them were in a neat pile, and then Mr. Hawkins closed his bag. That was all; there weren't any more.

In some way the news leaked out to the street and cheer after cheer followed, with calls for a speech from Holwell. He was in no mood for a speech and yet he was in a better mood than he had been a few minutes before. After all, the tension was over. The amount might have been fifty thousand or even a hundred. The clamor grew louder. *(Continued on Page 139)*

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It is because YALE Batteries deliver this perfect battery performance, that Mr. Keith Henney, and many other leading radio engineers, use YALE Batteries in their laboratories.

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YALE Batteries also *cost you less per radio hour*—because they last longer—because, during rest hours they *rebuild* the energy consumed during use. Hook up with YALE for dependable, economical radio reception. *Demand* YALE!

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Wool Socks

NO EQUAL FOR WEAR

Continued from Page 136

"You'd better respond," said Barnett. "This is your party."

If Holwell had told the crowd what was really in his heart the speech would have been a classic, but as it was he was obliged to use words which almost choked him. Going to the window of his private office opening on the street, he looked down upon five hundred eager, joyous faces. Never in his life had he been greeted with such honest and whole-hearted enthusiasm. Young Dick Caldwell led the cheering with a call for three times three and three long Holwells. They were given with a vim and then Holwell raised his hand for silence.

"Friends," he said, "I know you will be delighted, as—er—we all are, to learn that our unknown benefactor, Mr. X, has just made another contribution of twenty-five thousand ——"

"Yeh!" shouted young Caldwell. "Three times three and three long X's."

Holwell again raised his hand. "I think you will agree that this amount is enough, if not more than enough, to allow us to go ahead with our plans for giving Edgemere the finest community house possessed by any town this size in the state. I and the small group of men associated with me express our congratulations."

When, followed by a roar of approval, Mr. Holwell stepped inside to the directors' room, Martin was waiting for him.

"What the devil do you mean by saying we're delighted?"

"The mob is still there," said Holwell, trying to make his prominent Adam's apple, which at the moment felt like a hot coal, fit beneath his high collar. "You're at liberty to go out and tell them you aren't."

IV

FIVE thousand and sixty dollars apiece was the amount contributed to the Community House Fund by the generous residents of the Heights when the final settlement was made. Of course before the twenty checks were made out, there was considerable talk and several more conferences with Stanley and Caldwell, but nothing came of this. Stanley was inclined to be lenient to the extent, anyway, of lopping off the sixty dollars and making it an even five thousand, but Caldwell stuck to his guns.

"Any other procedure would be unfair to Mr. X," was his final argument. "Besides, we need every cent of the money."

"Do you think this Mr. X will ever reveal himself?" asked Stanley.

He had a natural curiosity, whetted further by the need of a new parish house.

"He'd be a fool if he did," answered Caldwell.

"I suppose so, and yet we'd all like to express our thanks."

"Leave that to the boys. I don't know but I should think he'd ask for no greater reward than to see a bunch of youngsters made happy and healthy. What we want to do now is to get busy on that building program."

They say that a quicker or a better job was never done in Edgemere than was completed that September on the pool, the track and the tennis courts. And then began plans for what to some seemed more important than the buildings themselves—the dedication exercises. Yet Caldwell, who might be supposed to be quite as much interested as anyone in these, remained curiously apathetic. Holwell, who was put in charge of the ceremonies, asked him to serve in some capacity, but he refused flatly. He would not even allow his name to be put down for a speech.

"Turn all that stuff over to Stanley," he said.

So it was the latter who wrote the inscription for the bronze tablet which was placed on the wall at one end of the beautiful white-tiled swimming pool. This read as follows:

This gift to the boys and girls of the town was made possible through the generosity of:

A modest benefactor who preferred to remain unknown, though giving so liberally;

The townsfolk of Edgemere, who gave each according to his means,

The following citizens of the Heights who, in a spirit of public service, doubled the original contributions:

Here followed a list of all those whose names appeared on the original document, which today hangs in Caldwell's study.

The ceremonies themselves were impressive. The twenty, including Martin, sat on the platform, and a prouder, more satisfied group of men was never seen. Each looked every inch the respectable, solid, public-spirited citizen he was. It seems that none of them, in spite of the fears which most had expressed, had gone into bankruptcy as a result of his contribution. Not one revealed any loss of weight as the aftermath of an enforced economy. All looked, if anything, a little sleeker and better fed than usual. Holwell made a particularly fine impression in his evening clothes. Tall, thin, aristocratic, he carried himself with the air of a foreign diplomat, presiding with charm and tact. He spoke of the pride which citizens of Edgemere of whatever station of life had always taken in their town:

"Whenever called upon to do anything, either to make it more beautiful or more livable, they have never failed to respond."

Applause.

"The original community building which was made possible by the early residents had been outgrown—a testimonial to the steady development and prosperity of Edgemere. Now, thanks to the enterprise of our citizens, we have caught up again. This beautiful pool, the track and the tennis courts near the high school prove once more that the old spirit still survives."

Loud applause, participated in heartily by Caldwell, who with his family occupied seats on the floor. After this there were more speeches, several selections by the band, and finally a prayer by the Rev. Horace Stanley.

As Quimby of the News expressed it: "The ceremonies were both solemn and uplifting."

It was almost two years ago that this took place. Last winter Jimmy made the junior swimming team which defeated Warren High, while Dick won the Edgemere cup offered by the same mysterious Mr. X, who thus demonstrated that he was still living—a fact which for a moment threw a chill into the hearts of Holwell and Martin.

Caldwell, however, goes plugging along much as usual. It looks as though his heatproof paint would work out successfully and bring him another fortune, but he is taking his time on this new invention because—well, because he is so dog-goned happy as he is.

Every year he manages to make a few improvements in the house at the corner of Larch Road—this spring he put in three rhododendron bushes—and every now and then he buys a new book for his library. The two boys are coming along finely, and on the strength of a salary increase of a thousand dollars he was able to send Alice to Wellesley.

As for Claire, she seems happy enough. With all the children doing so well, she ought to be. She has seen a lot of things happen on the Heights that she thanks her lucky stars her own family has escaped. She met Barnett the other day, who has taken on ten years since Louise was involved in a scandal resulting from a roadhouse party.

Coming home after that Claire could hardly wait to make a confession to Caldwell.

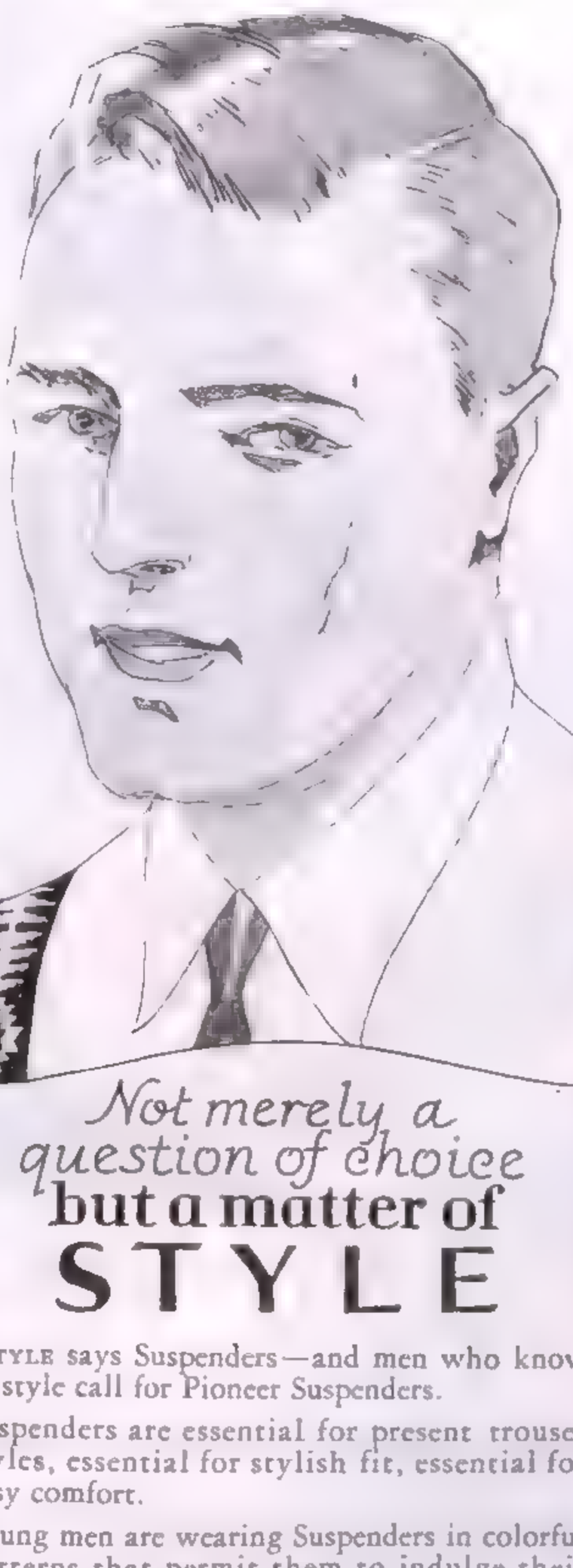
"John, dear," she said, "I guess it's just as well after all that old Mr. X passed us by."

"Eh?"

"I—I used to pray that he might give us a few of his many thousand dollars for the children, but I'm sure they are better off without them."

"He knew a thing or two—that old chap," grinned Caldwell.

PIONEER



Not merely a question of choice **but a matter of STYLE**

STYLE says Suspenders—and men who know style call for Pioneer Suspenders.

Suspenders are essential for present trouser styles, essential for stylish fit, essential for easy comfort.

Young men are wearing Suspenders in colorful patterns that permit them to indulge their taste for color, and are demanding Pioneer Suspenders because they know that Pioneer *is* Style.

For 50 years men have worn Pioneer Suspenders for comfort—now they wear them for Style as well as comfort. Ask for the newest patterns in Pioneer Suspenders at the men's wear counter.

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SUSPENDERS

"So sheer and fine, yet they never seem to get holes"

"I guess I have a weakness for fine hose. For years I have worn nothing but the best. That's why for me it was such a relief to learn about Ser-val stockings. They are so sheer and fine, yet they never seem to get holes."
—*Ann Mullaney, Pleasant Ridge, O.*

"Because they were my first Ser-val, I kept track"

"Socks to me are usually just socks. I used to take whatever the clerk handed out. A couple of months ago I tried a few pair of Ser-val, and because they were my first Ser-val I kept track of how they wore. Not a single darn up to date."—*Chester J. Hamer, Cincinnati, O.*

"I used to think my children were hard on stockings"

"It seems difficult to realize now that I used to think my children were hard on stockings. Today I buy Ser-val exclusively for my two youngsters, and it seems weeks on end before a new pair find their way into the darning basket."—*Mrs. Howard Ferrier, Cincinnati, O.*

What the new Ser-val idea means to you

HOW many times have you asked yourself in buying hosiery: How do I know this is the best value? How do I know the style and colors are correct?

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SAN ANTONIO, *A B Frank Company*
ST. JOSEPH, *Wheeler & Matter Mercantile Co.*
ST. PAUL, *Finch, Van Slyck & McConville*

"He was almost as wise as you. I shall always believe you know who he is."

"So?"

"And you aren't ever going to tell?"

He shook his head. "It wouldn't be safe."

Yet, to round out the story properly, there is a historic document which really ought to be put on file. It is a small gray bank book that Caldwell keeps locked in a drawer in his laboratory. It contains five entries. They are:

December 15	Deposit	$100,000
March 18	Paid	25,000
March 25	Paid	25,000
April 2	Paid	25,000
April 9	Paid	25,000

After that last entry the bank punched the little book full of holes, signifying canceled, and gave it back to Caldwell.

THE TRAVEL TEST

Continued from Page 11

She was applying some liquid from one to her face with a small morsel of cotton.

"It's mint alcohol," she said. "I find it very refreshing. Won't you try some?"

"Thank you," he answered, amused because of the name he had given her. It was delightful stuff. "Will you dine with me?" he asked Miss Mint.

"I will sit at your table, if I may," she replied.

The Guillotines staggered back, stuffed just a little more than they had been.

"I'm afraid the poor dears are going to want to go officially to sleep very soon." Miss Mint sighed as she wended the uneven path to the *wagon-restaurant*.

"Why should somnolence come down on the French like a snuffer the minute they get on a train?" Albert Shaw questioned, as they sat down at the table assigned them. "They can't all go to sleep at nine o'clock when they're at home."

"It's exhaustion due to nervous excitement at the idea of traveling. They hate it. The Frenchman and his *foyer*, you know. And yet travel can be so pleasant, if one keeps one's head about it."

"Can't it?" Albert Shaw agreed.

"I appreciate it, because I've been cut off from traveling recently." At the thought of whatever had cut her off from travel Miss Mint's face grew something more than wistful for a moment, then she changed the subject. "What puzzles me," she said, "is that family you exchanged your berth with."

"The Carte Postale family?"

"Why the Cartes Postales?" Albert Shaw explained. "That's very amusing." Miss Mint commented, "What I can't understand is why Monsieur Carte Postale couldn't have taken the little boy's berth and left the little boy with his mother."

"That solution never occurred to me," Albert Shaw admitted. "Perhaps the little boy isn't his child and he doesn't like to be put out by him."

"No, there was paternal solicitude in that anguish before the change was made. It's a mystery and we must solve it. I'm tremendously curious about people—are you?"

"It's my passion, but I don't see how we can get to the bottom of this."

"You might ask for your place back, making my suggestion."

"Nothing on earth would make me give up my present location. Besides, I distrust Madame Fishy LeBrun's little girl's digestion."

"I adore the name Madame Fishy LeBrun. Do you name everyone on a train?"

"Yes."

"And what is my name?"

He smiled at her. "Miss Mint."

"Because of my alcohol?"

"I named you before that—for a lot of reasons."

Miss Mint considered the appellation. "It sounds a little old-maidish," she said, "but I like it. I am old-maidish."

Albert Shaw interrupted the conversation for an instant. "Better wipe that plate off with your napkin," he suggested. "It doesn't look quite clean."

Miss Mint smiled as she did so. "You believe in French customs, I see."

"Neat ones. I suppose I'd better tell you my name before you make up one for me."

"I've named you already—out of Kate Greenaway."

"What?"

"I think I won't tell you until tomorrow."

"Maybe you'll let it slip."

"No; for tonight I'll just call you by your title, Your Highness."

As Albert Shaw didn't remember a line of Kate Greenaway's verse, the clew gave him no help, but he didn't nag for an explanation.

They had an extraordinarily pleasant dinner, with a bottle of St. Julien which Miss Mint allowed him to buy.

When they returned to their compartment it was proved that Miss Mint's words about the Guillotines had been prophetic. Already the *couchettes* were made up and the Guillotines were two black mounds on the two lower shelves, their faces nuzzled piteously into their pillows.

"Have we got to go to bed?" Miss Mint asked of Albert Shaw.

"There's always the corridor. You could sit on the *strapontin* and I have a suitcase I could use for a seat."

"Do you happen to play chess?"

"I do—love to."

"Then wait a minute." From her suitcase Miss Mint produced a tiny leather box which unfolded into a chessboard, with flat tabs to thrust into slits in the squares instead of carved men, which would have rolled away.

They were very merry over the precariousness of their seats and their game.

Miss Mint played chess just as Albert Shaw would have chosen that she should play it—well enough to keep him alert and not so professionally as to make him feel stupid.

She was puzzling over a move when the door of the compartment in which Albert Shaw's first *couchette* had been located snapped back and Mr. Carte Postale, in pajamas and a red flannel blazer, shot into the corridor.

"Good!" Miss Mint exclaimed. "Now you can ask him."

But Mr. Carte Postale appeared to be in a dangerous humor. He flung the door of the compartment shut, went to the far end of the corridor and lit a cigarette with rage-shaken hands.

"*C'est impossible!*" he said audibly, and enough of the steam of his anger seemed to escape in the ejaculation to enable him to continue life without bursting. "It's impossible!"

"What do you suppose is impossible?" Miss Mint queried, changing the position of a pawn on the board.

"Probably Madame Fishy LeBrun wants a little air."

"Why don't you go and find out?"

"I haven't the nerve."

"Oh, go on!"

Albert Shaw was as curious as anyone alive, and he liked Miss Mint all the better for her amused interest. He rose and walked down to Monsieur Carte Postale.

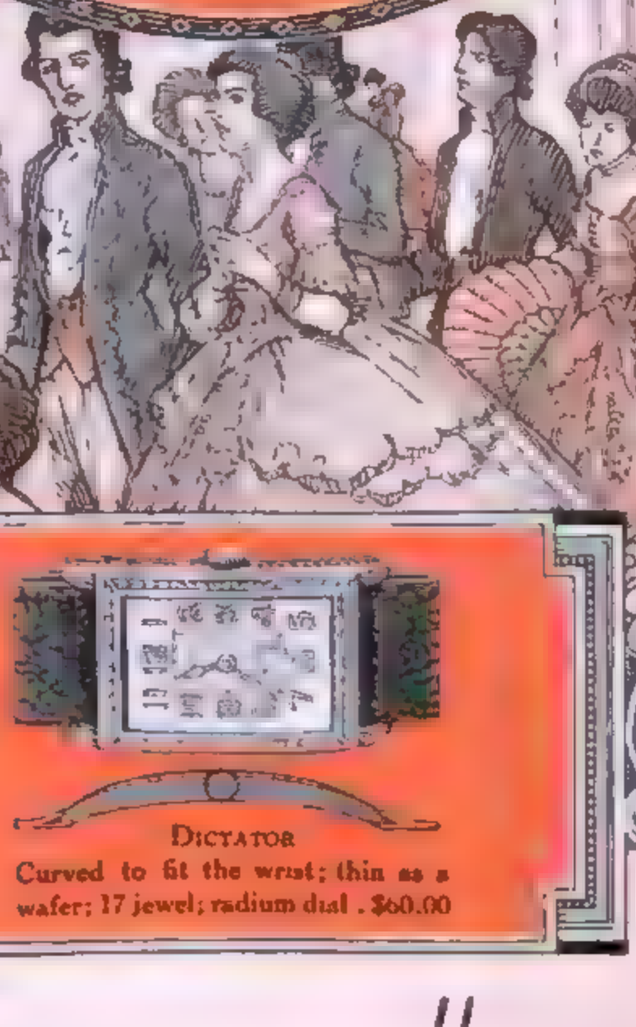
"Is there anything I can do?" he asked.

But neither Albert Shaw nor Miss Mint was ever to know exactly what had proved so impossible. Some horror had taken place in the little room with its four shelves for bodies like a mausoleum—some horror of which Monsieur Carte Postale could not bring himself to speak.

He wrung Albert Shaw's hand as though it had been offered him in consolation for a bereavement. "You are too *gentil!*" he breathed gratefully.

(Continued on Page 143)

BULOVA *Watches*



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Curved to fit the wrist; thin as a wafer; 17 jewel; radium dial . $60.00

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15 jewel movement . $37.50

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15 jewel; radium dial $28.50

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Colonial in Every Detail

In this Curtis design the broken arch pediment, the fluted pilasters and corbel blocks are distinctive Colonial details. The cupboard is furnished in birch and white pine. No wall opening is necessary in either new or old houses—only 2′ 7¾″ of space from the corner of each wall. Design C-6500; price in white pine, from $55.78 to $62.75, depending on where you live; freight added in western territories; and in birch, from $73.78 to $83.00.

Out of the Metropolitan Museum

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City is a beautiful old cupboard from a home built near Farmington, Connecticut, about 1700. It contains the same glazed door, the same beveled panels and crossed stiles you see here in the bottom door of this Curtis design, and the same arched panel distinctive of the reign of George I. No rough opening is necessary for this Curtis cupboard, so it can be put into old homes as easily as into new ones. It is made in white pine, birch and oak, and a wall space 2′ 4½″ measured from the corner along each wall is sufficient. Design C-6503; price in white pine, $42.35 to $47.64, depending on where you live; freight added in western territories; and in birch or oak, $48.60 to $54.68.

* * *

A new 48-page book, full of helpful suggestions for practical Christmas gifts, has just been published. It is free. Fill in and mail the coupon for your copy!

Corner Cupboards for CHRISTMAS!

For Dining Alcove or Inglenook

Such furniture as this Curtis dining alcove set dates far back in American homes. The Dutch settlers used seats like these around the fireplace or placed on the front door stoop. You can do that with these Curtis seats, too, for they are made of white pine and will withstand the weather. The table and seats rest on metal buttons so that they can be moved. Design C-6600; price $39.31 to $44.22, depending on where you live; freight added in western territories.

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

Why not a Christmas present for "the house"—something that the whole family will always enjoy? Curtis cabinetwork designs are gifts new *and* different *and surprisingly inexpensive.*

* * *

In THE beautifully illustrated book offered in the coupon below, there are scores of suggestions for a new kind of Christmas present . . . presents that fit in with the delightful custom of presenting a gift to "the house" at Christmas time . . . something that the whole family can enjoy.

Corner cupboards are especially appropriate for this purpose. They bring new beauty into the home. They give the interior an architectural dignity that no movable furniture can impart. Tastefully finished and with sparkling glassware and colorful china on their shelves, they become the keynote of the decorative scheme.

Designs like these Curtis cupboards—which are based upon the best Colonial and Early American work—possess a delicate charm that every home in good taste needs. And as Curtis makes them, their materials and workmanship are not excelled by even the hand joinery of pre-Revolutionary days.

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The Curtis dealer will supply them. Or send for our new book giving complete information about these designs and our entire line of corner cupboards, bookcases, dining alcoves, kitchen dressers, ironing boards, broom closets, bedroom dressing tables, linen cases, medicine and telephone cabinets. This book also pictures and describes the construction of these items as made by Curtis. *The book is* FREE. *Mail coupon* NOW!

Curtis Woodwork includes doors, windows, frames, trim, porchwork and stairwork.

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Please send me a FREE copy of your new book with complete information about Curtis corner cupboards and other gifts for the house.

Name .....

Address .....

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(Continued from Page 140)

"It is the lady with the little girl?"

Monsieur Carte Postale had regained possession of himself. "Oh, no! It is a question of blankets."

At least, Albert Shaw thought, he could carry back to Miss Mint the other information she desired.

"I find myself so comfortably installed in this extra place of yours," he said, "and you are so crowded in the old one. I wonder you didn't leave the boy with madame and take it yourself."

An expression beyond horror twisted the pale and handsome face of Monsieur Carte Postale. "Ah, that! Never! My wife and I are never separated—never!"

As he spoke, once more the door of the compartment was thrust open and Madame Carte Postale appeared in it. "Emil!" In the one vibrant word was the command that he come back and take up some domestic battle where he had left it.

A crossfire of words took place so rapid that Albert Shaw could recognize nothing but their savagery, their exhausted, end-of-the-rope viciousness. Then Madame Carte Postale snapped shut the door again.

Again Monsieur Carte Postale was quivering with rage, and in deference to him Albert Shaw stopped breathing, became as invisible as one standing beside a person in the corridor of a P. L. M. train can well become. For a second time, with a supreme effort, Monsieur Carte Postale put together his pale and handsome face.

"*Bon soir, monsieur.*" He shook Albert's hand very formally. "And again, thank you."

He backed away, bowing. There was a suggestion of *gentil* and *sympathique* in the air; then, reaching his door, he slammed it open, charged in and shut it violently after him.

"What an awful row!" Miss Mint said. "Did you find the cause of it?"

"Only that it was something about blankets. But I did find why he couldn't give up his *couchette*. He's too devoted to his wife to be separated from her."

"How appalling!" Miss Mint commented. "I've discovered how I can beat you, by the way." She proceeded to demonstrate the method.

"Now I'm getting sleepy," she said, "and don't think I'll play any more. I'm awfully grateful for your inquiries into the domestic life of the Cartes Postales. Heavens! What a terrible thing one of those passionate unions can be!"

"It's not my ideal of a marriage," Albert Shaw said.

"Congreve defined mine," Miss Mint told him, "in the Way of the World. Do you remember Millamant's speech to her suitor? 'Don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Fadler, nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never to be seen there again. As if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred. Let us be strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well bred as if we were not married at all.'"

It was Mr. Albert Shaw's favorite speech in all dramatic literature, and it was extraordinarily pleasant to him to hear Miss Mint deliver it in her crisp, amused voice.

"Do you know the rest of the conditions?" he asked.

"Every one," she answered, "and subscribe to them all."

"Recite them."

"It's too late. Give me a few minutes to climb up to my berth and compose myself for the night before you come in—and sleep well."

It was quite a time before Mr. Albert Shaw was able to sleep at all, in such a state of phosphorescence was his brain. He was not a very imaginative man, and somehow he had never set his standards of charm and companionability in a woman at an angle which could possibly comprehend Miss Mint. Was it believable that the legendary Polly Boone could surpass her? Then a thought burst upon Albert Shaw like a conviction. Why wasn't it the likeliest thing on earth that Miss Mint was Polly Boone?

From the Pryors' letters he couldn't be sure that Polly Boone was actually in Cannes. She might be on the way, and though Miss Mint stretched the specifications he had been given, surely she filled them too perfectly for mere chances.

Well, the morning would tell, and he should go to sleep. Perhaps he would dream of Miss Mint. It was only on that hope that he could bring himself to relinquish his delightful thoughts.

He woke early. The train had jolted to a stop. It must be Avignon, where one could buy a pleasant breakfast on the quay.

Albert Shaw lowered himself from his berth, smoothed his hair, put on his coat and was opening the door of the compartment quietly when he heard the light snapping of fingers and looked up. Miss Mint was beckoning him.

"I'm awake too," she whispered. "Help me down."

She had pulled on her hat and looked incredibly fresh.

The early sunlight fell in level rays on the platform.

"I've found the chocolate here much better than the coffee in the past," Miss Mint said. They each drank a cup of chocolate and nibbled a *croissant*. "It's too early for papers, isn't it?"

"I never read papers anyway," Albert Shaw said.

"Of course I have to, with my terrible curiosity about everything."

"But one gets so much more essential truth from a good book."

"Still, one gleans a fact or two from the daily prints," Miss Mint said with a smile; then, changing the subject: "We must buy quantities of Evian to wash in. You know you can't rely on the train supply. And I think I'll buy *croissants* and peaches for the poor old Guillotines."

"I doubt if they'll wake long enough to eat them."

"I imagine hunger wakens them periodically—and hunger alone. And I insist on paying for my offerings to them. I want to be *gentille* too."

"Did you sleep well?"

"As one sleeps in a *couchette*, and you're not to try to carry those four bottles. I can take one in each hand as well as not."

They waited in the corridor for the Guillotines to appear, and while they waited they laughed in a kind of gay exhaustion at the frantic little villas the train passed, orange and pink, betowered and befrescoed edifices called La Turquoise and Villa Bobby and Le Palace Froufrou.

"Yet what would you name it if you owned one?" Albert Shaw asked.

"Villa à Vendre, I think," Miss Mint replied, quoting the for-sale signs, and it was a tremendous joke.

It was a long time before Albert Shaw got around to the question he'd meant should be the first thing he would ask her: "How far are you going?"

"To Cannes. And you?"

"Cannes too."

He almost went on to inquire if she was going to visit the Pryors there, but before he had quite made up his mind to, Monsieur Guillotine opened the door of the compartment and thrust out a sleep-raddled face.

"*Bon jour, monsieur,*" Miss Mint greeted him. "We got some breakfast for you."

"*Tiens! Regardez donc, Antoinette, ce qu'on nous apporte!*"

"Oh, that's very *gentil!*" Madame Guillotine said.

They ate like children and, when they had finished, Monsieur Guillotine said: "There is a *wagon-restaurant* put on at Marseilles, where we can really break our fast."

Then they put the newspapers over their heads and drowsed a little more.

Miss Mint got down her book. "But I want to talk to you," Albert Shaw protested.

"No, you don't. You'd wish I were dead in half an hour. Read your book. If it's any good, it was written with an unexhausted mind."

Albert Shaw obeyed to the extent of opening the volume of Horace Walpole's Letters, his perusal of which he had so hated to have disturbed the day before, but he sat looking over it at Miss Mint and taking profound pleasure in what he saw. The line of her chin was exquisite, the gesture with which she turned her pages was lovely, a charming smile hovered about her lips occasionally, and she wore her tortoise-shell reading spectacles with a difference, as though she knew that they didn't disfigure her, but merely underlined her piquant good sense.

His eyes strayed to the dressing case beside her. It was initialed M. B. Polly Boone must be Mary Boone, of course. It confirmed his theory, but he didn't much care about confirmation.

A new project had formed in his mind, a project beside which the romanticism of his original plan concerning Polly Boone paled to crudest practicality. After all, he said to himself, he was thirty-five and he knew his own mind.

(Continued on Page 146)

Turn night time into style time!

If you are particular about style during the eight hours of work and the eight hours of play, don't neglect it during the eight hours of rest.

You'll find real style in Varsity Pajamas—in addition to solid comfort, fine workmanship and utmost value.

Nearly every good store can show you a splendid selection of Varsity Pajamas in distinctive styles, exclusive patterns and good-looking color combinations. $2.50 to $15.

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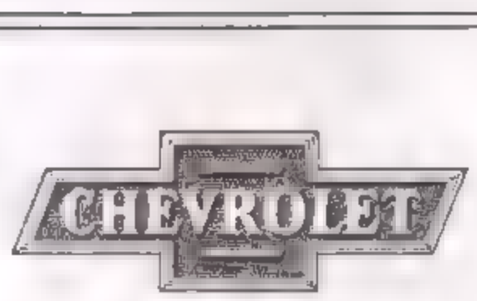

CHEVROLET

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GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

FISHER BODIES

The electric refrigerator

GENERAL MOTORS was formed by bringing into a single family a group of strong companies engaged in manufacturing nationally known products. It was believed that better service to the public would result; and experience has proved this belief true. Each year has seen a steady advance in the quality and performance of General Motors products, based on the application of united resources to a common end.

But business is more than plants and products. It is *men* and *women*. In the long run that business will be most successful whose people have opportunity to share in the profits of united effort.

An army of men and women share in the profits of General Motors. There are over 60,000 stockholders

GENERAL

and PEOPLE

today as against the 1,927 of ten years ago. Every one of the 180,000 men and women employed by General Motors can share in the profits through the Savings and Investment Plan, and three out of four of those eligible are so participating. Those executives who are making the success of the institution their life work have a special participation in the results for which they are responsible. More than 18,000 dealers have built substantial business successes based on General Motors franchises.

While these are matters of internal policy, they have a legitimate public interest. Products can hardly fail to be better when they are made and sold by men and women who share in the common success.

MOTORS

The beautiful and thoughtful Gift

The New Ambassador Nine Cup Electric Percolator Set

Sugar, Creamer and Tray

$27.50

No gift will honor a favorite relative or chosen friend more than this truly lovely percolator set of Grecian loving cup design. Distinguished by a classic severity of line and a quiet charm of detail, with carved black Bakelite handles and feet. The Ambassador is a beautiful and dignified ornament and its instant percolation even with cold water brews delicious, fresh coffee in a moment's time. Its gleaming nickel finish, silver plated inside, gold-lined cream and sugar in keeping with the urn and large tray, make this a gift to honor the giver, too.

A special feature prevents "burning out" if run dry—a push-button thermostat at the bottom of the urn automatically disconnects the current which may be reconnected by simply pushing the button.

STAR-Rite

ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn., Canadian Fitzgerald Company, 95 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.

Makers of Never-Leak Automotive Gaskets

The famous STAR-Rite Reversible Toaster $4.50. In Canada $5.00.

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Co., Torrington, Conn
Please send me STAR-Rite folder.

Name

Street

City *State*

S-11-19

The "LIGHTNING" Waffle Iron— [illegible] aluminum grid $[illegible]

Slightly higher in Canada

(Continued from Page 143

At Marseilles he didn't wait for the Guillotines to wake and realize that they need hunger no longer. He tapped Monsieur Guillotine on the arm. "The *wagon-restaurant* is attached." That disposed of the Guillotines.

"Now can I talk to you?" he asked Miss Mint.

"Do you really want to, Your Highness?"

"Very much."

She closed her book and took off the pleasant spectacles. "I'm glad. It was growing dull."

"I want to ask you about yourself. Are you married?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Divorced. Why?"

It was rather a jolt, but, after all, he was thirty-five. "Because you're the pleasantest woman I've ever met. You pass the travel test, and it's the supreme one. You have humor, you're exquisite looking. You know your way about. You're all the things I like. I don't expect you to accept me now, but this is a proposal."

"You're joking."

"Not in the least. I'm thirty-five and I know my own mind. I have eight thousand a year which I can count on, and I live abroad. You probably have something of your own, but if you haven't, we can manage on mine nicely. We know how—both of us. I'll even promise to respect all the conditions of Millamant, though some of them will be rather hard."

"You don't know my name, Your Highness."

"Just Miss Mint is enough for me."

"It's Margery Brereton," she said, as though she were making a revelation.

He'd known she wasn't Polly Boone when she said she was divorced. Well, so much the better. So much the more romantic.

"It's a charming name," he said.

"You don't read the papers, do you? Not even the headlines."

"Should I know about you?"

"I'm afraid you should. You see, I'm just out of jail, because some charges against me have been dropped."

"Charges of what?"

"Shooting a man I was going to elope with."

Albert Shaw tried not to, but he couldn't help gasping some rather heavy gasps. "You!"

"Yes, I, Miss Mint."

"They weren't true, of course?"

"Oh, they were true, but he got well—and people are nice about such things."

"Well"—Albert Shaw tried to say something—"I'm sure he must have done something very annoying."

"He had. But under the circumstances I don't think it would be wise to complicate my affairs with another marriage, do you? You see, your travel test isn't very good, Your Highness."

"At least," he affirmed, "it proved that you are the pleasantest companion on a train in the world."

She smiled gratefully at his politeness. Then evidently a thought came to her, and the smile changed to a laugh, which was suddenly a perfect gale of irresistible mirth.

"What's the matter?" Albert Shaw demanded.

Tears of amusement were running down Miss Mint's cheeks. "You see," she said, as soon as she could speak, "the shooting incident happened in a railway carriage."

She went on laughing and Albert Shaw joined her. They sat convulsed with fatigued merriment which was an evasion of ever so many issues.

"That does one good," Miss Mint said, after a time, drying her eyes

"And if it hadn't been for these complications," Albert Shaw couldn't refrain from asking, "what would you have said to me, Miss Mint?"

"I'm afraid I'd have said no, Your Highness. You see, you're not my type. I like you, but I only fall in love with brutes of men."

"You haven't told me my name yet."

"It only goes to prove the fallibility of your travel test. I'd christened you Prince Finnikin, and you turn out to be the most foolhardy and the most gallant creature I've ever met."

"I still insist that the travel test has merits," Albert Shaw said, looking at her very hard.

She wanted to say, "You mustn't think I'm glamorous. I'm not really." But she knew that it would have a very hollow ring, and she had determinedly turned her back on the arts of pleasing, though this business of Albert Shaw was a most discouraging sign.

"But the travel test," she told him, "is one you mustn't use, you very dear person. Do you know you snore awfully? I could have slapped you last night, you wakened me so often."

Joan Pryor was on the platform at Cannes. "Albert Shaw!" she greeted that gentleman. "How nice to see you! Harry's up at the other end with somebody I've been dying to have you meet. Here he is, Harry!"

Harry came toward them. Beside him there strode a big, sensible-looking girl in white piqué.

"That's my Polly Boone," Joan boasted. "She's going to be with us for a month. Now you can stay at least as long as that, can't you?"

"I'm sorry, Joan," Albert Shaw replied. "But I just managed to run down for a day or two. Some business has come up."

Song Publisher: "You Have Here in Your Title the Word 'Brung.'" Song Writer: "Yes, Sir." Song Publisher: "It Should Read 'Yesterday Brang Me You'"

FILM ON TEETH

and what to do for it

As Present-Day Dental Authority Suggests

WHAT FILM IS—Why it is charged with most cases of dull, "off-color" teeth and with many serious tooth and gum disturbances

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten; and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is, at the same time, urged as a daily adjunct to beauty, both in Europe and America.

The modern dental profession sponsors this "fight-the-film" movement.

ONE result, according to recent dental opinion, of proper film removal from teeth is the clearer, sparkling teeth and more attractive smiles seen everywhere today. Yesterday there were fewer.

Another result, according to many of the ablest authorities, is the universally better protection against tooth and gum disturbances. Yesterday they were on the increase. Few escaped those disorders.

Largely on dental advice, thousands of people have adopted a new way in tooth cleansing . . . Pepsodent. A tooth paste different from all others. A tooth paste that removes the film from teeth brushing alone failed in combating effectively.

What Film Is

Film is a stubborn, viscous coating that forms on teeth. A slippery coating you can feel by running your tongue across your teeth.

Tartar—Gum Disorders

Film clings to teeth. It gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the million breed and multiply in this film. It is the basis of tartar. And tartar with germs is the cause of pyorrhea

Stains Teeth—Invites Decay

Stains from food, tobacco, etc., discolor that film. Then teeth look dull and clouded. Bacteria thrive in it; then spread over both teeth and gums. Tooth decay and gum troubles are invited.

Obviously, according to dentists and dental authorities, neither *clear teeth*, *sparkling teeth*, nor *healthy* teeth and gums can be fostered unless that film be removed—removed thoroughly at least TWICE each day.

Now Effective Film Removal

Because film stubbornly resisted many old ways of brushing, there was a world call from dental authorities for an effective film combatant.

After years of research, Pepsodent was compounded. A tooth paste based on new-day dental requirements. A tooth paste developed in consultation with world-respected dental scientists especially to Fight Film.

Soon it was adopted throughout the world. Whiter, clearer teeth became more common. Teeth and gums were better protected. Dentists everywhere advised it.

Glistening teeth and healthy gums, according to many authorities, follow as a natural result when film is removed daily this way

Acts In Many Ways

Pepsodent acts first to curdle that film. Then to remove it in cautious protection of the enamel.

Pepsodent acts, at the same time, to firm and harden the gums. It embodies, for this purpose, the latest men of science know in the field of gum prophylaxis.

Pepsodent acts, too, to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus to combat the acids of the mouth that invite decay.

These qualities are approved by leading dental authority. Careful tests prove their effectiveness.

10-Day Tube Sent

Mail the coupon for a 10-day tube of Pepsodent. Use it twice daily with the brush. Massage it nightly into the gums. Note how your teeth lighten as film coats go. Note how much better your gums feel. After this test, we believe you will agree that next to your regular dentist's care, Pepsodent is the most important tooth protective factor you can find.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1299, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St., . . . Toronto 2, Ont., Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . . London, S. E. 1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St. . Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 2630

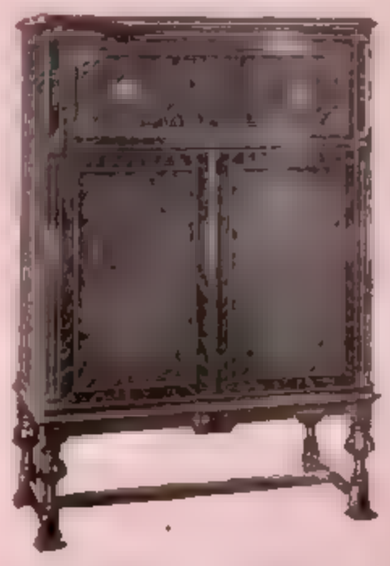
PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

The new Radiolas

embody the latest refinements of radio design developed in these famous Research Laboratories.

Socket Power Operated



RCA RADIOLA 32—Special de luxe, custom-built model of famous RCA Super-Heterodyne with the incomparable Loudspeaker 104. Operates on electric light circuit—A.C. or D.C.
Complete with Radiotrons $895

RCA RADIOLA 30-A—Custom-built model of famous RCA Super-Heterodyne. Loudspeaker enclosed in the de luxe cabinet. Operates on electric light current—A.C. or D.C.
Complete with Radiotrons $495

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104—Universally recognized as the finest achievement in radio acoustics.
For A.C. operation $275.00
For D.C. operation $310.00
A.C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for A.C. operation with RCA Loudspeaker 104 . . . . . $35.00
(See illustration of Radiola 28 at right of page.)

In the complete line of Radiolas are embodied the latest achievements of the great corps of engineers at work in the Research Laboratories of General Electric, Westinghouse and RCA.

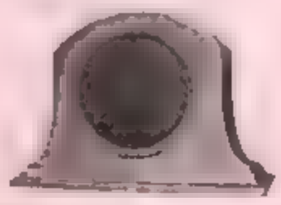
The outstanding features of these Radiolas are their simplicity of operation and their marvelous fidelity of tone.

Designed by the same engineers who planned the leading high-power broadcasting stations, chosen by Victor and Brunswick for exclusive use in their finest instruments, Radiolas are everywhere recognized as the standard of the radio art.

Don't handicap a good radio receiver with an inferior antiquated loudspeaker. Ask any RCA Authorized Dealer to demonstrate the new RCA Loudspeaker 100-A. Compare its wonderful mellow tones with other speakers. Note what a difference is made by true reproduction of voice and music.

RCA RADIOLA 17—This year's outstanding development in radio simplification. Operates directly from electric light circuit with the new alternating current tubes. One-dial control.
Less accessories $130.00
With Radiotrons $157.50

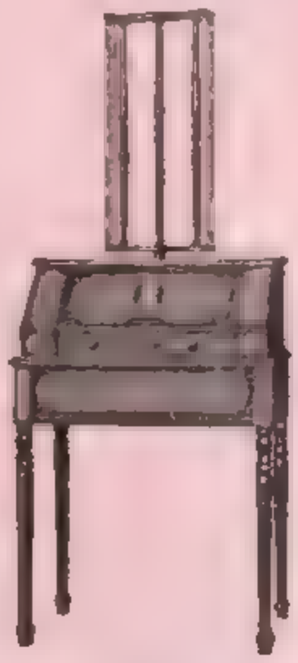
Battery Operated



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100-A—Still better than the nationally popular model 100. Refinements of design and construction give greater sensitivity and ability to handle greater volume. Rich, mellow tone, and amazing realism of reproduction. Operates on either socket-power or battery sets . . $35.00

RCA RADIOLA 20—A battery-operated receiver, many times as selective as the average antenna set. Known as "the biggest value in radio." Can readily be adapted for A.C. operation by the use of socket power devices.
Less accessories $78.00
With Radiotrons $89.50

RCA RADIOLA 16—New storage-battery receiver of great compactness and simplicity of operation. Widest musical range ever achieved with one-dial control. Can be adapted for A.C. operation by use of socket power devices.
Less accessories $69.50
With Radiotrons $82.75



RCA RADIOLA 28—The tried, tested and perfected RCA Super-Heterodyne. Unrivalled selectivity, sensitivity and perfection of tone. Battery operated or may be used for socket power operation in combination with RCA Loudspeaker 104. (Shown at left.)
With Radiotrons $260.00

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign.*

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

IN THE WHEAT PIT

Continued from Page 40

pay his price. I think society is in too imperfect a state for the development of a satisfactory coöperative on such a scale as would be necessary to handle wheat.

The creation of super coöperatives is a dream of farmers, and I know that dreams have a habit of coming true when men long for their fulfillment ardently enough. A recent effort of ambitious proportions was called the Grain Marketing Company and was capitalized at $26,000,000. For an understanding of the forces behind it one must recall some of the abuses of which the industry has been cured.

After 1905 there was a rapid increase in the number of farmer-owned line elevators, or country stations, as we often term them. Farmers who had grown curious about the profits of those intermediary grain warehouses had discovered that in many of them there was a practice of accumulating grain until some railroad was persuaded to make a special, and secret, rate for hauling the grain to market. Those railroad rebates were a vicious thing. The farmers in the grain-growing areas decided that if there were to be extra profits made on their produce they would collect those profits themselves. So the farmer-owned country elevators grew in numbers rapidly.

There were also abuses in the handling of grain at the terminal elevators. Some of those abuses persist, but they are minor ones. Uniform bids by supposedly competitive dealers and other factors kept many farmers inflamed with the idea that because they were successful in operating 75,000-bushel elevators beside the railroad tracks at the station nearest their farms they would be equally successful in operating the multimillion-bushel terminal elevators at the water's edge in Chicago. Some extremists even thought that the farmers should maintain their ownership of the grain right through to the kitchen doors of consumers. They thought the farmers ought to control the flour mills.

If that is logical, then the farmers should own and operate the railroads that haul their grain to domestic markets and should, as well, own and operate the steamships that carry it overseas to the foreign peoples who are consumers of our surplus.

In connection with the handling of the period of deflation after the World War the idea was brought home to a group of Chicago grain men that it might be a profitable thing for them to sell their terminal-elevator business to the farmers who were persuaded that coöperative handling of grain would solve the most pressing farm problems.

The Elevator Merger

For several years the terminal-elevator business had not been good and several were ready to go out of business. A significant thing was the fact that several big elevators that had burned down had not been rebuilt. Another significant thing for business men was the increasing evidence of the necessity for Chicago to rebuild her harbor. Wheeled traffic in Chicago is interrupted too often by the lifting of jackknife bridges at the edge of the Loop in busy streets to permit the passage of lake vessels in the river. The proposed remedy, which may not be applied for some years, is to transfer harbor activities from the Chicago River to the Calumet River, farther south. When it does happen some of the existing grain elevators will be marooned.

One Chicago elevator proprietor proposed to some representatives of farmers' organizations the formation of a gigantic farmers' terminal grain-marketing concern.

The new enterprise was called the Grain Marketing Company; it was capitalized, as I have said, at $26,000,000, and brought about the merger of four terminal-elevator companies.

The properties involved in the merger had an elevator capacity of more than 50,000,000 bushels, with storage houses in Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, Winona, Minnesota; Fort Worth, Texas, and other places, as well as big terminal elevators at Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Fairport Harbor, Ohio; Erie, Pennsylvania; Depot Harbor on Georgian Bay, and export houses in Galveston and Texas City, Texas, and Norfolk, Virginia.

Included as a necessary part of such an organization was a network of private telegraph lines, offices, information services and foreign connections.

There were engraved some handsome stock-certificate forms for issues of 2,500,000 shares of various classes of stock. The stock was to be sold to farmers.

An Unsuccessful Attempt

It purported to be a farmer-controlled organization, but as a matter of fact the contract provided that the management should rest with the owners of the properties until these were paid for by the farmers.

The merger was so large that it would not have been permitted except for the desire of the Government to aid the farmers, and the fact that it was not in reality going to be farmer controlled caused a bitter fight among the leaders in the farm organizations. While that fight was being waged stock salesmen were out in the grain fields trying to peddle shares in this vast corporate structure to the men whose planting and cultivating and reaping had created the original need for its separate mechanisms. But the farmers were slow to buy, even though their rural-free-delivery boxes were often filled with circulars of the stock-selling campaign.

A quarter of a cent a bushel was all it was going to cost to handle grain in the elevators of this mammoth system, it was sometimes stated. Actually, though, the costs were higher than in competing houses because the merger organization had too many men on its pay rolls.

In June, 1925, the Grain Marketing Company blew up. When it became apparent the sale was not going through, the banks declined to carry the stock of one of the affiliated elevator companies as collateral.

The Chicago man who initiated the deal had agreed to be the active manager of the properties for five years and the farmers had been given a lease for a year, with an option to purchase at the end of that time. When it became apparent that the large organization was not going to be a success the farmers' representatives decided, of course, not to exercise the option.

The reasons the business could not succeed were varied, but fundamental. There was no real executive head. There was, instead, a board of managers. It was bigger than its organizers and was, therefore, not well organized. There was confusion. Each of the constituent companies had kept its entire force, knowing that if the farmers failed to exercise their option they would need their own organizations again to carry on as before the merger was undertaken.

One of the important factors in causing the farmers to back out of the deal was the character of the appraisal of the things they were expected to buy. The appraisal was made on a reconstruction value, less depreciation. The value set beside the word "total" at the foot of the appraisal was $17,000,000. The owners had agreed to sell at whichever figure should prove to be lower—the price they set, or the appraisal—and the appraisal was $900,000 greater than their original selling price. That made it seem as if the farmers were getting a bargain.

Some of the largest of the elevators that were included in that merger were wooden structures. They were included in the appraisal at their reproduction costs, and yet no grain man would think of building a

I never knew it to fail. Just let me be in a special hurry to get the dishes done —the drain was sure to clog. But I have found a real remedy in Drāno. I shake a little down the drain regularly, and never have the slightest trouble now."
Mrs. E. R. T., New York City

Is your kitchen drain like Mrs. T.'s?—*always clogging at just the wrong time*

DISHES stacked up for their after-dinner bath, clock-hands racing toward theatre hour—isn't it just like a kitchen drain to choose some such time to clog up? Always when you're in the biggest hurry!

No need to fret and fume. Shake a little Drāno down that sulky drain—it will change its ways in a jiffy. Drāno will boil and bubble its way through the obstruction, dissolving the waste-matter completely. Before you know it—swoosh!—the drain is open, free-flowing, scoured clean and sweet by Drāno.

Use Drāno regularly in kitchen, bathroom and laundry—your home will always be free from lazy drains. Remember, Drāno *cannot harm enamel, porcelain or plumbing.*

These other uses, too

Drāno will keep the refrigerator drain-pipe clean; remove grease from the garage floor; scour cooking-black from pots and pans; clean and deodorize the garbage can. Buy a can today—keep it on hand always. At your grocery, drug or hardware store. Or send 25c for full-sized can.

Cleans grease-encrusted pots and pans

Dissolve one tablespoonful of Drano in enough water to cover utensil in a dish-pan. Stir with a spoon. Immerse article until clean. Rinse thoroughly

THE DRACKETT CHEMICAL COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

Slightly higher in Rocky Mountain states

35¢ *in Canada*

Have your dealer show you this de luxe set

MEN buy razors, first of all, for efficiency, but every man is delighted to own his favorite razor made in a special finish and put up in a fine case.

Men by the thousands have found that with the Valet AutoStrop Razor every shave is a best shave. This is because the Valet AutoStrop is the only razor that sharpens its own blades—while the blade remains right in the razor.

The Silver Standard is one of the De Luxe Valet AutoStrop Razor sets. The razor is precision made and perfectly balanced. The case is of black grained leather, lined with silk and velvet. This beautiful outfit, complete with case, razor, horsehide strop, and extra blades, is priced at $5.00.

GUARANTEE

We desire that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to your razor affecting its perfect service, send it to us for repair or replacement. If your strop is not in good condition, return it for a new one. There is no charge for either service.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 654 First Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

wooden elevator today, because they all know that present-day lumber costs are prohibitive for such structures. A grain man would build his elevator of concrete, which is a cheaper building material and far more satisfactory to operate.

Very heavy sums were set down as the value of the going business and heavy values also were put on the leases. Many of the old wooden warehouses with obsolete machinery were owned by railroads and leased to the companies that had been operating them. I should have regarded some of those leases as liabilities.

The greatest problem in the elevator business is to keep space filled with grain. In recent years this problem has been a serious one. The physical handling of the grain has been taking place nearer the fields where it is grown, in Duluth, Kansas City, Omaha and Minneapolis. There has been a decentralization in this matter of grain storage. New demand centers have developed and changed the condition that existed when the country was new and had to have a big storage space at Chicago.

Storage facilities nearer to the fields where grain is produced save carrying costs. During the past twenty years many obsolete elevators have been torn down and not replaced, and in the same period storage facilities have been increasing on farms and at country stations. It is cheaper to store grain on farms than in crowded cities where all costs are high. In Kansas and Nebraska today the visitor may see tanks standing in the fields which are weatherproof bins for the grain grown in those fields.

If the big-city elevators are only one-quarter filled with grain their overhead is just as great as when they are entirely filled. Competition in the grain-warehouse business has grown to be as keen as it is in many other businesses. My friends in many lines of business are constantly complaining about the sharpness of competition today. Men who had this storage space on their hands, eating holes in their fortunes, often went out and paid more than the market price for grain in order to sell storage. There is another factor in this shift of storage demand. The entire railroad structure seems to me to be out of joint. It was altered to make more attractive export shipments by way of the Gulf, and this, too, has helped to reduce the grain-warehouse requirements around Chicago.

The Jefferson Plowshare

It is a long way from the effort to sell millions of dollars' worth of stock in a coöperative-marketing scheme back to the days when my grandfather hauled his wheat sixty miles to Chicago in a farm wagon and unloaded with a scoop shovel, but it is necessary to think of the transition that has occurred to understand what really is the farm problem of the United States.

It has been caused by substituting engine power for the power of human muscles. America has retooled the agriculture of the world, but has been quicker to use the new tools than the farmers of other lands.

In the fall and winter today the traveler in Russia may hear the beat of flails on barn floors, a sound that would be recognized by the oldest characters named in the Bible if they were alive to hear it; but in America some of our farmers are using a harvester, sometimes called a combine, that cuts, threshes and delivers the threshed grain in sacks as it moves through the field. Three men do with a harvester what fifteen men could not do so well under former conditions. Contrast that with Ruth gleaning in the fields. It is not necessary to go back so far to make the contrast, though, because Ruth's method had not been improved in my grandfather's day.

One of my friends read to me one time about the result of a visit Thomas Jefferson made to Alsace just after the Revolution. There he saw a woman and a cow harnessed together and drawing a plow. The vote, he decided, would not lift that yoke, and he began to calculate the mathematical formula for the ellipse that would give to the mold board of the plow the curve that would offer the least resistance to the earth through which it was drawn. He worked it out, Benjamin Franklin applied it to a deep plow, and it is the same curve that turns the furrows in our fields today.

Jefferson did not stop there, however, but kept on with his cogitations until he determined that men's minds needed to be stimulated to make technical improvements in tools. We owe our patent laws to Thomas Jefferson, and after him came McCormick with his mower bar that enabled farmers to use the muscles of horses instead of human muscles to swing a scythe through their fields. McCormick and Deering at Chicago, Oliver at South Bend, Deere at Moline, with the prairies around them, were inspired to discover ways to build better tools to cultivate that unexampled expanse of grain field and lessen the age-old struggle of humanity for food.

Tillers of the Soil

America thus broke the bondage of human muscles. Then 25,000,000 work animals appeared on American farms—an occurrence without precedent in the history of the world. Those horses ate much of the feed their muscles helped to cultivate. The horses in the city had to have hay and oats, and farmers made hay and oat crops to supply the insistent demand.

Then, about 1900, there began the next change, even more radical in its results. Here and there internal-combustion engines were harnessed to that machinery which horses had been drawing. Prior to that some engine power had been used for threshing, but the tractor was coming, and coming more swiftly than any man dared predict.

Canada was opened by the development of the tractor. Some farmers continued to grow hay and oats with their tractors, making feed for the work animals those tractors had displaced.

Today many of us are obsessed by the thought of the expenditure of power in our factories, but more power is expended on the task of turning the soil once each year than is used in all the factories of the country. There are over eight miles of furrow in a single acre. On some of the great farms more than five square miles in extent the furrow that must be turned is long enough to belt the earth at the equator. It is a long row the farmer has to hoe.

It costs farmers who make a sound use of mechanical power far less to produce wheat or corn or cotton than it costs those farmers who have not progressed far beyond the hand-labor stage, or who still use mules that eat every day in the year, to perform tasks that may be performed better by machines that eat only when they are in use. With power on the farms, a smaller proportion of our population is able to produce so much food that we have a surplus to export. In George Washington's day 90 per cent of the people worked on the land. In Russia today 85 per cent are still living on the land. The trouble in America is that even the part of our people who remain on the farms is a larger percentage than is needed there. The rest of the world is too poor to buy our surplus. The farm problem is bound up with that surplus, and engine power has created the surplus. The time is coming when even fewer persons will be needed on the farms. Work must be found for them to do that will enrich life in other ways. It is because human society is imperfect that we can effect this change only with pain.

When the factory system first came it seemed a curse, because children were herded into those factories to operate the machines, yet we know the factory was a boon as compared with the drudgery with which the same tasks had been performed in houses.

The cheap power that has upset the calculations of all of us has revolutionized life in the cities as well as on the farms. In Chicago, Samuel Insull, once the assistant of Thomas Edison, had the vision to see the

need of a great power pool. About 1901, I think it was, Samuel Insull said to me:

"Patten, I want you to come on the board of the Commonwealth Edison Company."

I demurred, but he insisted, and I went on the board. Insull is one of the ablest men I have ever known. He is the son of an English nonconformist clergyman.

It was Mr. Insull's policy of constantly lowering the rate and of increasing the amount of power that has made possible larger turbines and better equipment. In the same way that farm drudgery has been eliminated by power, so has it been banished from most of the homes of Americans by cheap electricity that operates vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, laundry machines, and performs other tasks that used to bend the backs and wrinkle the faces of women long before there was need for them to call themselves old. It is a changing world, but I am convinced it is a better world.

So long as there are many millions of people in America just so long will there be need for farmers and machines to keep turning the soil in the endless controversy with weeds. Their stream of grain will continue to flow to market. In time to come it may be carried through the air in flying machines of fantastic size, but even then there will be need for a market, like that one we call the wheat pit, where supply and demand can make their adjustments in a clamor of voices crying "Buy" or "Sell."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mr Patten in collaboration with Mr Sparkes.

Talking One's Way

By FREELAND HALL

WHY does the ordinary intelligent young man, in his desire to build name and fortune, overlook a factor that can most speedily accomplish his desires? In short, why does he fail to acquire the facility to express himself in public? I once heard the late Russell Conwell express surprise at this inexplicable fact. He himself had made large sums of money from his famous Acres of Diamonds speech and was acquainted with the great opportunities that come the way of the able public speaker.

The great preacher's contention is correct. There are great rewards for the person who can get up before a crowd and please it with the wit and wisdom of his discourse. My experience, however, has not been as an orator of so exalted a type, but with public speaking and its advantages to the business man. Indeed, it has changed the entire course of my life and is responsible for the position and success I now enjoy. Twenty years ago I came with the concern of which I am now vice president in charge of sales. The company was very small then, our salesmen covered a very limited territory; today our product is nationally advertised, we have branch factories in five cities and our coverage is the entire United States. We sell a product used by automobilists.

Practice Makes Backbone

I was one of fourteen salesmen; my record was good; I brought in considerable business, but there was no particular reason why I should have been made sales manager within ten months. There were others just as good as myself. Luck or fortune, however, was mine. It happened that a convention was being held in our city and that fifty or sixty delegates were coming to the factory to look us over. The president wanted someone to talk to these potential customers—a good speaker who could explain our products and make a good impression. Several men who logically should have been intrusted with this job found excuses. I volunteered. In high school public speaking had been my forte. I had won several competitions and was absolutely at ease before an audience. The job, after a number of doubts and misgivings had been explained away, was intrusted to me, and I talked to those delegates to the perfect satisfaction of everyone. I probably did not realize it at the time, but I had singled myself out. When the sales manager went with a rival company a few months later, I was named to his place.

To a sales manager the advantages of the ability to express himself are obvious. The benefits, however, are circumscribed by no such narrow limit. I say it without a desire to boast—I am the best-known person engaged in our own particular line. Why? Because I have attended conventions of automobile men all over the United States, not as a mere delegate but as a representative of our firm and as one of the guest speakers. Everyone immediately knows who I am, because I am on the rostrum, not in the crowd. The names of our product and our organization are consequently stamped upon the minds of everyone present. That means a big advantage for my company. Were I unable to make an address—remember, I am just a plain, ordinary speaker, not an orator in any sense of the word—I would not be worth half the salary I am receiving today. Of that I am fully convinced.

You can consequently understand why I am continually advising people to learn how to express themselves in public. Forget your fears. If you can talk you can face an audience and do the same thing. But you must have practice. I have seen many a man arise in class and make a mighty poor first attempt, only to talk fluently and convincingly four or five months later.

Yes, in class. Six or seven years ago I taught public speaking in the Y. M. C. A. in my home town. I did not have a whole lot of spare time at my disposal, but I was persuaded to undertake the work one night a week and I speedily found it mighty interesting.

Many of my students have since come to me to declare how much they were benefited. There was Rudd—pretty faltering and uncertain when he made his first attempt before twenty or thirty students, but he came along splendidly and has accomplished his purpose. He wanted to earn distinction and honors in a certain fraternal order. Two or three years ago he became a state officer in the organization—a thing that never would have come to pass had he been unable to talk convincingly and well.

The Shrinking Violets

And the same is true of Long—a great churchman. He was always interested in religious work and was wise enough to know that nothing could so completely assist him to accomplish his ambitions as the ability to speak in public. He is now a very well-known layman.

I might cite instance after instance of men who have been benefited in social and business ways by their ability to express themselves in public. If you think about this matter just for a moment, you can very readily understand why this is so. The man who is unable to express himself can't be a leader, even though his ideas may be of the greatest worth. He must take the part of the shrinking violet.

Certainly no young man—or young woman, for that matter—can overlook the advantage of becoming an acceptable public speaker. Oratory in its lesser degrees, at least, is indispensable to the person who would accomplish the greatest success, I care not what his work or ambitions.

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The superiority of Model 10—even over former great Eurekas—may be seen at a glance. It is bigger and better built—has one-third more suction power—is stronger, more compact, more beautiful, infinitely easier to handle.

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EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
Grand Prize *Gets More Dirt*

30% HIGHER VACUUM • BIGGER AND BETTER BUILT

SUBMARINES

(Continued from Page 9)

however, high speed and zigzagging. When submerged the submarine's speed is slow, and a target proceeding at high speed materially reduces the opportunity for an attack. If, in addition, the target is steering an erratic course, the submarine's chances for successful attack are still further minimized.

For defense against the submarine, depth charges dropped from small and fast surface craft, usually destroyers, over the area in which the presence of the submarine is known or suspected, constitute one of the most effective methods developed. The depth charge consists of a large charge of high explosive, fitted to explode automatically at a predetermined depth. If the explosion takes place near the submarine the latter will be sunk or put out of action.

At the outbreak of the World War the belligerents were not equipped with large seagoing submarines. Those they had were of about 500 tons and had comparatively short cruising radiuses, poor habitability and unreliable engines. As the war continued, the boats became larger and more habitable, the engines developed in reliability and the cruising radius was increased. German U-boats crossed the Atlantic and operated off the Delaware and Chesapeake capes without refueling. Although their active operations on our coast were limited to a few days, they showed the possibilities of the U-boat cruisers.

At first both the German and Allied submarines were used against strictly military objectives. On both sides boats were dispatched to cruise off enemy ports to gain information of enemy movements and to attack enemy vessels when opportunity presented. The first notable success gained by a submarine was the sinking of the British cruisers Hogue, Cressy and Aboukir by the German submarine U-9 in September, 1914. These three cruisers were proceeding at slow speed with no protecting small craft when the first was torpedoed without warning. The remaining two stopped to rescue the survivors and became easy targets for the U-boat. Successful attacks by submarines on combatant vessels, however, grew comparatively rare after the opening phases of the war, when proper defensive tactics were developed.

The Mystery Ships

The German submarine was soon used to sink Allied commerce and shipping, and continued that offensive, with one or two short interruptions, until the Armistice. The losses to Allied shipping were enormous. It is generally conceded that had Germany delayed her unrestricted submarine campaign against merchant shipping until she had an adequate number of efficient boats built and in commission, she could have brought such pressure to bear on the British that the war might have ended after the first two years, and with peace terms highly favorable to Germany. As carried out, the first German efforts were of experimental nature and were done with an inadequate number of boats. Although the losses inflicted on Allied shipping were large, they were not effective, and time was given the Allies to devise counter measures to combat the menace.

Antisubmarine methods took many forms. Harbors were protected by the use of steel nets stretched across their entrances. Patrols of small craft were established to attack the submarine by gun-fire and by ramming whenever it could be seen on the surface. These vessels were later equipped with hydrophones and depth charges to enable them to follow the submarine by sound and, on locating it, to drop bombs in the vicinity. The patrol vessels, which included drifters, trawlers and motor launches, were assigned definite areas, which they covered as regularly as was possible.

Another method was the employment of so-called Q or mystery ships—vessels disguised as merchantmen, rigged up to be unsinkable and carrying concealed guns. Such vessels proceeded to submarine-infested waters and invited attack. If the submarine was not too cautious and came to the surface to accomplish its work of destruction, the Q ship threw off its disguise and opened fire. Several German submarines were sunk by this method, but its effectiveness waned as U-boats became familiar with the practice and ceased to expose themselves.

The Menace Checked

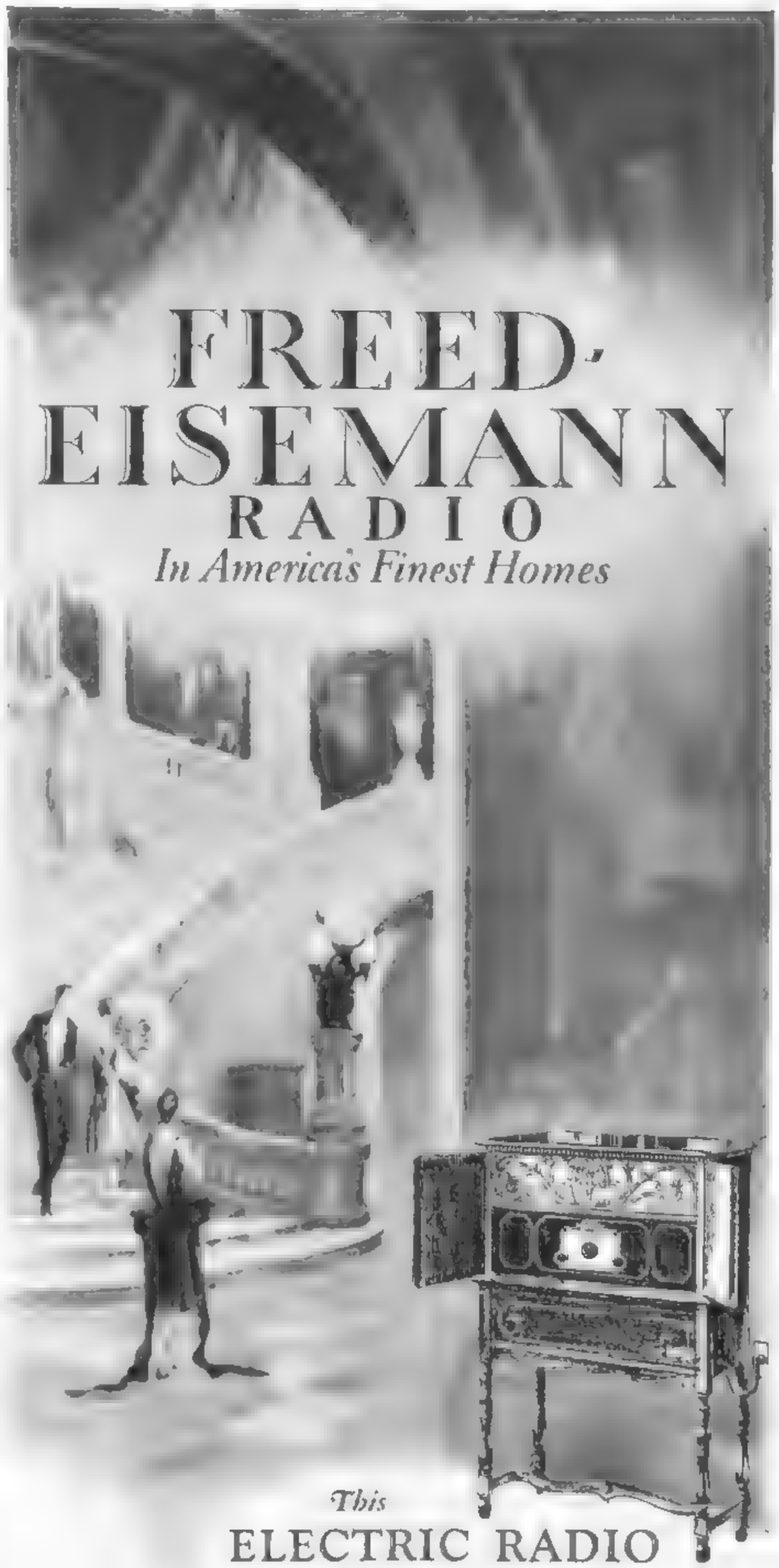
Thousands of mines were laid in the North Sea to hinder U-boat activities and in an attempt to keep them at their bases. The Northern Barrage stretched across the North Sea from Norway to the Scottish islands. An additional barrage was laid across the Dover Strait, and this, together with nets and patrols, soon made the passage of the strait by submarines difficult and dangerous.

The most effective of all the antisubmarine measures adopted by the Allies was the convoy system. Under this system merchantmen were assembled in groups and sailed under convoy of men-of-war. The convoys were given definite routes to follow, and these routes were changed at irregular intervals. If enemy submarines were reported along the track of a particular convoy, the course of the convoy would be changed by radio. The convoy system was so successful that at the time of the Armistice submarine sinkings were markedly decreasing and the submarine cruiser was no longer considered a grave menace.

Although destruction of commerce early became the governing mission of the German submarine, some continued to carry out operations more military in nature. In August, 1915, for example, the U-24 bombarded a benzine factory near Harrington, on the west coast of England, and caused it to blow up. The U-38, in 1916, after sinking the English submarine tender Kangaroo and the French gunboat Surprise, engaged the fortifications at Funchal, Madeira. On the fourth of July a U-boat bombarded the town of Ponta Delgada, Azores. In 1917 German submarines on several occasions joined in engagements between the Tripolitans and Italians. Officers, munitions and weapons were transported back and forth from the forces engaged in North Africa, several boats being converted for that purpose. Two other

TABLE SHOWING SUBMARINE AND CAPITAL-SHIP RATIOS

	United States	Great Britain	Japan	France	Italy
Actual ratios, fleet submarines:					
Tonnage	3.75	5.00	7.67	2.21	1.25
Number of vessels	3.46	5.00	8.84	1.15	1.54
Capital-ship ratio	5.00	5.00	3.00	1.67	1.67
Actual ratios, submarines, first line:					
Tonnage	7.63	5.00	6.36	8.30	2.49
Number of vessels	7.81	5.00	7.03	6.56	2.81
Capital-ship ratio	5.00	5.00	3.00	1.67	1.67



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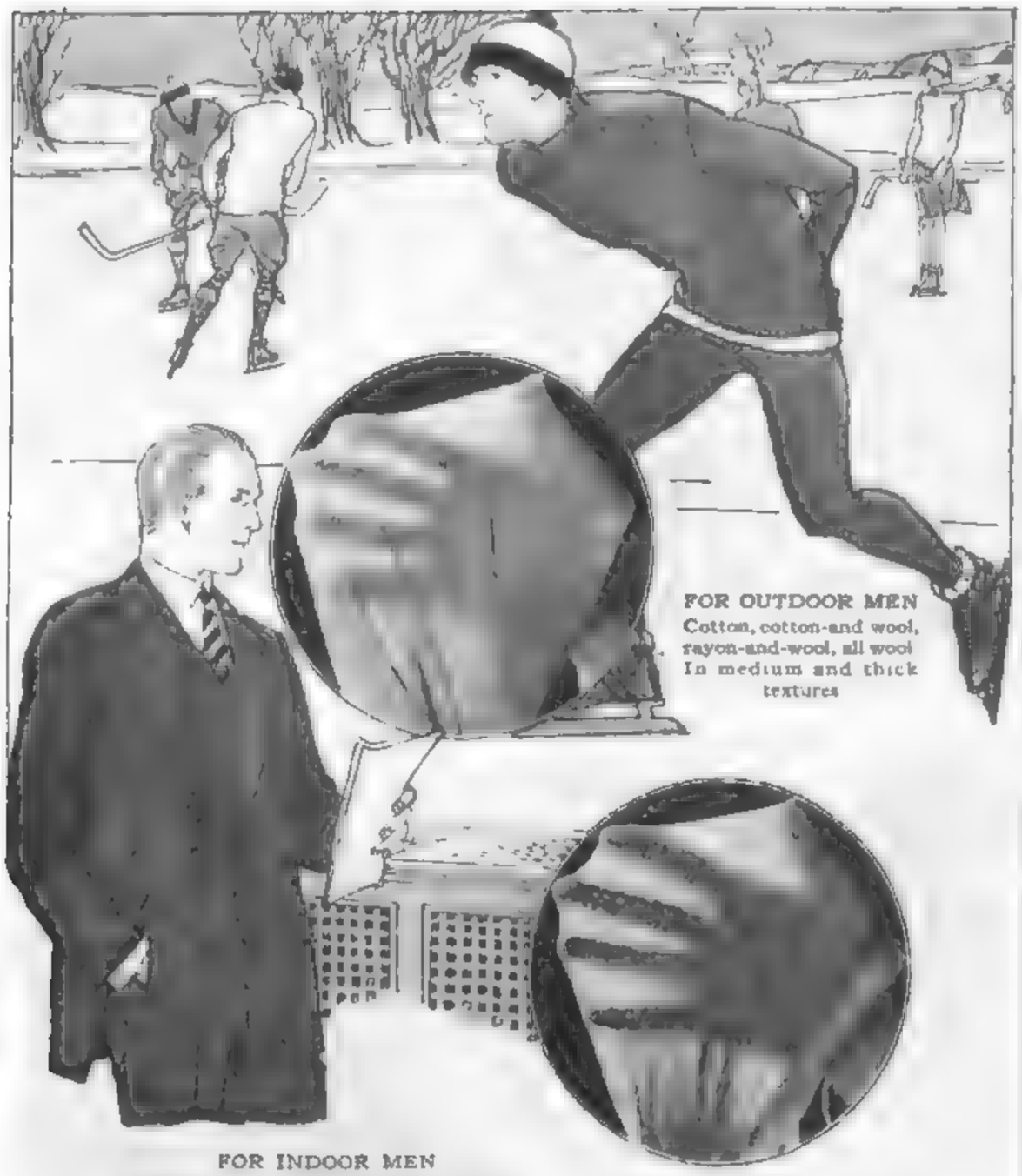

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In medium and thick textures

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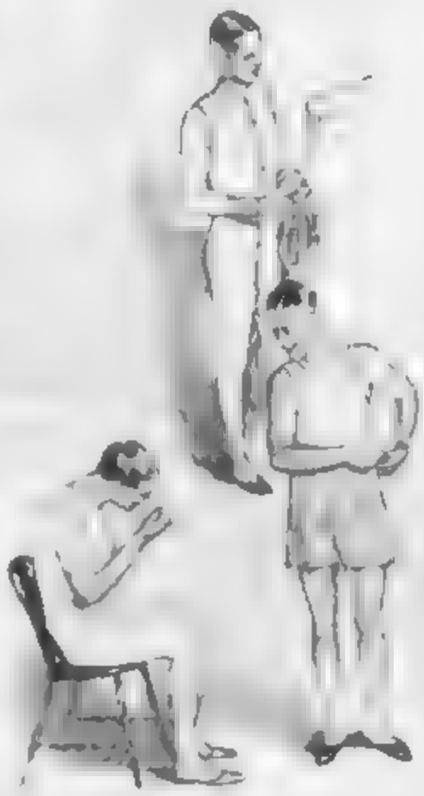

Long legs and long sleeves—three-quarter legs and short sleeves—or the new knit shirts with athletic drawers

Carter's
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UNION SUITS
for Men

special missions carried out by U-boats were the cruise of the U-53 to the United States—Newport, Rhode Island—and of the U-19, which landed Sir Roger Casement, leader of the Irish Nationalists, on the coast of Ireland in the Tralee Bight. The U-53 was out forty-two days and cruised 7750 nautical miles without replenishing fuel or lubricating oil.

On all their cruises the German boats were subject to constant attack by all the various antisubmarine facilities of the Allies from the time they sailed from their home ports until their return. Their losses were heavy, amounting to 199, which included six boats interned and fifteen blown up when bases were abandoned.

The experience of the UC-26 illustrates what the U-boat could expect at any time. This vessel was returning from a successful cruise near Le Havre and Cherbourg when it was rammed by an English destroyer at night, off Calais. The ships were so close when they sighted each other that the ramming tactics of the destroyer could not be avoided by the submarine. The submarine sank immediately in about 140 feet of water, the entire forward part of the boat being flooded. Depth charges exploding near the sunken boat extinguished the electric lights. After all efforts to raise the boat by blowing tanks had failed, the crew assembled in the central operating compartment, which was still free of water. Then, as a last resort, high-pressure air was admitted to the conning tower to equalize the pressure inside the boat with the pressure of the water outside, and thus permit the opening of the hatch. As expected, the hatch was blown open and several men near it were blown out of the boat. None of these survived. The only men saved—a reserve officer and a machinist's mate—did not leave the boat until the pressure had fallen somewhat and equalized. They were unconscious when they reached the surface, but recovered quickly and were picked up by a destroyer.

Many hazardous experiences fell to the lot of the seamen who served the Allies in submarines. Contrary to the general opinion held by the experts before the war, submarines did fight submarines. During hostilities the work of these boats of the Allies was veiled in secrecy, but for numbers engaged it showed as high a percentage of German submarines sunk as did any of the other methods in use.

A Daring Feat

Regular patrols were kept up by these boats in the Helgoland Bight, the Irish Sea, and off the western entrance to the English Channel. When the United States entered the war one of her first contributions was to send available submarines to augment the Allied sea forces. One division arrived in the Azores in the fall of 1917, and operated in that area until the Armistice. Two more divisions were sent to Ireland during the winter and operated with the British.

Life on board the patrolling Allied submarines meant hardship and constant strain. Submarines look much alike, so all surface craft had orders to shoot first and question later when a submersible was encountered. Although the Allies' boats were outfitted with recognition signals, there was seldom time to use them before shells or depth charges began to fall. The submarine was everybody's enemy and its only safety lay in keeping out of sight at all times.

On patrol the usual procedure of the Allies' submarines was to cruise submerged during daylight and come to the surface during the hours of darkness to recharge storage batteries. In North Sea latitudes this meant that during the summer months the boats remained submerged about eighteen hours. Contacts with enemy submarines were frequent. In some cases gun actions took place between the hostile craft, in others ramming tactics were attempted. As a rule the torpedo was the weapon used. When it hit, the result was never in doubt.

One incident, a daring attack in the Weser River by a British submarine, had an amusing aftermath. The commanding officer decided to investigate the German coast without waiting for orders from superior officers. He proceeded to the eastward, diving to avoid destroyers and patrol vessels, until he arrived at the Weser. Here he sighted a large U-boat on the surface, just in from a successful cruise. His torpedo hit amidships. Immediately after sinking the U-boat the British ship was attacked by destroyers and, to escape, went to the bottom and lay there through the day. Depth bombs were dropped and sweeping was resorted to in the effort to destroy it. At one time a sweep wire was heard to scrape its whole length. The boat weathered all these attacks and returned safely to port. The commander was reprimanded for leaving his patrol billet without order. A year later he was decorated for that same act.

Friend and Foe Alike

The case of a British submarine which was attacked by three United States destroyers illustrates what the submersible on patrol could expect from friends. Diving in a rough sea, the submarine's conning tower broke surface and was sighted by destroyers, which opened fire with guns and then attacked with depth charges. The submarine dived to 200 feet, when the first depth charge exploded and jammed the after diving rudders hard up. Four more heavy explosions shook the boat and, as it could no longer be controlled, the tanks were blown and it rose to the surface When it broke surface the destroyers opened a heavy fire. One shot struck the pressure hull just abaft the conning tower before the submarine could make its identity known. The destroyers were commended for the efficiency of their attack.

British submarines were active also in the Dardanelles and in the Sea of Marmora, and did great damage to Turkish shipping. Forcing the straits was an extremely hazardous undertaking and five boats thus engaged were lost. One was sunk by a U-boat off Constantinople, one was caught in the submarine nets at Chanak, two were sunk while entering the Dardanelles, and one was sunk by gun fire in the Marmora. Several times boats dived into the harbor at Constantinople and torpedoed vessels alongside the dock. Water traffic was entirely disrupted during these raids and large numbers of vessels were sunk, including the Turkish battleship Messidiyeh. On one occasion two British submarines shelled troops on the march along a road near the shore. Several columns and a transport train were dispersed with great casualties.

Even in times of piping peace the hazards met by submarine crews have often led to disaster. The Japanese submarine 43, of 700 tons, was sunk off Sasebo by a cruiser. The boat was located and salvage undertaken. Telephonic communication was established with the men alive in the submarine. The first message received, at 4:20 P.M., was:

"Having felt that the boat collided, asked the commanding room for an order. Not having received any reply, stopped the motors. Those in engine room retreated to the motor room on hearing colliding sound. About 2:00 P.M. an explosion was heard and all lights went out and the boat inclined to port about 50 degrees. Sea water is running in. Oil from tank also. Oh, how agonizing it is! Please do something as quick as possible! Again water is rushing in from engine room. Please do something to prevent this. Motor on port side is now under water."

The survivors at this time were eighteen, commanded by Lieutenant Ogawa. At 4:27 word was received: "Breathing is difficult. It is just like when climbing up a hill, running."

The story continues: At 4:45: "There are six air purifiers and they are distributed

(Continued on Page 157)

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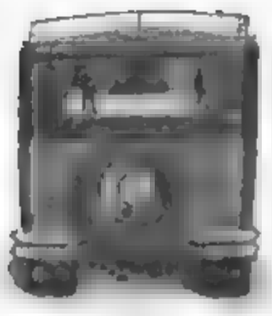
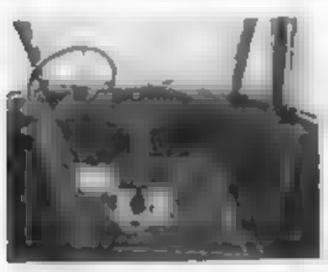
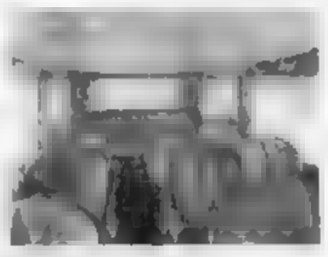
International Harvester provides such a coach in the versatile and popular Model 15. This 6-cylinder International finds and keeps a host of friends wherever its route runs. It answers many calls, establishing profitable routes of shuttle-like frequency, serving railway stations and hotels, serving as feeder to car lines, as peak-load auxiliary to organized routes, serving the suburb, country club, and subdivision, taking the rising generation to the schools—or what have you? It is a money-maker and community builder in one.

The International Model 15 was especially designed and is now fully perfected for this inevitable market. It fits the natural coach needs of every community. It is bound to appeal to any man interested in passenger transportation. Furnished in three styles, the *street-car type* (shown above), the *Club Coach*, and the *Sedan Coach*. Equipped to carry 15 to 17 passengers—the ideal capacity. Write for the Model 15 Coach Catalog.

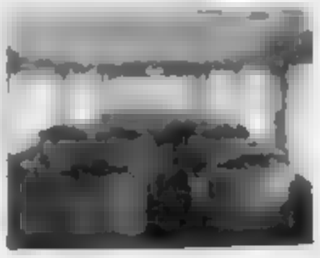


International Model 15 is built on proved coach-engineering principles of design, throughout. The 6-cylinder engine has a large reserve of speed and power. Any chassis-unit or part of any unit may be removed without disturbing any other unit, and with minimum effort.





Clear vision at every angle, attractive appointments, every provision for good lighting, heating, and ventilating, and for safety. Quality conveyances for minimum investment, comfort to the point of luxury, rigid schedules maintained year in, year out—these are objectives attained in International Coach design.



As for Service

To attend your coaches, there are 154 Harvester-owned branches all over the United States and Canada. In addition, International Trucks and Coaches have adequate representation in foreign countries throughout the world.

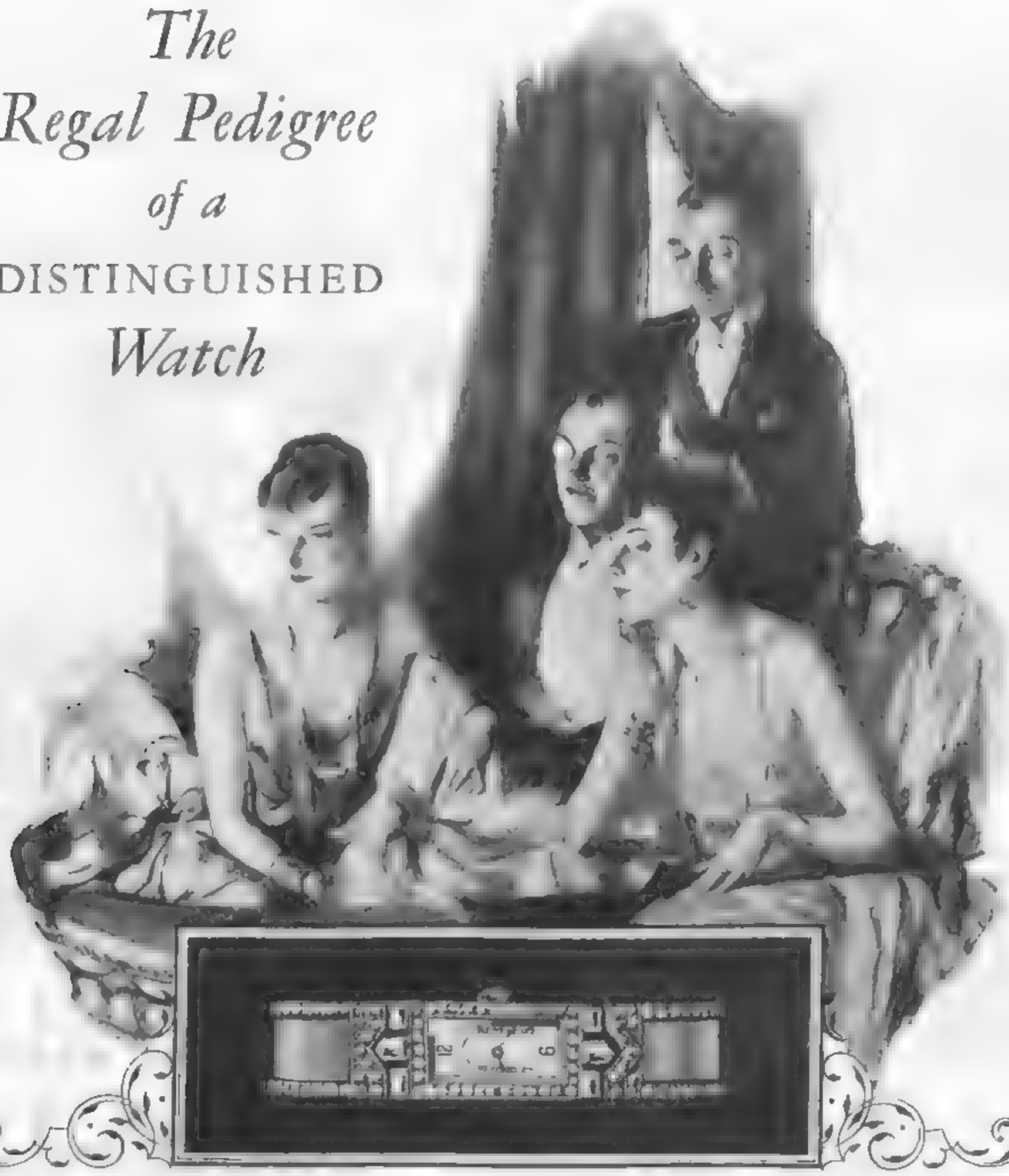
The International line also includes Speed Trucks and Heavy Duty Trucks, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. MICHIGAN AVE. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) CHICAGO, ILL.

INTERNATIONAL

SIX CYLINDER **COACHES** SIX CYLINDER

The Regal Pedigree of a DISTINGUISHED *Watch*



EMERSON, speaking of a noted man, said that "he was put together like a good watch." True! Pedigree counts, whether in great men, queenly women or in these beautiful watches.

The Ollendorff is the composite creation of the best watchmaking skill of this generation. At Chaux de Fond is a distinguished organization of craftsmen who are pledged to make the name "Ollendorff" the criterion of accuracy, dependability and beauty.

The makers of Ollendorff watches also have a distinguished pedigree For sixty years they have commanded the praise and respect of the trade in America. Your jeweler, therefore, has pride in selling you what you will be proud to own For when a man or woman buys an Ollendorff they possess a pedigree of service behind it—and a lifetime of pleasure and usefulness in wearing it.

Ollendorff watches are adjusted to heat, cold and different positions. The movements are fitted in a variety of cases of superb design, platinum-carved or jewel-encrusted. also in solid gold and gold-filled The prices range from $3500.00 to $28.50. A pedigree of essentials—accuracy, dependability and beauty for whatever you wish to pay Ask your jeweler

I. Ollendorff Co. Inc

[illegible] 20 W. 47th St. New York — Factory Chaux de Fond

Fine Watches Since 1868

[illegible] $375

OLDORF—14K [illegible] 15 [illegible] $50.00
ISODRE —14K [illegible] 15 [illegible] $28.50

OGDEN [illegible] 14K [illegible] 17 jewel, $75
[illegible] 14K [illegible] 15 jewel, $50

Ollendorff Watches

[illegible] $150

OLIVIA—14K platinum-trimmed, 8 diamonds, 4 sapphires, 15 jewel, $50

ORMONDE—14K solid gold $50
INTAGLIO —14K [illegible] $40

ORIOLE—14K solid gold, $40
ISABELLE—14K gold-filled $35

OLEANDER—14K [illegible] $37.50
ITILDA — 14K gold-filled $28.50

(Continued from Page 154)

one to every three men and they are sucking them by turns. It is pitch dark and this is greatly handicapping us."

An hour later: "If floating dock is here will you not tow us to shallow water? Arrangement for emptying of main tank is ready, but as valve of commanding room is not open, please open it at once."

Then Lieutenant Ogawa came to the phone and said, "I make this report to the commanding officer: Men are making their utmost efforts, obeying orders well, calmly attending to their assigned duties. Please report this fact to the authorities. Water is now washing our feet, but we are working hard through the dark. Please do your best to save us. Carbon gas is becoming thick, and breathing is difficult."

At 6:40: "Is there any chance of our being raised during today? Is it day or night? What time can it be? What efforts are you making above? Breathing is ever becoming more difficult and we are slowly letting air out of the reservoirs."

Next came the report: "One man has just dropped; now two more."

At 7:30, suddenly, in a strong voice "Banzai!" was heard three times, and the words, "Hurry, hurry," came faintly through the telephone.

At 8:10, Lieutenant Ogawa, between gasps for breath, managed to say, "As regards my personal matters, I have nothing to say. I have made up my mind; please do not worry. Please do your best for the country—please, please!"

At 8:45 someone called "Hurry, hurry," three times. All was over.

In the Early Days

In our own service we have lost three submarines—the F-4, the S-5 and the S-51.

The F-4 was lost off Honolulu with all hands. Later this boat was raised. The cause of the loss was never determined. The S-5 went down in shallow water off the Delaware capes. The boat was newly commissioned and was training the crew in diving. On a dive a valve in a ventilating pipe was not closed and the boat was flooded. Water-tight doors were closed and the crew assembled in the after part of the boat. Fortunately the water was shallow, and by blowing out ballast the stern was brought above water. The men in the boat drilled a hole through the hull. A stick with a shirt tied to it was stuck through the hole. The distress signal was seen by a passing steamer, the Alanthus. Later came a second steamer, the George W. Goethals. Using a ratchet drill, the two chief engineers of these ships, after many hours of difficult work, drilled a hole in the plating and all hands were saved after an imprisonment of thirty-seven hours.

The S-51 was sunk off Block Island by a steamer. There were only three survivors. The S-51 was proceeding on the surface at nighttime with all navigational lights burning.

Extraordinary as some of these experiences may seem, they were no more thrilling than those which marked the earliest days of the submarine. For submarine warfare has a far longer history than is commonly suspected. According to Herodotus, during the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, a Greek diver cast off the cables from the Persian ships during a storm and caused them to be driven ashore and wrecked. In the sixteenth century, divers were used by the Turks during the siege of Malta. The first authentic submarine war vessel, however, was invented by David Bushnell, a student at Yale, during the Revolutionary War. He conceived the idea of destroying the British men-of-war blockading the American coast by exploding a charge of gunpowder, contained in a water-tight magazine, beneath their bottoms. To accomplish this he built, in 1776, a boat capable of containing an operator and sufficient air to supply him for thirty minutes. Provision was made also for the admission and ejection of water ballast. The oars were constructed on the principle of the screw. The torpedo consisted of two pieces of oak timber hollowed out and containing 150 pounds of powder. This was attached by rope to a screw, intended to be fastened into the planking of the vessel attacked. It was to be fired by a flintlock operated by clockwork. Although efforts to use the boat effectively failed, many of the principles incorporated in its construction can be recognized in more modern designs. The improvements are due to progress in engineering.

Robert Fulton, in 1801, built a submarine in Paris for Napoleon. Although he demonstrated its ability to remain submerged at a depth of twenty-three feet for one hour, French officials rejected the craft because they felt such form of warfare was immoral. England, too, declined to purchase his craft, and although the United States showed some interest, nothing came of it.

The next step in the story of the submarine occurred during the Civil War when, in an effort to break the Union blockade, the Confederates developed a submersible, known as the David because of its diminutive dimensions. The first David was a cigar-shaped vessel of boiler iron, fifty-four feet long, with a beam and a depth of six feet. It was equipped with ballast tanks which when filled with water submerged the boat until only some ten feet of her superstructure remained above water. An ordinary steam boiler provided steam for a marine engine connected directly to the propeller by a shaft. When trimmed down to the awash condition it resembled a large floating plank with a projecting funnel, which could be lowered into the boat. A torpedo consisting of a cylindrical copper case, ten inches in diameter, thirty-two inches long and containing 134 pounds of gunpowder, was carried on the end of a projecting spar and formed the offensive weapon. The torpedo was fitted with a chemical fuse which exploded the charge on coming in contact with the side of an enemy ship.

The David type cost many lives and sank at least five times before it accomplished anything. Finally a David, propelled manually by a crew of eight men, torpedoed and sank the Federal corvette Housatonic at Charleston in February, 1864. The attacker went down with its victim and all aboard were lost.

The First Navy Submarine

John Philip Holland, an Irish-American teacher, conceived and brought to success the practical and efficient boat of today. Holland built and tried out his first boat in 1875. It was a one-man craft with a length of only ten feet, but it was practical. The adequacy of the air supply was demonstrated when its inventor remained totally submerged in his craft for twenty-four hours. Later he built a larger vessel, called the Fenian Ram. It was thirty feet long and six feet in diameter, and had a displacement of seventeen tons. In spite of many defects this boat was a success in its ability to maneuver on the surface and to submerge, and it aroused wide interest. During this period the Navy Department took no official cognizance of Holland's experiments, although naval officers studied their outcome closely.

Years later the Holland company, after further development, built a boat which, as the Holland, was purchased by the Government in 1900 and became the first submarine in regular commission in the United States Navy.

The Holland was fifty-three feet long and ten and one-quarter feet in diameter, tapering from amidships to the bow and the stern. Her displacement was seventy-five tons. She was driven by a fifty-horsepower gasoline engine on the surface and

Sometimes it's unwise to pare expenses

THERE is no annoyance comparable to that of cheap hardware "run down." Hinges that sag and squeak; door knobs that hang loose; latches that won't latch; locks that stick. To avoid them one need merely follow a simple rule. *Choose Sargent Hardware of solid rust-defying brass or bronze.* When first you plan to build, set aside for it a definite sum—from which not one penny may be borrowed for any other part of your home.

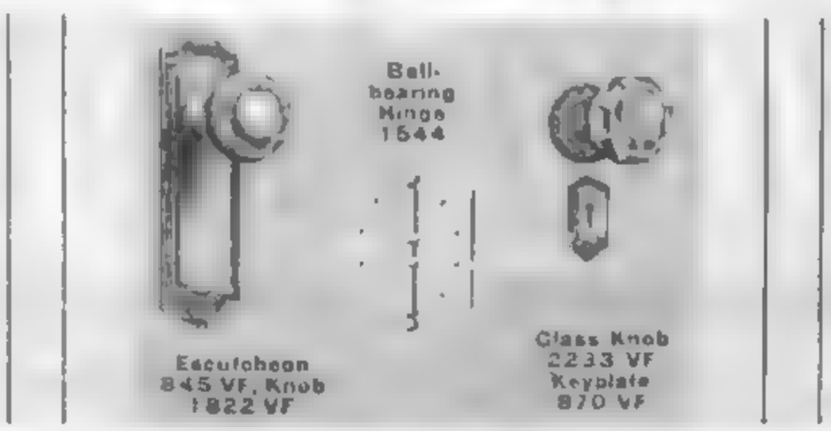
In comfort, convenience and total cost Sargent Hardware is a sound, economical home investment. It is made to give the kind of service one never notices—except to admire. Years from the day it is installed it will still be quiet, self-effacing, responsive and secure.

Sargent lock mechanisms are the finest of their kind ever made. Sargent cylinder locks, which may be master keyed in many convenient combinations, are recommended for outside or otherwise important doors.

Write for interesting free booklet, "Hardware for Utility and Ornamentation." Your architect will gladly help you choose appropriate Sargent Hardware. Address Sargent & Company, *Hardware Manufacturers*, 33 Water St., New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE



Here

Extra Protection Against Over-cooling!

Down drops the mercury—hitting 32°—on to zero—then up again. Your radiator needs a shutter that opens and closes in more than one section in order to protect your motor throughout these flights of the thermometer. Moto-Gard fully overcomes all weather conditions.

Triple Service

WHERE water cools quickest and freezes first, at the bottom of your radiator, Moto-Gard protection begins. The shutter can be operated to permit upper leaves to open for ventilation against overheating; while the lower leaves remain closed, protecting the motor from over-cooling at the danger point, the bottom of the radiator. The shutter leaves can also be entirely opened or completely closed, with a gradual range of openings in between. This is Triple Service protection—a distinctive Moto-Gard feature.

When manifold or exhaust type heaters requiring a cold blast, are used, Moto-Gard is a necessity—because it affords a sure means of regulating the motor heat while, at the same time, it permits the heater to function.

At Your Finger Tips

Every operation of Moto-Gard is controlled from the dash, by a handsome screw control, right at your finger tips. Its smooth and easy action makes it ideal for women drivers. Permits ½" adjustment of leaves, if desired. It is not limited to any set of positions. Keyed-on indicator and scale show exact position of leaves at all times. It clamps on—no cutting or drilling required. You work Moto-Gard yourself; you KNOW it is right.

Ask your dealer to explain its Triple Service and the other exclusive features that make Moto-Gard the finest shutter made

MOTO-GARD JUNIOR—A lower-priced shutter for Fords and Chevrolets.

The Brewer-Titchener Corporation
Cortland, N. Y.

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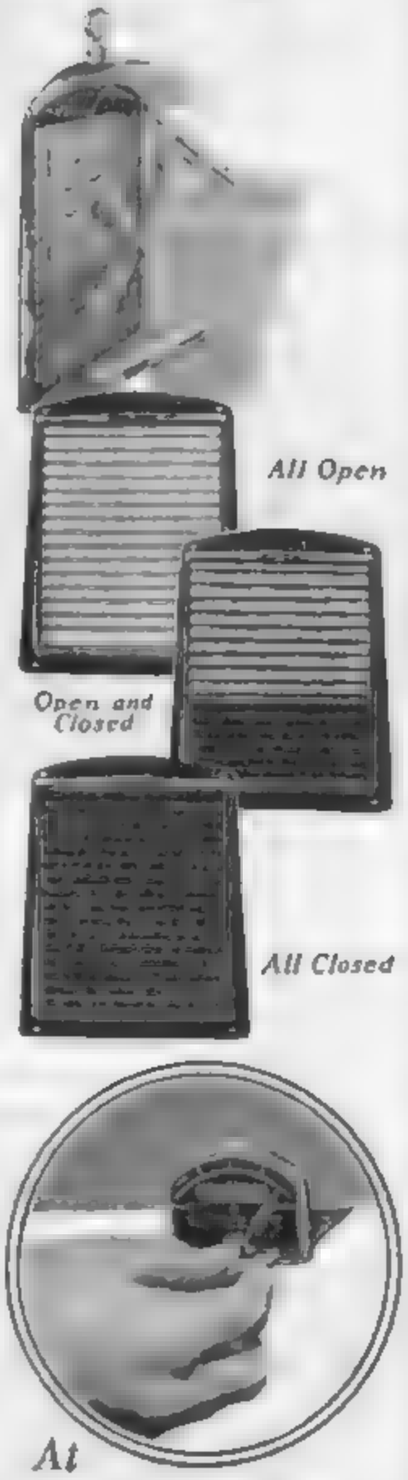

At your finger tips

Moto-Gard

THE FINEST SHUTTER MADE

by electric storage batteries when submerged. Her armament consisted of one bow tube for firing an eighteen-inch automobile torpedo. The ballast tanks were designed to hold sufficient water to sink the boat to the awash condition. When awash there still was a slight amount of buoyancy. To submerge, the motors were started ahead and the boat was steered beneath the surface by diving rudders. If the motors were stopped while the boat was submerged, she would automatically rise to the surface due to a reserve of buoyancy. The method of diving a submarine has not changed. A modern boat is still handled as was the Holland.

All the essentials necessary to make the submarine a formidable engine of destructive warfare were contained in the Holland except one—the periscope. In order to see a target and to direct the torpedo the submarine was forced to expose itself on the surface. This defect was obviated by the invention of the periscope, a slender tube projecting upward from the hull, which, by a system of lenses and projecting mirrors, enables a man at the eyepiece inside the submarine to see what is taking place on the surface while the boat itself remains submerged and invisible. From the Holland the submarine has progressed steadily until such types as the V-1 have been evolved to engage in naval warfare as we know it today.

Much has been said of the effect of the submarine on naval warfare of the future. Its greatest admirers have envisaged this subsurface craft as relegating the battleship and the cruiser to the limbo of useless and forgotten things. But like many prophecies such statements overshoot their mark. On the advent of any new engine of warfare there have always been strong protestations that the invention would revolutionize warfare; that previous weapons would become obsolete and should be discarded immediately. As a matter of fact, all engines of destruction have different characteristics as to range, accuracy and destructive power, and new inventions usually have been a modification of the relative importance of the three elements of the weapon. There is, for example, nothing at the present time to equal the sixteen-inch gun in the combination of range and accuracy and destructive power it represents. The torpedo launched from a destroyer has only one-third the range of the gun, and its accuracy is less, but its destructive power is far greater. The destructive power of a torpedo from a submarine is the same as that of the torpedo from a destroyer; the range, however, is greatly decreased and so is the accuracy.

The Blind Fighting the Blind

Of course, destroyers and submarines, firing at the extreme range of the torpedo and at a target of a column of battleships two or three miles long, have a chance for success. However, from a study of naval warfare in the World War, and particularly of the Battle of Jutland, the accuracy of the torpedo may be said truly to be small. The submarine, when submerged, is invisible and thereby may approach the enemy without being sighted. Yet, at the same time, the enemy is invisible from the submarine, so that the submarine has always great difficulty in obtaining a position wherein it may successfully attack a surface vessel. Particularly is this true if the surface vessel steams at high speed and changes the course frequently and irregularly, both as to angle and time—or, as it is called, "zigzags." One need only study the operations of the Grand Fleet based at Scapa Flow to see that, with proper precaution and protection, a fleet may proceed when and where it wishes in spite of enemy submarines.

The use of the submarine during the World War developed to such an extent that had it been possible to make it a weapon superior to the battleship, unquestionably that would have been demonstrated. The fact that the submarine is not effective against the battleship is due primarily to the tactical limitations which compel it to approach close to its prospective victim and to attain a certain position before firing its torpedo.

Accompanying destroyers will invariably protect the battleship by forcing the submarine to submerge when it attempts to gain this position. It is easy for a destroyer to keep the submarine submerged by means of depth charges, even if it does not succeed in damaging or destroying the submersible.

The Rallying Point

At the present time battleships are, and probably will remain, the central force from which other elements of naval warfare radiate. A fleet of battleships, accompanied by cruisers and destroyers, may proceed to any destination without serious threat from any dissimilar force. And in this connection, it must be remembered, the history of naval warfare would teach that when naval campaigns are fought between the forces of two powers, one with battleships and the other without, the power with the battleships will, under present-day conditions and as far as one can envisage the future, gain the mastery of the sea.

Advocates of new weapons almost invariably become so enthusiastic over the possibilities of the particular one they champion that judgment is warped and false conclusions are deduced. Some admirers of the submarine—and among these may be noted distinguished officers of ability and experience—say that the day of the battleship is over. This is precisely the same situation that was discussed forty years ago, at the time of the perfection of the automobile torpedo and its installation upon small fast boats. From the elemental principles of strategy and tactics, it may be safely asserted, however, that it will be very many years before the modern battleship is put in the discard.

The submarine has its functions in war, and these are most important. At times, even, they may be indispensable. But the vessel is neither invincible nor invulnerable. It figures anew in the constant struggle between the offensive and the defensive. With the advent of increased gun power the thickness of armor was increased. Against the threat of the torpedo came measures to destroy vessels carrying the torpedo; and battleships are protected from torpedoes by false sides, or blisters. The threat of the submarine has been met by small fast vessels carrying guns and depth charges. So will it go in the future. In the center of these controversies always there is a rallying point, and that, in naval warfare, is and will continue to be the ship of the battle line.

This HEALTH RESOLUTION is as Easy to Keep as it is to Make

'DOUBLE MALTED'

Hot MALTED MILK *at home*

(PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOR)

John America, Jr., made a find! At last a "real professional" creamy, rich Malted Milk could be made at home. And millions of children began playing soda-fountain.

Mrs. America won a victory! Here is one way to prepare milk so that she doesn't have to coax down three glasses a day. And it is mixed in a minute.

John America struck gold! Here is the most delicious and healthful drink he has ever known. And there are thirty glasses in every pound. That is pocket-book sense

Result, Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk at home—plain or chocolate, hot or cold—in one year has become the habit of 7,000,000 homes.

The Secret of Thompson's

Thompson's will dissolve in hot or cold milk instantly, without lumping. That is because of the famous "DOUBLE MALTED" process. The vitamins are not destroyed and the activity of the enzymes, the malt tonic property, is retained. Quickly digested, Thompson's helps digest *other* foods. That is why you pick up health and energy when you drink it for breakfast or during the day. Light and yet nourishing, it is a snug nightcap, inducing restful sleep.

Chocolate or Plain—Hot or Cold

30 glasses in every pound

Prepared in any way, it is always creamy and smooth. To make hot Malted Milk most people prefer Plain Malted Milk. To make a cold drink, just put two spoonfuls of the Chocolate Malted Milk into a shaker or mason jar, add cold milk and shake. Children make it for themselves

Ask any child. He will tell you all about it. Then ask for Thompson's plain or chocolate flavored at any druggist's or grocer's. Or another suggestion, send the coupon for the biggest coupon value we have ever offered. After the first sample of Thompson's reaches you, you will have at least one Malted Milk party a day in your home—from then on.

At the Soda Fountain

Your soda fountain man deserves special credit for paying a bit more for Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk so as to serve you with an extra quality malted milk drink. Look for the Thompson's serving jar at the soda fountain.

Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk

FREE 25¢ VALUE SHAKER WITH EACH ONE POUND CAN

Thompson's Malted Food Co.
Dept. 330, Waukesha, Wis

Gentlemen:—

☐ Send me a full pound of Thompson's Sweet Chocolate Flavored DOUBLE MALTED Malted Milk and a 25c value aluminum shaker FREE. I inclose 60c

☐ Send me a three-day sample and an aluminum shaker. I inclose 25c

Name

Address

IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

Safe Traction on Concrete Streets

WET OR DRY, streets paved with Portland cement concrete offer the best traction to rubber-tired vehicles. In more than 3,500 cities and towns concrete streets have proved their superior safety winter and summer the year around.

But that is only one of the reasons why American municipalities built 2,000 more miles of concrete streets this year. City engineers have found concrete pavements moderate in cost, always open to traffic, and easily cleaned of both dirt and snow.

Concrete streets are rigid and enduring under the heaviest loads and the widest ranges of temperature. Easily patched without resulting blemish after necessary cuts, always even surfaced and attractive in appearance, the concrete street, like the concrete road, has become the modern standard.

Thousands of miles of concrete roads in the United States are now regularly and easily kept cleared of snow each winter. Plows can quickly and cheaply push the snow from the even surface of a concrete street or road—right down to the bare pavement. Concrete roads and streets are open and safe for traffic 365 days a year. Write for the illustrated booklet which tells about concrete pavements in every section of the Union —Portland Cement Association, Chicago.

PORTLAND CEMENT

CONCRETE

for permanence

WHY IT COSTS SO MUCH TO EAT

(Continued from Page 23)

In practical application it is not the primary purpose to reveal from day to day the exact cost of a club sandwich or of a planked steak, but to apply the selling price of these sales units to the various main ingredients so as to determine the return obtained for each group of ingredients."

Bacon and eggs offer a simple illustration of the way the system operates. In the tabulation of receipts they are classified as eggs, and after the total sales of this particular dish are recorded for the day the excess in selling price over the same number of fried eggs is deducted to see what the price obtained for the bacon is. Planked steak gives an example of another kind. The quantity of potatoes and other vegetables constituting the garniture of a planked steak changes only occasionally and is known to the accountant, so that the credit it receives against the cost of these same items is virtually stationary. In the segregation of the many different kinds of food used daily in the kitchen into forty or fifty major commodities and groups, a planked steak consists of three things—short loin, potatoes and vegetables. Taking the cost units as a basis for calculation, and with the quantity of each of these three items a matter of record, it becomes simple enough to find what the gross profits have been by crediting the return where it belongs. You get the selling price of the steak—short loin—by deducting from it the established selling prices for the kind of potatoes and vegetables used in the garniture; you arrive at the selling prices of potatoes and vegetables in the same manner.

All this thought for food has brought forth invaluable light on things which were never before known in connection with one of the oldest of human habits—eating. For instance, the discovery that a great saving can be effected in the purchase of raw materials by the strict observance of established principles relating to the physical dimensions of the article bought is in reality nothing more than a by-product of the original purpose of food control; and yet it has developed into one of the most important features of the work. It has been learned that the ideal fowl weighs five and a half pounds, because a fowl of this weight produces a proportionately greater amount of white meat than do those of lesser or greater weight. The one-and-a-half-pound lobster, which is about three months old, is the most profitable of all. Younger than that, they have not reached the right degree of meatiness, except for broiling; older than that, the edible sections have a tendency to turn to water and shell.

A Cut With Many Names

When you scan the menu of a first-class restaurant and notice that a *filet mignon* is listed at, say, $1.75, there is a strong likelihood that you will feel the charge is exorbitant, especially if you happen to have read the current market prices for beef that morning. "All restaurants are robbers" is not only an old cry, but a firmly fixed belief in many minds. When you go behind the scenes and learn that most of them are jubilant if they can make more than a 5 per cent net profit, the discovery is quite staggering and seems beyond reconciling with the price you paid for your *filet mignon*. Perhaps it may comfort you and add zest to your appetite the next time you order a filet if you keep in mind a few pointed facts about the short loin, from which this choice cut of beef comes. Short loin is one of the individually controlled commodities handled in food-cost-accounting work and one of the most important. It is also one of the most expensive of all meats for the restaurant to buy and one of the best sellers. On the menu its cuts are listed variously as minute, small, sirloin, tenderloin and porterhouse steaks, *filet mignon*, sirloin of beef, ragout à la Deutsch, Châteaubriand, filet of beef, and so on.

In one of the best-known hotels in the country a butchering test was made on a short loin recently to see exactly what became of it when it had been trimmed and reduced to its various subdivisions.

The results showed that the trimmed steak meat weighed about half as much as the original short loin, and, therefore, the cost of the meat to the house was about twice as much for a pound. A single sirloin steak as served weighs ten or twelve ounces, depending upon where it is bought. Each ounce has a raw material cost of 5.3 cents, which is 53 cents for ten ounces and 63.6 cents for twelve ounces. These figures show exactly where the restaurant comes out in gross profit—gross profit being based on costs and not on sales, in the usual manner—as follows:

WEIGHT	MEAT PRICE	GROSS PROFIT
12 oz.	$1.50	136 per cent.
12 oz.	1.25	97 per cent.
10 oz.	1.50	183 per cent.
10 oz.	1.25	136 per cent.

Beef Grown to Measure

Bear in mind that while these percentages of gross profit on cost look fairly sizable, not one cent of allowance has been made for the cost of materials used in the preparation of the steak, the labor, light, power, rent and incidentals. It will be shown presently where the dollar income of the restaurant goes.

This test, together with numerous others, has established that the most economical method of buying short loin is on the following specifications:

1. Weight, from 37 to 41 pounds.
2. Width of loin across the top, on the large end, 17 inches.
3. Width of loin across the top, on the small end, 14 inches.
4. Suet, not to exceed 4 pounds
5. To be cut on the hip not more than 3 inches from the pin bone.
6. To be cut from choice steers weighing from 850 to 1000 pounds.
7. Should hang at least 4 weeks before delivery.

When hotel stewards began firing these statistics at butchers as a basis of doing business, the butchers gasped and wondered how the stewards got that way. But they found the purchasing agents were serious about it, and the only thing they could do was to relay the information to the packers. So, short loins which weigh between thirty-seven and forty-one pounds, neither more nor less, and are so many inches across this part and that, and which come from choice steers tipping the scales at certain figures, are now pouring in daily to the refrigerating plants of hotels throughout the country. And the whole idea has taken firm root. The packers are raising custom-made steers, the chicken farms are turning out fowl on dimensions, the seafood dealers are not interested in lobsters weighing more than a pound and a half, the provision merchants are furnishing vegetables to conform with specifications, and the fruit dealers deliver the only kind of honeydews, oranges, grapes, and so on, the buyers will accept.

It is no longer *caveat emptor*, but rather, let the seller take heed.

What set out to be food control has developed into a much broader sphere and might properly be termed hotel control. Once the hotel men saw the benefits piling up through this new idea of measuring appetites, putting a watchdog on food, enforcing system in the kitchen and visualizing a daily summary of the number of portions offered, distribution and gross profits, together with their application to monthly averages, they were in a receptive mood to go further into the probing process. So the idea of scientific methods in the buying and dispensing of food has spread to the operation of every department of the hotel business, even to the point of determining through exhaustive survey whether a projected hotel is needed and has a prosperous

Detection of correctible fire hazards at the start may effect future saving in insurance costs. Ask your local Alliance Agent

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A sturdy cowhide model. Price $1.00

· · In no other way can you find this added convenience and safety

KEYS are things you probably don't think much about—until you leave them at home or lose them. Then they become a source of endless irritation and delay.

The Buxton Key-Tainer offers you the one perfect way to care for keys. Every key in place, ready at your finger tips. If you lose your keys—back they come, quickly, safely.

Only a Buxton gives you all these features which assure complete protection. Revolving hooks of tempered steel hold each key firmly. No bending or breaking. The Key Return Service is always on guard to bring back your keys if lost.

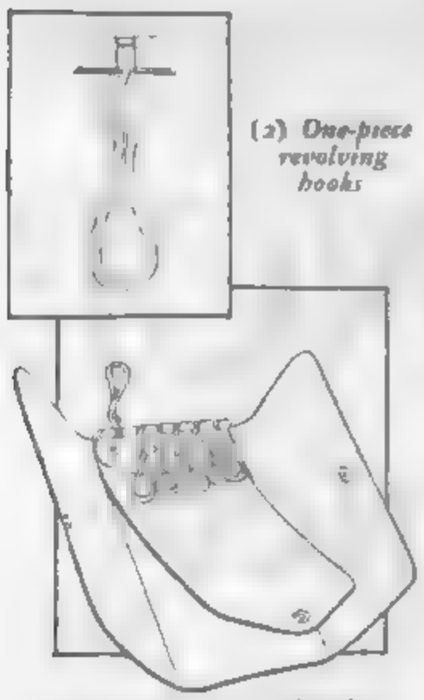
The Buxton pocket flap doubles the life of your Key-Tainer—keeps it in shape

You can get Buxtons in a wide variety of styles—hand finished in popular leathers. Priced from 50 cents up—a wide selection around a dollar. Sizes to accommodate from 4 to 16 keys.

Leading jewelers, department stores, leather goods and stationery stores carry Buxton Key-Tainers. If you don't find what you want, write us for booklet. Address BUXTON, INC., 102 Main Street, Springfield, Mass., or if in Canada, *The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*

Special features combined only in a Buxton:

(1) *Free Key Return Service*



(2) *One-piece revolving hooks*

(3) *Reinforcing pocket flap*

BUXTON
Key-Tainer

future. Bankers are infinitely more hard-boiled about potential profits than they used to be. Nowadays, before advancing the money for financing, they demand first to see the enterprise run theoretically on paper, besides inspecting proof that customers are at hand to fill the rooms and buy meals and the concessionaires are available to contribute their important bit to income. With them it is distinctly a show-me proposition.

A popular theory concerning the need for additional hotel accommodations, which the shrewd modern method for ascertaining these things has proved fallacious and even dangerous, is that any city is capable of supporting hotels on the ratio of one hotel room for every 150 inhabitants of the community. The basis of this belief, erroneous not only in the ratio but generally incorrect in fixing population as the sole premise, is that so many people living in a town represents so much purchasing power and that so much purchasing power brings traveling salesmen to the place to occupy hotel rooms. What it does not take into consideration is the proportion of white population to the free-spending but much less affluent colored residents, and to the proportion of foreign born to native born, especially if the foreign born originate from the southern and eastern parts of Europe, where people have been reared in such frugality that it takes many years to educate them to American standards of living and spending. It would perhaps have some value if populations of all cities were the same, which they are not. And, furthermore, salesmen no longer constitute nearly 100 per cent of the traveling public, as they once did. The whole nation travels today. Automobiles have revolutionized buying and selling.

The Innkeeper's Questionnaire

In the old days hotels were put up when somebody got the notion that the town required a new one. In these new days such hunches still may be perfectly sound, but if a scientific effort is made to predetermine their fate they don't sprout into mortar and brick until they have been put on the testing block and proved well grounded. Hotel surveys, sanctioned by the American Hotel Association to protect bankers and other investors against needless loss, think of things which might have seemed actually queer in the earlier school of promotion. One can easily picture the perplexity of the intending hotel builder of old if he were put through the catechism of this generation.

"What are the city's bank clearings and bank deposits?" Caution would ask.

"Give it up," he would unquestionably reply.

"What are the earnings and wealth per capita?"

"Don't know."

"How many automobile licenses are issued in your city?"

"Never heard."

"What is the type and number of stores, the type and diversity of industries?"

"I'd have to look it up."

"What is the purchasing power of the surrounding country?"

"You got me."

"What is the local rate for public utilities—gas, electricity and water?"

"Can't say offhand."

He could perhaps give you the required information about railroad facilities and a general outline of other modes of transportation, but his jaw would unquestionably drop if Caution began firing such a technical truth at him as the fact that a town of 20,000 population, sixty miles from the next important community and consequently drawing business from an area of thirty to forty miles in each direction, has not only the advantage of a larger market but the hotel would have a much better chance of retaining the traveler overnight than would a hotel in a town of equal size, but only twenty miles distant from the next large city. Or that the proximity of a more important and larger city means that the home town misses a sizable percentage of shopping it would otherwise get and that this fact is a weighty consideration in the chance a projected hotel has to live and prosper. Or that a much smaller town than his own may be a better site for locating a modern hotel, because it happens to be a convenient stopping place for motorists, being just the right distance between terminals or being adjacent to special points of interest.

Where Does the Money Go?

Queer things are continually coming to light. Take that question which nearly every man asks himself: "How did I ever happen to drift into this business?" Many salesmen of food articles who have taken their life savings and bought themselves a nice, compact hotel have no difficulty answering that self-interrogation. They sold, let us say, a box of cereal to a hotel for twelve cents. Sitting in the restaurant of that same hotel, they saw their own commodity listed on the menu at twenty cents. In the box they sold was enough of the cereal to make six good portions, probably more, representing a minimum gross revenue of $1.20 for a twelve-cent article. The psychology of this situation explains itself. There lives no person more satisfied that hotels are the world's premier profiteers than a goodly percentage of the men who sell them food—that is, until they themselves have entered this field in the full expectation of reaping easy riches. It is a well-established truth that some salesmen, hearing hotel proprietors complaining of a run of bad business, have been convinced the lamenter was putting up a poor mouth to shield a hidden hoard. What about that deal in cereal?

Out of three hotels, the average shows, one succeeds, one breaks even, one fails. Rooms produce 55 per cent of the operating revenue, food 45 per cent. A hotel uses six tons of coal per room per year, including bedrooms and the large public rooms. It costs sixty dollars a year to keep a room in repair. About 2 per cent of room income is required to replace linen used in the room. Bad accounts, including no-good checks, represent a loss of ten dollars per room per year. A hotel can be prosperous with an average of 25 per cent room vacancy and can manage to exist with as much as 40 per cent of the rooms unoccupied. The telephone service is conducted at a loss and would still be an unprofitable item in most instances even though fifteen cents a call were charged, instead of the usual ten. More than 50 per cent of all persons registered at a hotel use one call a day. A 1000-room hotel employs twenty operators at a salary of eighty-five dollars a month each.

It is rather startling to learn that if hotels did nothing except rent rooms the expense would be $1.10 for every dollar of income. To put this in another way, if all outside income and expenses were eliminated and the total room expense were put against the total room revenue, there would be a net deficit of ten cents for each dollar taken in. Fortunately there are several things which operate against any such deplorable situation. Primarily these are the fact that some of the overhead must be charged off to the restaurant as a revenue-producing agency, even though there is no definite way to allocate rent, light, heat, power, and so on, to the food department; that store rentals cut further into the general overhead and that a heavy return comes from concessions.

If it were not for concessions and store rentals the hotel business in this country would either have died of anæmia soon after prohibition, or raised room and food prices to such an extent that the public would have been incensed beyond belief. For only one of the nine concessions granted by a large metropolitan hotel does the public foot the bill—that is, directly. The single spot where the charge goes back to the customers is the blanket privilege granted for hat and coat checking, washrooms, shines

(Continued on Page 165)

There's Added Character in this Strong Steel and Added Value in Products Made from it

When a salesperson says to you "This product is made from Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets" it is a recognized proof of quality, for manufacturers of steel sheet products the country over know that only Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets are made from genuine forged steel. Forging Adds Strength—and gives a character and fineness to steel that must necessarily be reflected in the products made from such steel.

Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets are available to manufacturers for use in auto bodies, fine furniture, radio apparatus and hundreds of other products made from steel sheets. Also in heavily tinned sheets for lanterns, meters, kitchenware, etc. Whatever the type of sheet, Follansbee Forge quality is "forged" into the steel.

And you may be sure that the manufacturer who is particular enough to specify Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets for use in his products will back up such care with all the excellence of workmanship that is compatible with such fine materials.

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
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FORGING ADDS STRENGTH

Follansbee Forge
STEEL SHEETS

At the Gateway to a Continent

The new 35-*Story* New York Central Building *will be the crowning achievement of the* Grand Central Terminal *development*

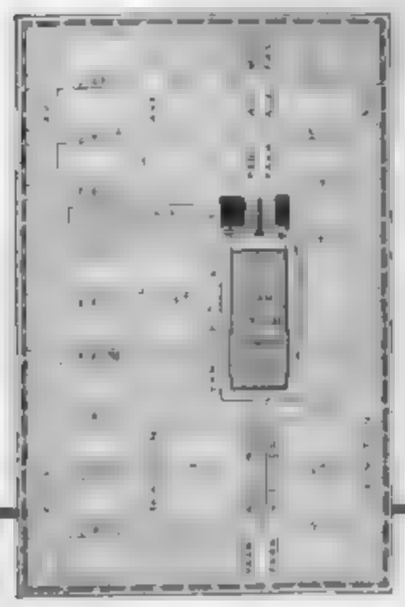
The "City within a City" (the Grand Central Terminal Zone) in the heart of New York, is now witnessing the rise of the crowning achievement of the *New York Central's* broad-visioned terminal development plan.

Completely spanning Park Avenue, one of the world's noblest thoroughfares, a great business structure of steel and stone, the NEW YORK CENTRAL BUILDING, will rise to a height of 35 stories, dominating the wonderful group of skyscrapers in this new business center of New York.

Park Avenue's two broad roadways will be carried right through the building, one passing to the west of the Grand Central Terminal for southbound traffic, and the other to the east for northbound traffic. The two levels of *New York Central* passenger tracks will be directly under the building.

At the Gateway to a Continent, the new NEW YORK CENTRAL BUILDING will house the executive offices of many national business institutions, and thus further increase the convenience and utility of the Terminal for the millions of *New York Central* travelers who pass through it each year.

Information regarding leasing arrangements in the NEW YORK CENTRAL BUILDING may be had from J. H. Hustis, Jr., 70 East 45th St., New York.



NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY · · · MICHIGAN CENTRAL · · · BIG FOUR · · · PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE · · ·
NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

Twentieth Century Limited · · · *Chicago* · · · *New York* · · · *New England*
Southwestern Limited · · · *St. Louis* · · · *New York* · · · *New England*

Continued from Page 162

and parcels. This is the sole concessionaire who lives on gratuities. For the opportunity of receiving that nickel or dime or quarter which you hand his representatives for some little service, he pays the hotel handsomely. But since he was on the job long before prohibition came he can in no sense be regarded as a collateral of that circumstance.

In a 1000-room hotel in the heart of New York City, charging popular prices of from three dollars to six dollars for its rooms, the yearly rates for concessions would be as follows:

Cigars, candy, news stand and theater tickets	$ 25,000
Hat, coat checking, and so on	15,000
Valet	2,000
Beauty parlors	1,000
Barber shop	1,000
Taxi and sight-seeing stand	5,000
Telegraph, messenger	5,000
Guests' laundry	14,000
Store rentals	12,000
Total	$175,000

All these charges are scientifically worked out on the basis of the amount and location of space occupied, together with some consideration with respect to what the traffic will bear in each instance, sufficient leeway being granted to permit the concessionaire to make a good return on his investment. In a large hotel the barber pays at the rate of sixty dollars to seventy-five dollars a chair per month, with no fixed charge for manicure tables; in a small hotel the rate is thirty dollars to forty dollars a chair. To be a concessionaire in a live hotel is good business.

Let us see, for example, what the valet gets out of it. Records kept over a period of years show that ten per cent of the guests spend one dollar a day with the valet. This is a 1000-room hotel and 75 per cent of the rooms occupied by 900 persons, which means that 10 per cent of 900 persons are spending one dollar a day for valet service, a total for the day of $90 and for 365 days of $32,850. The valet's expenses, exclusive of rent, run about one-third of his total income, or in this case, $10,950. Add to these expenses the rental of $12,000 and you find that his total outlay is $22,950 against a total revenue of $32,850, leaving $9,900 as his profit.

Putting on Dog

The high financial lights of this hotel project are briefly that the building, land and furniture cost $7,500,000 and that the gross income from operation is $1,500,000 for rooms, $900,000 for food, $153,000 for concessions and $33,000 for soft drinks, a total of $2,586,000. It will be noted that the revenue from rooms is much higher than the 55 per cent previously mentioned and the food income much lower than 45 per cent, but this is an individual illustration and not an average. The net profit from operation is $1,100,000, but from this must be deducted 5 per cent of the total investment for taxes, insurance, depreciation, and so on, leaving the actual net $725,000. If the $7,500,000 had been invested at 6 per cent it would have brought $450,000, so that the hotel return is $275,000 greater than the recognized standard rate of return, or an additional profit of 3⅔ per cent on the entire investment. In other words, the venture, a fairly hazardous one, returns 9⅔ per cent.

One thorn in the side of hotels built before prohibition was the fact that the bars were still occupying valuable space after the sale of liquor was cut off. Where they happened to face a shopping street it was a simple enough matter to remodel them into stores, but where they were unaccessible to pedestrian traffic it was recognized they would have to be made to work as an operating department of the hotel organization. Now, when the hotel people found it absolutely necessary to be ingenious about getting the last ounce of profit out of their plants, the problem became less complicated than might be supposed. Into the particular groove fitted a circumstance which had for some years proved quite an annoyance to the hotel industry, but concerning which nothing had been done because profits were plentiful. It was that a great many travelers would register at a fashionable hotel for the sake of having a good address and then make up for this expense by eating breakfast and sometimes all three meals at lunch rooms, which had been located near by with this very thing in mind.

Down Through the Ages

"Why not go into competition with the lunch rooms?" the industry's new voice of efficiency asked. "Convert the bars into coffee shops, charge low prices for food and ballyhoo them to the people stopping at your hotel. Not only will they keep guests close to the hotel but they will furnish a splendid outlet for your kitchen trims or by-products, such as hashes, stews, croquettes, and so on. In the regular dining rooms arrange a menu containing a variety of club breakfasts, with fruit in season, coffee and toast or rolls as the lowest-priced one, costing about twenty-five cents. You won't make any money on it directly, but indirectly you'll make a lot, because it will help fill your restaurants at lunch and dinner."

The coffee-shop idea was taken up and has joined the procession of life-savers for the hotel business. Lunch rooms situated conveniently near by have been met with competition foursquare to the battle. In fact, in some instances the coffee shop has out-cafeteriaed the cafeteria in price.

One exceedingly efficient thing which you would expect this new vogue of hotel standardization to bring about, but which it doesn't, is a scientific readjustment of menu prices to make all articles of food return a more or less uniform gross profit on the cost of raw material. Hotel men, food-cost accountants and everybody concerned throw up their hands in despair when they try to find an answer to that problem. No, if a hotel wants to live, and the preservation of life is as instinctive with it as it is with man or beast, it simply can't be done—not for the present at least. The explanation is that a scale of prices was established in the dim and distant past, and though in spots it is a crazy patchwork sort of thing, possessing neither rime nor reason, it has become solid with the public long since. Sporadic efforts to interfere with it, even though the buyer suffered not one whit in the realignment, have revealed the futility of any attempt at orderly standardization. It has been learned that the loudest squeals of protest come from the regular customers of the restaurant, who constitute 40 per cent of its trade.

The public's intolerance of revision means that the gross profit on the cost of some food is enormous and on other articles exceedingly slim. Frequently foodstuffs varying in orginal price as much as 50 and 100 per cent are sold for the same amount. For instance, have you ever thought about those eggs you order season in and season out at your favorite restaurant? In February you get them for the same price you pay for them in May. Yet everybody knows how violently the price of eggs fluctuates from one season to another. So the restaurants fix a set price for eggs on the year's volume and not on the profit or loss for different seasons. What actually happens is that when you eat eggs in May you are paying a little excess for them to take care of the loss the restaurant will suffer when you eat them at the same price the following February.

Fruits and fresh vegetables are the only items which undergo a seasonal change in price on menus. The greatest profit is derived from coffee, tea and soups, running as high as 500 per cent on the cost of raw material. Short loin, lamb and mutton are among the poorest producers of profit, and if the size of the portion in these meats is not watched with care the loss resulting from their sale might be enough to swamp an otherwise prosperous establishment. A rigid check-up is also kept on them to guard

Your Boy—
Are You Making a Real Pal of Him?

HOW close together father and son are drawn by target practice—one of the most important factors in the training of your boy because it bears directly upon the molding of his character.

When you keep in contact with your son through the connecting link of rifle practice, you protect him against undesirable associations. You make him *believe* in you, in your ideals of manliness. You become more than "Dad"—you become his pal, his strongest guiding influence. From you he learns the manly art of taking victory with grace, and defeat with a smile, and it brings home to him the lesson of self-reliance.

The Daisy Air Rifle is a potent instrument in boy training because it not only offers the common touch between man and boy but also it sharpens your boy's acuteness. He *needs* this development—the close coordination of thought and action—the linking together of mind and muscle—the quickness of decision so essential in everything he undertakes in life.

This is what many leading American athletes and coaches are advising. "Target shooting," they write, "develops the physical and mental alertness needed in all athletic sports and business dealings." Give your boy a Daisy training, enjoyed by millions of boys the past 40 years.

Put the Daisy method of boy training into effect now Get your boy a Daisy Air Rifle and tell him its proper use. The results will please you! Ask your dealer to show you the rifle illustrated—the popular Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for $5. There's a Daisy model for every age, from $1 to $5. Name of nearest dealer on request—or any model sent on receipt of price.

BOYS!

Get Your Free Copy of the Daisy Manual

Go to your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer and ask him for a free copy of the Daisy Manual—a book written just for boys. It tells how to become a crack shot, how to have a world of fun with your Daisy.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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DAISY
AIR RIFLES

To Shoot Ducks or Golf

TO GET OUT where the fishing is good, where there are always plenty of boats, tackle and guides; to enjoy long motor rides over perfect roads shaded by giant live oaks and pines; to have a dip in a glass-enclosed, salt-water swimming pool; to play tennis or polo—in fact, to do any of the things you like to do out in the open—come to the Gulf Coast, that great stretch of sun-warmed shores in Western Florida, Alabama and Mississippi.

The sun shines warm and bright almost every day in the year and the temperature averages above 50°. Between the months of December 1926 and May 1927, there were but eight days on which it rained too hard to play golf or to enjoy being out in the open for other sport.

The Gulf Coast is a land of history, mystery and romance, teeming with interesting sights and scenes which mark the regimes of Spanish, French, English, Confederate and ante-bellum Governments. There is much to see and do on the Gulf Coast, and the nearby big cities of New Orleans, Mobile and Pensacola provide the added attractions of theatres, opera, racing, etc.

Fine, big, modern hotels in which you can live just as luxuriously or as inexpensively as you please dot the Coast from one end to the other; and trains of hotel completeness will take you to the Gulf Coast; from the North and Central West, "The Pan-American" from Cincinnati and Louisville; from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, the "Crescent Limited"—direct to New Orleans, Mobile and the Gulf Coast. These two fine trains are all-steel and all-Pullman, with maid and valet service, shower baths, observation and club cars. Other trains with through Pullman service from the same cities, including a direct sleeper from Boston and additional through sleeping car service from Chicago.

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LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

against waste and their consumption by employes of the kitchen. Incidentally, the new principle of hotel operation provides that no free meals be given to any of the employes except the manager, housekeeper and those who have direct contact with the food. Wages have been increased from twenty dollars to fifty dollars a month to compensate the workers for not receiving gratuitous meals. A curious sidelight on this is that few of the help ever looked upon free food as part of their pay.

System has reduced the wastage from ready or *du-jour* dishes to the barest minimum. The close tally kept on the repetition of orders has brought this about. On the other hand, no means have ever been found to prevent the loss caused by the necessity of having a great variety of articles constantly on hand, some of which are rarely ordered.

The Staff of Hotel Life

One of the unfortunate things about this whole business of cooking and serving things to eat is the fact that the public seems to have a chip on its shoulder for the industry and is quick to damn it as the pet device of profiteers. Some years ago there was a nation-wide hue and cry when the better-class restaurants started the practice of charging ten cents for bread and butter, which from time immemorial had been on the free list. Yet at that moment the restaurants were confronted with the alternative of increasing their revenue or going out of business. That apparently insignificant ten-cent item turned a losing custom into a profitable one. To a restaurant doing a $400,000 yearly volume with average receipts of $1 per person, it represented $40,000 additional. Here was a rare case of the restaurant industry disturbing an old-established convention and actually getting away with it. Concerted action put it over.

An average struck from the profit and loss statements of hotels and independently operated restaurants from coast to coast shows that the dollar income for food is distributed in the following manner:

	HOTEL	TEA ROOM RESTAURANT
Rent	$ .08*	$ .08
Raw material	.43	.40
Labor	.28	.25
Expense, including depreciation	.19	.15
	$ .98	$ .94
Profit	.02	.06
	$1.00	$1.00

*Impossible to determine accurately; arbitrarily assumed to equal restaurant rental cost.

These figures represent averages only and are not applicable to any one situation. While a few of the larger hotels show greater profits in their restaurants, there are hundreds of others, especially apartment hotels, which are operated at a loss. In the apartment hotels the profit comes entirely from the rooms and is even sufficient to make up the deficit accruing constantly from the food department, designed and operated to be a service and nothing else. That they are able to make a profit from rooms, whereas a regular transient hotel would lose at the rate of ten cents for every dollar taken in is due to the fact that their overhead is much smaller.

The composite figures covering hotels indicate that the average hotel proprietor, after charging his restaurant with all expenses, including rent, light, heat, depreciation, and so on, is lucky if he makes one or two cents on each dollar sale. And if he does not operate the restaurant scientifically he probably loses anywhere from ten to fifty cents per dollar sale.

The Cost of Service

In tea rooms, cafeterias and restaurants with popular prices the labor and expenses are not so high as in hotel restaurants and there is a potential profit of five cents and upwards per dollar sale. Though you pay generously for the flunkied service and an atmosphere of lavishness which the fashionable restaurant gives, it in turn pays proportionately higher tribute for these things. It occurs to few persons that when they sit down to a meal at one of these places they are really waited upon by five persons, two indirectly and three directly. The indirect service comes from the maitre d'hôtel, who receives perhaps $6000 a year, and the head waiter, whose pay is about $200 a month; the direct from the captain, at $125 a month, the waiter, at $60 a month, and the bus boy at $50 a month. In the course of a day the waiter takes care of not more than fifteen persons, and the captain, one to each four waiters, not more than sixty persons. The bus, or commis, works for one or two waiters and receives, incidentally, 25 per cent of the latter's tips, which amount to about $100 a month.

The next time you wonder, with a sigh, why the old favorites, Rector's and Shanley's and Jack's and Healy's and Rogers,' are with us no longer you can at least feel thankful business efficiency arrived in the nick of time to prevent a complete devastation of this industry of supplying us with food. Some call it an art.

Go-Getter Broom Peddler: "There! Now You WILL Need a New Broom!"

SHOE HEALTH

Your Birthright

To be radiantly healthy, to experience only a tingling sense of delight in the body that houses your spirit—that is your birthright. Surely the clothing with which you protect and adorn your body ought not rob you of this heritage, and in this modern age seldom does—except in the matter of footwear, which still is a persistent offender. But it need not be.

Everyone can now enjoy *Shoe Health* while wearing the very smartest styles of the season—like those here illustrated. *Shoe Health* is simply the result of wearing *good* shoes, correctly made and properly fitted.

Any of the following high grade shoes, fitted at a store that displays the Shoe Health emblem, will give you *Shoe Health.*

Brownbilt Shoes for Men and Women—Buster Brown Health Shoes for Boys and Girls
Brownbilt Flexible Rigid Shoes for Women—Brownbilt Ideal Arch Shoes for Women
Brownbilt Foot Science Shoes for Men and other shoes made by Brown Shoe Company

These brands are the product of our fifteen great specialty factories, having a daily capacity of 60,000 pairs. They are sold everywhere by the leading shoe and department stores.

Brown Shoe Company
Manufacturers—St. Louis

Choose Your Shoe Retailer With Care!

Proper fitting is all-important if you would enjoy Shoe Health. Therefore choose your Shoe Retailer with the same care you exercise in selecting a physician or dentist.

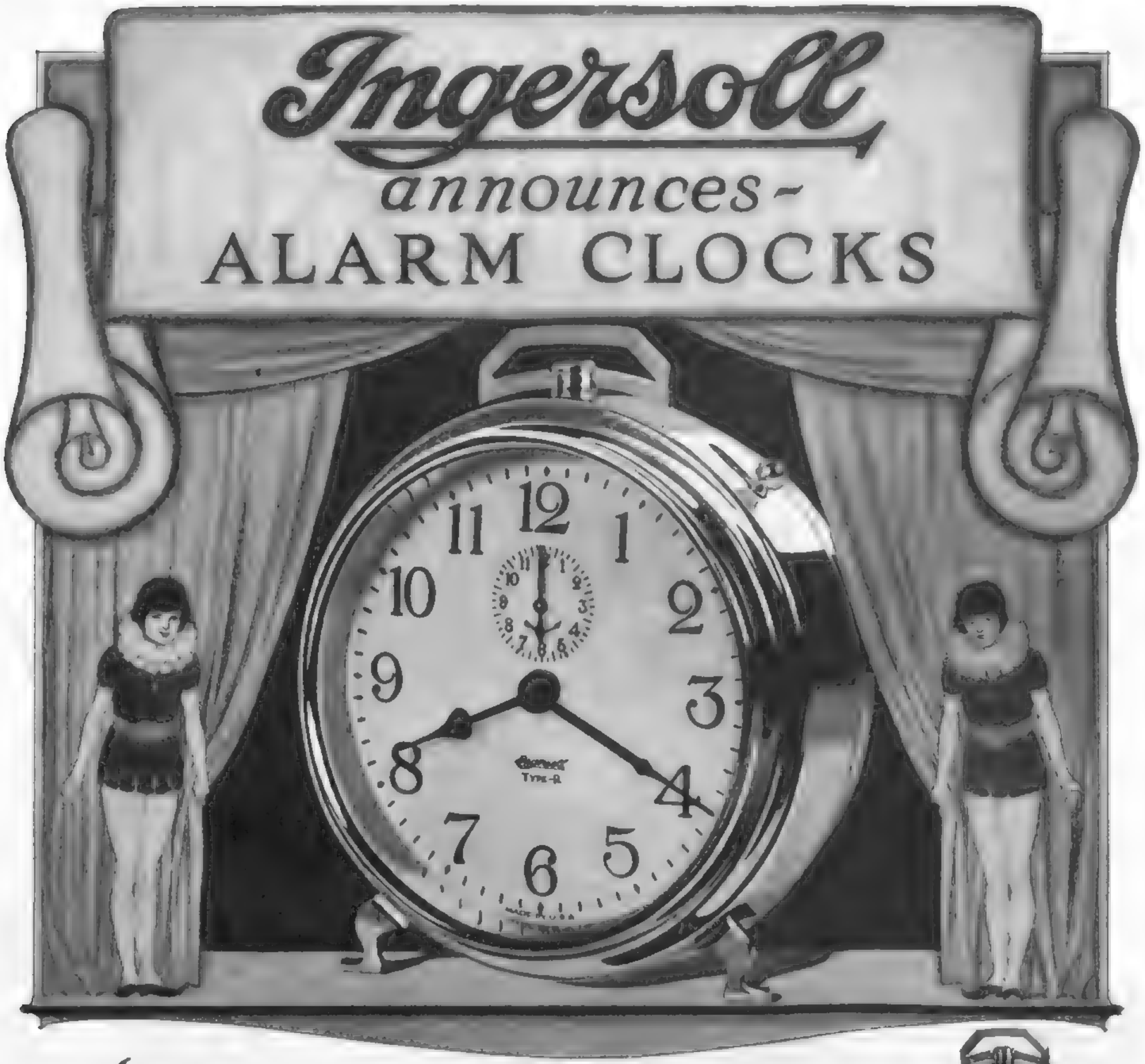
Retailers who display this emblem sell the products of Brown Shoe Company and are dedicated to the principle of correctly fitting your feet. Thus you will enjoy Shoe Health.

There is both beauty and Shoe Health in Brownbilts for Women.

Growing feet will never be harmed in Buster Brown Health Shoes.

Brownbilts for Men are smartly styled, retain their good looks and embody the Shoe Health principles.

Ingersoll announces- ALARM CLOCKS



And now . . .

Five Models, "Plain" or "Luminous" to Choose from

TYPE-T	$1.50	TYPE-T RADIOLITE	$2.25
TYPE-S	2.00	TYPE-S RADIOLITE	2.75
TYPE-B	2.50	TYPE-B RADIOLITE	3.50
TYPE-R	3.25	TYPE-R RADIOLITE	4.50
TYPE-R Jr.	3.25	TYPE-R Jr. RADIOLITE	4.50

INGERSOLL ALARM CLOCKS—made by the makers of Ingersoll Watches—with all that the name Ingersoll means in quality, reliability, style and value.

You'll respect the way these Ingersoll clocks keep time; you'll admire their looks. Of tasteful design and proportions, they have many features that will appeal to you: metal dials—heavy rolled edge cases—artistic hands and numerals—handles and feet that are part of the clock rather than merely attachments—knob alarm switches.

Five models, each in plain dial or luminous—priced from $1.50 to $4.50. You'll find them on sale at Ingersoll dealers' everywhere. If your dealer has not yet stocked them, write us mentioning his name.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.

30 Irving Place, New York · 215 W. Randolph St., Chicago · 290 First St., San Francisco

AIR-TRAVELED GERMANY

(Continued from Page 29)

Personally I visited Germany with two objects in view. One was to ascertain how the Deutsche Luft Hansa had made such a great success of commercial aviation; the other, to learn, if possible, if there was any military significance in the commercial-aviation activities of Germany. As to the latter, I will say here that I was thoroughly convinced that there is not. I firmly believe that Germany is building along purely commercial lines, and with most specific intentions.

As to the reason of the Luft Hansa success, I tested their system out in a dozen different ways, flying over all of their lines, and from this personal experience I found that they afford the things very dear to the traveler's heart—particularly an American traveler's heart: Swiftness, convenience and great comfort. Not only did I find the service very convenient and picturesque but at least one time very much more. Mrs. Davis and I were in Vienna. It was just at the time of the revolution in which 3000 persons were killed or wounded, the Palace of Justice and the law courts were burned, and rioting and looting prevailed throughout the city. We were in a shop when the outbreak took form, but we managed to reach our hotel under the escort of the shopkeeper. On the way a man was killed within thirty feet of us, and pistol shots seemed to sound in all directions. A policeman who had fired into a mob attacking him turned suddenly and thrust his still-smoking revolver into my face.

It was not a soothing sensation, but the shopkeeper was able to get us safely to our hotel past policemen with drawn revolvers, past other men darting out of and into side streets, and with an obbligato of gunfire. We gained the interior of the hotel just as steel shutters were being placed over the windows and the doors were being securely barred.

Through telephone communication with Herr Merkel just before the wires were cut, I had the welcome assurance that an airplane would get into Vienna to take us away the following day. It came two days later, and we were able to go to the field, as the police were gaining the upper hand. The engines were slowly turning over when we reached the field, and we flew away almost immediately. As we left we could see the smoking ruins of the Palace of Justice and the excited but rather aimless crowds in the streets. Our experience as we flew northward was more pleasant.

From the Cabin Window

The Luft Hansa automobiles which transport passengers between the center of a German city and the airdrome are of superior quality, better in appointments and comfort than those between London and Croydon. One of these brought us from our Berlin hotel to the Tempelhof airdrome when we left for Norway and Sweden. Two airplanes landed as we were having luncheon, and three others came into the field just as we were starting in a three-motored Junkers plane for Copenhagen on the first leg of our trip. We went aloft easily and were soon over the railroad tracks and headed north. My air map told me that it was 240 kilometers to Lübeck.

Just ahead on our left we saw inlets of the lakes of the Havel, with many yachts lying at anchor. On we went over Spandau, where the great munitions plants were located during the war; now it is a great manufacturing center. We followed the Kaiserhof, the great military highway leading to Staaken, the location of a dirigible hangar and the aviation field where the Luft Hansa pilots are trained. In our first ten minutes of flying we put numerous historical places behind us. We went directly over the old forts built in 1870, but now overgrown with grass and useless as forts.

When 110 kilometers away from Berlin, we found bad weather and passed through a rainstorm; there were two distinct layers of rain, in fact—the one through which we traveled and another about 1000 feet higher. The stormy condition sent the pilot down to a lower altitude—so low that we could see the house roofs of the beautifully kept farms and snugly built villages. Everything in Germany seems in perfect order, even the forests; one wonders if there would be an upheaval somewhere if one tree were found out of its row in the perfect phalanx of a German forest.

Although we were flying very low—so low that the stock in the fields were plainly frightened by the sound of the three motors and their propellers, and landing fields seemed circumscribed—we did not have any alarm. The pilot knows his business—there is a very definite confidence in Germany as to the reliability and skill of air pilots—and with the large and heavy wheels and landing gear, strong enough to break down an ordinary rail fence without damaging the airplane, we could make a safe landing. With the three motors this was not regarded as necessary. My thought at that time actually was: "Airplanes in Germany today are truly the most delightful means of transportation. There is no discomfort, no smoke, no dust. In winter the planes are heated and in summer the windows may be left open without inconvenience." At least this is what I wrote in my notes, although why I thought of dustless flying and open windows when we were flying in the rain I cannot say.

Advertising Safety

Near Schwerin we noticed a very pretty sight in the fields of goldenrod, contrasting beautifully with the green grass. We saw a wonderful castle surrounded by water, with only a bridge to connect it with the mainland. A few minutes later Lübeck was in sight and we coasted down and landed easily. This was typical of our flying over Germany.

In boarding an airplane in Germany you are given a folder in English, AIR TRAVELING IN GERMANY, which says:

> It is nonsensical to be afraid of flying! When the first railway was starting to carry passengers at a speed of about nine miles per hour, medical men testified that the celerity was injurious to health—the travelers would become insane! Twenty-five years ago a trip in a motor car was considered a risky adventure which called for a courageous man to undertake it! Today the trains are traveling at six times the speed, or more, but nobody has lost his mind yet on account of the enormous fastness. Many a business man, on the other hand, will become nervous when he notices, traveling by rail on urgent business, an aeroplane easily outdistancing his train without any shocks, without any smoke, without any fear of collision.

The same circular states that airplane fares are the same as first-class railway fares, giving the following examples:

Between Berlin and Hamburg, about $11.00.
Between Hamburg and Breslau, about $21.00.
Between Berlin and Cologne, about $17.00.
Between Cologne and Munich, about $16.00.
Between Hamburg and Amsterdam, about $15.00.

We found the air-way fares about the same as the equivalent first-class railway fares, but the former included transportation between the airdrome and our hotel. We made the journey between Paris and Berlin, about 650 miles, in about one-third the time which would have been required on the railroad, and for fifty dollars each, which is just about the same as the first-class rail fare. First-class railroad fare, you know, is much higher in Europe than in America.

Distances on the Continental air lines may be better understood when compared with equal air-line distances in the United States. The air-line distance between New York and Boston is about that between

THE WALLOPS

[*Number three of a series*]

Late for the Theatre

"Just look at the time," said Mrs. Wallop severely. "Do you know that the play has started and here you are in your bathrobe?"

"I know it, Clara," said George Wallop, "but honestly I couldn't help it. I had to let the water run for about half an hour before it got clear. It was all rusty and it runs so slowly."

"My goodness, father," said Lily, "you're always complaining about the water being rusty. Why don't you get the pipes fixed?"

"Yes, George, Lily's right. If we had some decent plumbing in this old house, you'd have all the clean water you wanted."

"Oh, hot-water pipes are all alike, they always rust, and then you get dirty water," said George.

"No, they're not, father," said Lily. "Brass ones don't rust and they don't cost much more either. The Mortons next door have just had them put in. If you replaced all our rusty ones with brass ones maybe we'd get to places on time once in a while. Just look what time it is now, father!"

"Yes, George," chimed in Clara Wallop, "just look at the time, why aren't you hurrying?"

"If you two will stop looking at your watches and move aside a little, I will," said Mr. Wallop. "I thought maybe you wanted me to replace the plumbing pipes before we went to the theatre!"

But George Wallop won't get off that easy. Lily and her mother are right and George knows it. Rusty water and low water pressure come from cheap water pipes. They should be replaced with brass ones.

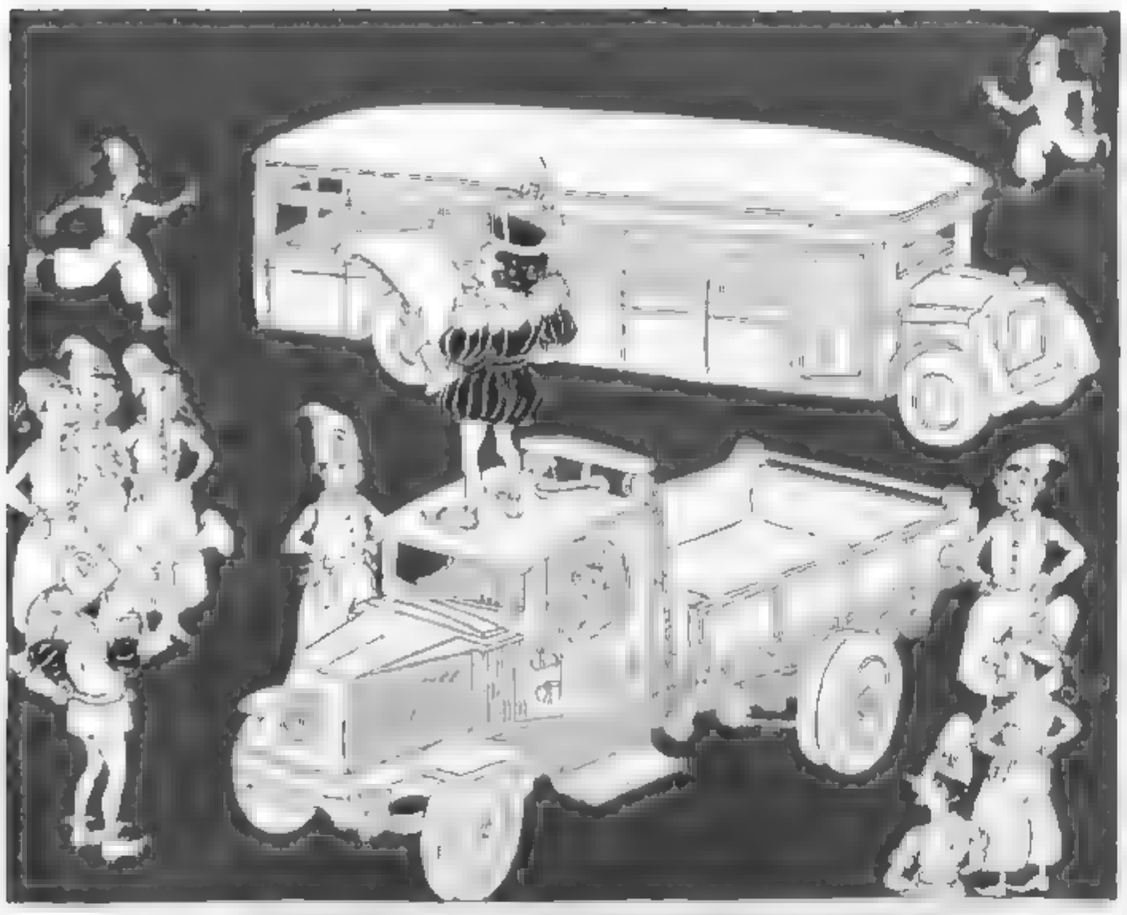
And all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead. Although it is made from a better kind of brass and produced by a special process, it is sold at competitive prices and is the only trade-marked pipe of its kind. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively cannot rust, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

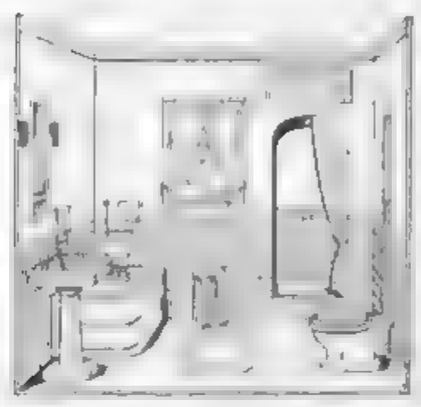
made from a special kind of

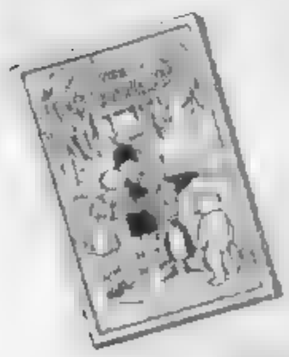
CHASE BRASS

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Inc., Waterbury, Conn.



Here's a telegram from Santa





You can get a fine story about the Tiny Arcadian toy makers. Just send us your name, address, and 4 cents to cover mailing cost.

"Listen here, Lads," shouted the Tiny Arcadian King one morning. He stood on top of a big blue Mack Dump Truck, so everybody could see and hear him. "Santa says that girls and boys all over the country are asking for more and more Arcade Toys. He wants us to make as many as we can."

So the little people are as busy as can be; pouring the melted white-hot metal from their great furnaces; fitting parts together; painting the finished toys in bright colors.

Every busy day they make hundreds of the famous Arcade Toys. There are Arcade Kitchen and Bathroom sets, for dolly's house—every piece in spotless white lacquer, and "just like mother's." There are Mack Trucks, Yellow Cabs and Coaches and A.C.F. Coaches; Buicks and Chevrolets; Fords and Fordsons; and the McCormick-Deering Farm Outfit.

Each toy is exactly like the real thing—with rubber tires, too, if you want them. And they last a long time.

Mothers, too, like Arcade Toys. They stimulate imagination; keep youngsters happy for hours.

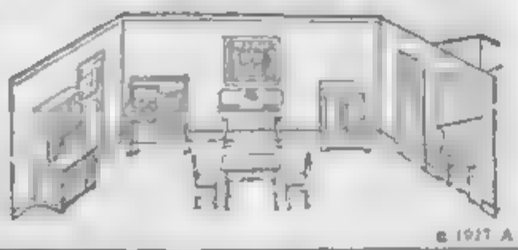
You'll find Arcade Toys at leading department stores and toy shops; or write us—we'll tell you where to get them.

ARCADE MANUFACTURING CO.

1214 Shawnee Street Freeport, Illinois

ARCADE TOYS

"They Look Real"



© 1927 A. M. Co.

London and Brussels, or Frankfort and Zurich, or Cologne and Baden-Baden. A route equivalent to that between New York and Pittsburgh would be the route between London and Cologne. The London-Paris route is about the same distance as that between Akron and Cincinnati. Our New York-San Francisco Air Mail routes may be compared with the London-to-Bagdad route, the section between Chicago and San Francisco being about equivalent to the routes between London and Constantinople.

The route between Paris and Marseilles is about the same as a direct route between Chicago and Kansas City. That from Paris to Amsterdam is about equivalent in distance to a route between Atlanta and Jacksonville. If a route were established between Los Angeles and Tulsa it would be about the equivalent of the route from Berlin to Madrid. A route between Minneapolis and Tulsa by way of Kansas City would compare in distance with the air line between Berlin and London. The distance between Chicago and Detroit is about that between Hamburg and Amsterdam. From London to Amsterdam is approximately the air-line distance between St. Louis and Memphis.

Another printed slip of information handed to prospective passengers is interesting:

Special clothing is not necessary for air travel; the clothes that would be worn on a similar trip on the ground are adequate. Dizziness which may be experienced when looking down from the top of a building is unknown in an airplane. A person is not at all affected by riding backward in a plane, as is sometimes the case in a railroad car. There is no restriction on moving freely about the cabin. Lavatory accommodations, drinking water and other conveniences are provided. Passengers are not to feel alarmed if the airplane is banked—tilted on one side—or if the pilot stops or slows down the motors, or if the airplane is taxied right up to a corner before starting; these are all in the day's work.

Germany has gained leadership in commercial aviation which it will be difficult for any other nation to overtake; it has used the airplane to build up a new national unity; it has an understanding of the stimulating and transforming possibilities of air commerce which no other nation has, and it is pressing on to their utilization.

The All-the-Year Attitude

Germany has not yet made flying profitable, measured in terms of dividends from corporations in the class of United States Steel or General Motors. The Germans are still struggling with obdurate problems of pay load and energy, which await solution in the laboratories and testing fields. Nevertheless, flying is a business in Germany; the same intangibles which sluiced capital into early American railroads long before they began to show a profit is luring sagacious German marks into the financing of air lines.

Yet Herr Merkel has full confidence in the ultimate permanence and profits of air commerce, and his is a confidence established from a wide practical experience. He likes to talk of the American development of railroad transportation, regarding which he is amazingly well informed.

This is perhaps because the wide development of the American railroads has, in the extent of territory covered, some similarity to the modern pioneering in air transportation.

"I believe commercial aviation is established in Europe," he said, "otherwise I would not be here. We are yet in aviation's childhood stage, but we are demonstrating the reliability of air commerce. The solution of some of our technical questions will certainly provide great advancement. One of the first needs of the commercial-aviation concerns was an all-the-year attitude of utilizing this new medium of commerce, and this today is the attitude of the German people toward air travel.

"The problem for America to work upon is, in my opinion, that of governmental and municipal cooperation with air-transportation companies. The airdrome should be a publicly owned utility. This simplifies greatly the requisite public aids to air commerce, such as weather and radio services, enforcement of police regulations, lighting, and so on. In the starting of civil aviation in Germany the cities shared the losses where there were any. All airplanes are now started and landed at German airdromes under police supervision.

"We have reached the points in safety and conveniences and in certainty of schedule that may be said to abolish the intangible factors of air-commerce operation. We need advancement in power efficiency so that the relation of power to pay load carried will be more satisfactory. Our next progress in commercial aviation will come through the laboratory and the testing work."

I was personally impressed with the advancement in efficiency noticeable as we flew over the twenty-three countries served by the Deutsche Luft Hansa air lines. We traveled in stormy weather, at night as well as by day, over long sea stretches in seaplanes, over mountainous territory, and all with a punctuality that rivals the best train service.

It would take a lifetime of travel on the ground to see in Europe what we saw in a summer on the Luft Hansa air lines. In fact, no one could ever see by ground travel the beauty of the Alps so quickly unrolled before the air traveler. Jacob Gould Schurman, our ambassador at Berlin, spent his vacation last summer in the Scandinavian countries, but he could not have seen in a summer what we were able to see there in a week of flying travel, in which we flew more than 3000 miles around and across the Baltic.

The Unity of Nations

And the Deutsche Luft Hansa company has undoubtedly succeeded in making air travel popular in Europe. In June of this year they had 220 planes in regular service, capable of carrying more than 35,000 passengers monthly, and every seat on all the principal lines was sold days and often weeks ahead.

A map of the air lines of this company looks like a streamer of red banners floating out from Berlin, touching almost every great city in Europe—London, Paris, Geneva, Vienna, Prague, Stockholm, Moscow, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Königsberg, and scores of others.

The passengers on these planes are not limited to the rich and the curious; every sort of people are flying, from knitting *hausfrauen* and commercial pickle salesmen to captains of finance and international ambassadors. On my trip from Berlin to Cologne I had as seat mate at different times an Italian wine seller, a director of the company, a Jewish dealer in antiques, and for a while the American ambassador, Jacob Gould Schurman. Women travel by air regularly from Cologne to Dortmund to do their shopping, and at the airports one meets one's friends and often has tea and bridge. Of course a strong appeal to passengers is the elimination of boundaries and the swiftness of travel.

For those who fly, life has already been speeded up to an incredible degree. In one month I flew across twelve or more countries, yet was only half through my contemplated trip. In July I started on the wings of the morning at three o'clock from Berlin, saw the sun rise from a far horizon, crossed Poland, breakfasted in Dantzic and was in Königsberg in time to deliver an early-morning lecture at the University of Königsberg, 400 miles from Berlin and an all-day train trip. I felt no fatigue, but by any other means of travel the average traveler's physical strength would have been exhausted.

It is inconceivable to my mind that air transportation will be diverted to war purposes by the peoples of Europe. Rather will this new means of travel and interchange

(Continued on Page 172)

Warm Hands – Smartly Dressed
in these finest of Lined Dress Gloves

The GENTLEMAN *Unlined* $3.50

A smart, unlined dress glove for early season wear. Also silk lined at $4.00

Men! You'll appreciate *The Boulevard* when the thermometer is hovering around zero. You'll appreciate the comfort of the warm, knit lining. You'll be proud of the appearance of your smartly gloved hands.

Just what you need for the cold days ahead—*The Boulevard*. A smart fitting dress glove of fine imported cape leather with "Silver-tone" or brightly colored "Polar Plaid" knit lining. Tailored by Osborn with that characteristic free and easy fit which prevents cramped and chilly fingers. They're comfortably warm on the coldest day.

You'll have no trouble finding Osborn Dealers. Osborn dress and motor gloves are now being shown by more than fifteen thousand leading merchants in all parts of the country—at prices anyone can afford.

C. D. OSBORN COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The BILTMORE $6
Fur Lined

A warm, comfortable motor glove for cold weather driving. With or without strap wrists

Osborn Gloves

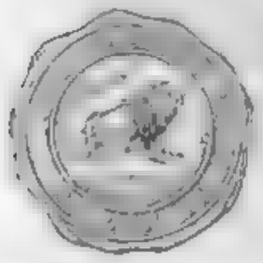
RED LION CABINET—ATWATER KENT RADIO

Words and Music~

The usefulness and beauty~
of a personal writing desk and the
luxury of a wonderful radio····

For the woman who is interested more in the sound of radio than the sight of it, we have designed this smart, *usable* desk which almost hides its world-famed Atwater Kent receiving set and speaker.

As an article of furniture, the Red Lion copyrighted Desk, with its soft toned, hand-rubbed finish of highly figured veneers, is a thing of beauty among even the most luxurious surroundings. And as for its musical qualities—it is equipped with Atwater Kent radio. Need we say more?



Expensive? Quite the opposite. Visit an Atwater Kent dealer today and ask to see the downright value Red Lion Desk Cabinets offer you in these exclusive models at $40.00 to $50.00.

With Atwater Kent Receiving Sets $94.00 to $133.00

A little higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

AN
ATWATER KENT RADIO
IN A
Red Lion Cabinet

RED LION CABINET COMPANY, RED LION, PA.

Makers of the famous Red Lion Furniture

(Continued from Page 170)

be the method of uniting nations which otherwise could never be brought together. President Wilson's dream of a League of Nations grows more real as we consider that we are forwarded to such union by the demands of science in this air age. The destruction of races may have a dramatic appeal to the youthful imagination, just as the utilization of aircraft may appeal to youth in connection with a world war, but the sober judgment of the older and more mature minds must bring understanding of the fruitlessness of such a course. It has required these new inventions of today to turn the minds of men from courses of destruction to those of production.

After riding more than 20,000 miles in these swift, easy planes, and gossiping with German *Hausfrauen* flying to some neighboring city on an afternoon shopping tour, conversing in the air with German, French and Swiss business men, and watching the air-line management in its cold preoccupation with factors of profit and loss, I am convinced of two things: That aviation already is affecting the economic life of Germany so that it will make its own way as a paying business, now that the German people as a nation have taken to the air; also that, regardless of its more remote purposes at the start, it has developed into an instrument of peace and progress which will lessen, rather than augment, any military designs of the German nation. There is a priceless by-product of wider state and communal welfare in air commerce, which, in my opinion, will vastly lessen the chances of world conflict in years to come.

An ant obviously has a narrower world perspective than an eagle. I thought of this as we flew over the Ruhr from France into Germany. Viewed from aloft, the vast interlocking industrial, technical and transport systems of Europe give an impression of economic unity obliterating political boundaries which is unattainable from the ground. It is hard to keep in mind a clear concept of national entities in this swift passage over factories, mines, railroads, canals, forests and farms. I found other passengers who acknowledged the same thoughts. I mention this in view of what I believe to be the importance of aviation in bringing about a new world outlook among insular and highly nationalistic peoples. This was one of the most vivid impressions of my journey.

All Under One Wing

The social and economic changes already observable as the result of aviation in Europe are incalculable and can only be suggested here. A scattering of small countries with high tariff walls and latent hatreds and enmities was one of the unhappy heritages of the Versailles Treaty. Fortunately these barriers are invisible from the skies, and the big booming air liners go shuttling over them, weaving a pattern of new understanding, banishing insularity and prejudice, building up economic interdependence—surest safeguard against war—and fusing old antipathies in the unfailing solvent of daily business intercourse.

This is the beginning of the realization of the immediate future—a barrierless Europe. I thought of this as I flew from Berlin through the pacific calm of a midsummer day, when in four hours I crossed the boundaries of four European countries. Air transportation, symbolic of the startling change which the social structure of the world has undergone in one generation, is yet to be begun in America, and perhaps that is why we are not appreciative of its importance as a peaceful instrument in world progress. The airplane of commerce is one of the indications that the politician is being succeeded by the scientist in making over boundaries and changing countries.

There have been two main impulsions to the development of aviation in Europe: One has been the newly attained commercial utility of aircraft, and the other, its use in increasing and maintaining the unity of colonial empires of European countries.

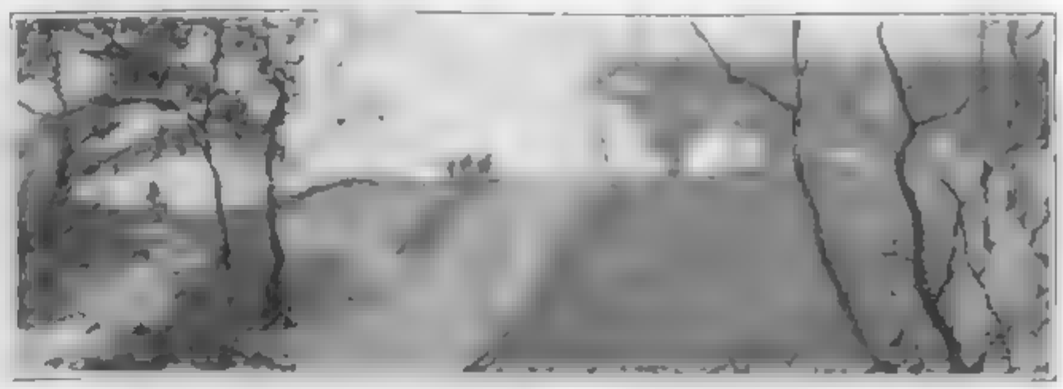
In France and England the emphasis still is on the subsidized government routes to the colonies. As in Germany and other European countries, Italian bankers and financiers have now put their stamp of approval on flying and are investing in the new lines. The Imperial Airways, Limited, is sending planes from the mother country to the farthest reaches of the empire, with a shrewd realization that here is a providential means of keeping all her chickens under one wing.

The Air Commuter

Mussolini, in my opinion the most alert man in Europe, has announced that he is going to get every Italian into the air. Nero used to take about half a day to commute fourteen miles from his country villa at Anzio. Mussolini, who is a pilot and takes the wheel of his own plane, covers the twenty miles from his summer home at Nettuno to his office in Rome in about half an hour, including the drives to and from the flying fields. Italy, consequently, at the crossroads of the great European air routes, is fostering commercial and military aviation with all the resources at her command. The projected line from Milan to Munich, across the Alps, will be the most interesting and one of the best in Europe.

Seeing Europe from the sky—virtually all of it, for in our 20,000-mile journey there were only four countries which we did not fly through or over—I have a profound conviction that aviation is essentially an agency of peace and not of war. For example, a little French shopkeeper flew with us from Paris to Berlin. The next day I found him in a quaint little German café, laboriously trying to explain a French joke to the German wholesaler with whom he was doing business. He finally got the point over and they both laughed uproariously. I saw innumerable little incidents like this. In their bearing on great human and racial equations are they not more significant than all the evasive and disingenuous language of diplomacy?

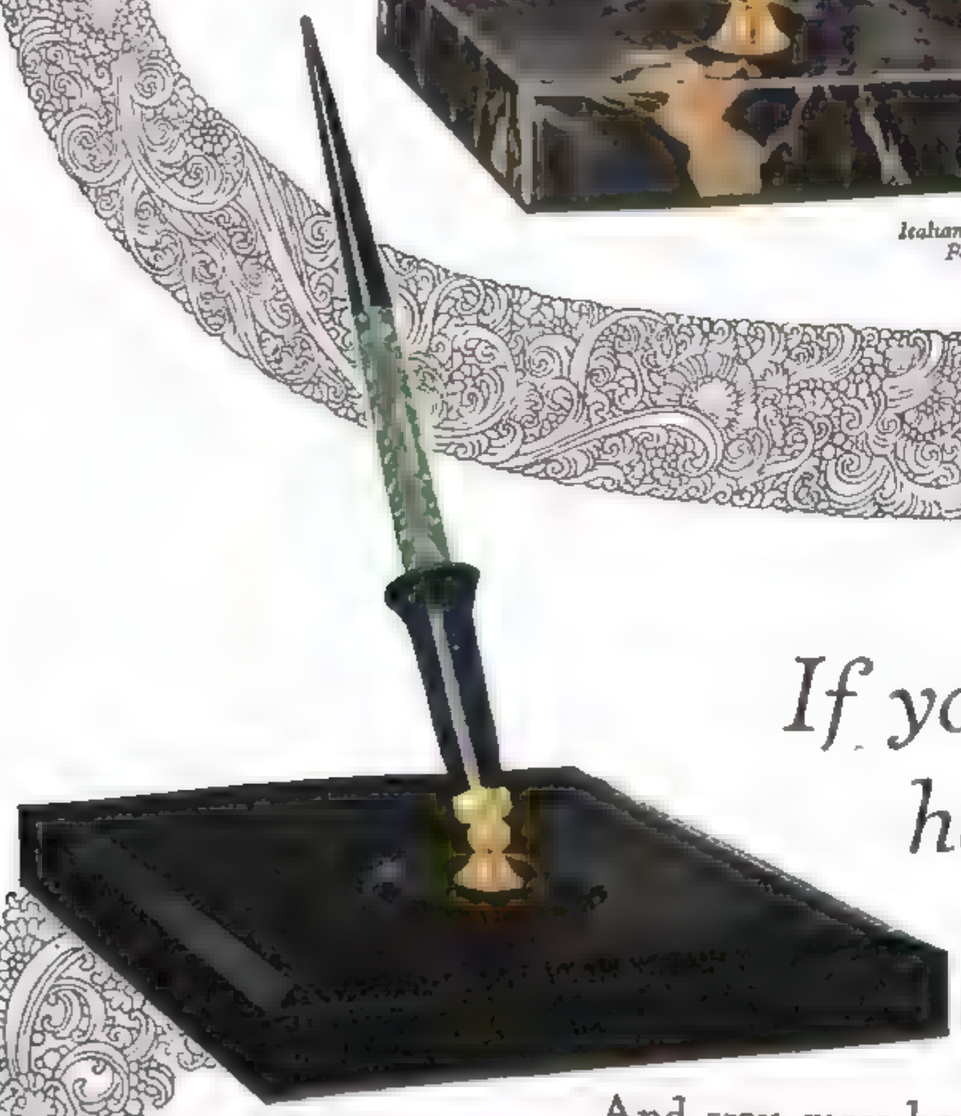
All Europe is more or less alert to the tremendous significance of commercial aviation, but it has been left to the Deutsche Luft Hansa company to make it a practical business organization. And, after all, the world moves forward, whether on wheels or on wings, propelled by that strong underlying motive, commercial success. America, the birthplace of the airplane, and, as we fondly feel, the home of success, can take a very profitable lesson from this intensive German organization. Not so much as a matter of rivalry; not so much, we hope, as a need for military self-defense; but purely from our love for the swift, colorful means of intercommunication, and for getting and keeping for our people the best there is on land or sea or in the air.



Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $35

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Oval Crystal Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $16.50



Jet Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $15

If your finest gift has the little white dot it's a genuine Lifetime

And you may be just as proud of its beauty and worth as a fine violinist of his Stradivarius. Masterpieces! We pioneered the desk-set, as we did the Radite pen (jade is Sheaffer color), and our outstanding success with it has made it one of the eagerly cherished art-creations of the day. If you want the original Lifetime*, be sure the pens have the little white dots.

Onyx or Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, $11

At better dealers' everywhere

Blue Label Leads 15 cents

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IT CAN BE yours, it should be yours! Get and keep yourself physically and mentally fit and the zest for life will be yours. Keeping fit is largely a matter of exercise and a sensible, nourishing diet.

The best diet for old and young alike includes a liberal daily allowance of pure, rich bottled milk. Authorities all say that milk is nature's greatest tonic and health food. It builds rich, red blood and makes you glad to be alive. Drink at least a quart of milk a day — drink it at mealtime and between meals, too.

Leading dairies everywhere deliver clean, wholesome milk in sanitary glass bottles.

Glass Container Association of America,
New York, N. Y.

A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

Always use bottled milk in cooking. Fresh, rich bottled milk imparts to foods that savory, delightful richness

See What You Buy — BUY IN GLASS

THE JOINTED ACCOUNT

(Continued from Page 21)

sat it out, and at its close, what had Mrs. Zubler said? In the midst of the other's gusty assurances of a speedy return, she had turned to Amos and had observed, "I ain't sure but what it's another picket loose in back there." Yes, if she hadn't! And she had smiled as she said it.

Well, he would look for that loose picket tomorrow night. Indeed he would. And if Boaz appeared, he would set it out again. It would be less miserable just to sit there, looking on, than not to be sitting and looking at all. It would be his cousin's last night for a while, anyway; his valise was already partially packed. And, of course, Boaz would have no serious intentions; had he not boasted always that no mere female would ever trick him into wasting his substance upon her? But—and Amos' feet flagged here—Susie Zubler was no mere female!

The following night Amos did find a couple of loose pickets and he did set out the evening. Again Mrs. Zubler bantered with Boaz and smiled at Amos. Oh, yes, she did! So much so that he himself smiled intermittently at the moon and the stars and the pleasant trees along the pathway home.

His smile vanished abruptly, however, when, once within the lighted house, Boaz began unpacking his valise. Amos' large hulk went slack; the shirt of which he had just divested himself hung at half mast from his limp fingers.

"Well, what's a matter of you?" Boaz darted a self-conscious glance toward his relative while his fingers raked forth a confusion of collars, handkerchiefs and hosiery. "You better set down if you're goin' to bawl. I never seen a growned person looked so much like a baby anyhow."

Amos sat down. "Ain't you goin' on the city?"

"I changed off my mind," announced Boaz briskly. "I got important business here till a while yet."

Amos had to know. "Was it somepin in the nature of priwate business?" Unconsciously his head drooped toward the Zubler domain.

"Well, priwate ——" temporized Boaz, then suddenly laughed harshly. "Priwate oncet? Do you think a body can have anything priwate around here with another party taggin' clost against him all the time?"

No, Amos did not think. He could not. He merely sat.

"Well," Boaz snapped the valise smartly. "Why ain't you undressing your clothes? Was you setting up all night or what?"

Amos undressed

"I tell you one thing how it makes with me," Boaz remarked more pacifically: "Such an insurance agent stopped by a couple days back and he got me to making a thought fur myself. He says where a man after he is aged forty his expectations fur living run down on him. After forty it's only 10 per cent of folks can expect to live up to eighty-nine years or such." Amos stared. "Well, you got forty on your last birthday, ain't you?"

Amos stood in shrouding night garment, his question-ridden eyes mournfully upon his cousin.

"Can't you anyhow see how that makes with me, then?" cried Boaz impatiently. "Now you got a sooner expectation of dying on me, ain't I got to be looking a little out fur a younger party to live by? Ain't that reasonable?"

Amos might have retorted that it was not so reasonable, after all, considering that Boaz was older than himself by three years; but with the sentence of death thus passed upon him he turned heavily about and sought his bed.

Of course he would go no more to the Widow Zubler's; no woman had ever resisted Boaz; no woman ever would or could; Boaz himself had said so. Anyway, it would be too painful to go there now.

But it was more painful to stay away. It was so painful that it was impossible. Less than an hour after Boaz had departed upon the following evening, Amos found himself prowling about the pickets of beloved memory. Finally he went heavily toward the sound of voices upon the front porch and heavily lowered himself to the top step.

"I was wondering anyhow where you was!" cried the widow merrily—oh, so merrily. "It didn't seem just natural, someway, without youse."

"I guess you ain't remembering that old saying," sliced Boaz sharply, "two kin be company yet, but three is crowded."

"Och, I don't set no store by them old axles," declared Mrs. Zubler.

Boaz's heels scraped raucously. The joints of his chair complained.

"Don't be settin' onto the floor that way. You might ketch you a rheumatism," remarked the widow solicitously. "Now what was we talkin'? Och, yes; your trip. Well, then ——"

But Boaz said nothing.

"What fur other pleasure seeking was you planning to do?" prodded Mrs. Zubler.

"I ain't going on no trip," Boaz said sulkily.

"But you was just telling me ——"

"He's going into my place."

Mrs. Zubler turned and looked at Amos. Amos turned and looked at Boaz. Boaz looked at the Milky Way.

"Well, why wouldn't he? I been every year. It's his turn, ain't it?"

"But I ——" gasped Amos.

"But he ——" chorused the widow.

"Well!" rasped Boaz. "You ain't got no real reason for staying here, have you?"

"I ain't got no real reason ——" repeated Amos numbly.

Momentous pause ensued.

"Of course and to be sure, if he ain't got no real reason ——" the widow tilted her small nose also toward the Milky Way and huffed her skirts about her, thus looking exceedingly like a ruffled Pekingese.

There was less reason, Amos felt dismally, as the evening progressed and Mrs. Zubler's smile strayed less and less often his way. Oh, much less when Boaz remarked with jocular significance:

"And I guess if you go boarding your Uncle Matt Zubler through the camp meeting all, he wouldn't have objections of giving a free wedding in the family that way?"

There was no reason at all, Amos was despairingly sure at its close when, as they rose to go, the hostess turned to him and remarked crisply, "And you'll be traveling soon, I guess."

"Tomorrow night a'ready," Boaz answered for him.

Tomorrow night! One day more! And such a day! Amos had never been to the city, and now to be pitched into its unknown terrors on less than twenty-four hours' notice!

He kept standing about and turning about, accomplishing nothing. His feet got in his way, his hands got in his way, the whole of him got in Boaz's way.

"Now, I am tending to everything," Boaz kept assuring him. "All you have got to do is to pack yourself into that walise there and git yourself to the train."

Indeed, Boaz was unexpectedly kind and patient, and once mildly humorous. "You want to look a little out, now, and not drownd yourself. Pfeifferheffer's got one them stylish bathtubs where you sit as a whole at—white like a sink yet. I bet you'll be settin' in it in place of tendin' to business."

"But I got to be gitting my rounded-trip ticket!" cried Amos. "And I ain't got but five dollars and forty cents in cash money."

"Ain't we got a jointed account?" Boaz hustled out of the door. "You git to the train and I'll git there with the ticket."

"But I want the feel of hard money around me!" Amos bellowed after him. "Draw me a fifty out anyhow!"

Amos got to the station and walked the platform. He walked until two minutes before the departure of the train, and Boaz had not yet appeared. "And it wouldn't kreistle me none if he wouldn't," Amos said aloud. "I got me a reason now fur wanting to stop behind. A real reason fur."

For in the meantime a curious thing had happened, a most touching thing. A shoe box had been thrust into his hand by one of his own clerks.

Boaz pointed to it at once when he at last came panting up. "What's in that there?" he demanded.

"Wittles," Amos smiled hugely.

"Wittles off of who?"

But there was no need to ask. The lush mustache blew sidewise on a sudden puff of acute distaste.

"I'll be coming back insides a week," Amos banged up the steps.

"We will see oncet if you will," muttered Boaz to the distempered mustache. Nevertheless, he raced along by the side of the train, repeating directions:

"Ast anybody! Grove Hotel! Don't hire street car—only twelve, fourteen blocks ——"

Amos found the Grove Hotel easily enough—easily, that is, considering that he had sat upright throughout a muggy, cindery night—his chair didn't seem to be built on the reclining order as did the others—easily, considering that the day was unusually warm and considering that the twelve, fourteen blocks lengthened to eighteen. Amos finally surveying through a steam of perspiration the newly painted sign upon a weather-beaten structure,

GROVE HOTEL
REGULARS AND TRANSIENTS
TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR

reflected gratefully that behind the narrow, warped porch was the bathtub of blessed promise. He mounted the steps and stood within an empty office.

He stood, flanked by valise and shoe box, looking at one inner door, then the other. Did one knock? Or did one simply wait for ——

"Well," stated a deep contralto behind him, "I ain't hearing you bell."

Amos started and turned about. A woman in the door was eying him suspiciously. She was a small woman, but her chin was of sufficient strength to uphold even a barytone. It might have been called her advance agent; it preceded, noticeably, the rest of her anatomy.

"I didn't bell," confessed Amos. His serious eyes widened with sudden alarm. "Ain't Pfeifferheffer running the place yet?"

She chuckled briefly. "I'm managing this place," she stated succinctly.

"Ain't he anywheres around?" cried Amos in panic.

"Oh, yes, he's around. But what do you want anyhow? Our business is mealers. If you want a room and your meals ——"

"I want to see Pfeifferheffer," perspired Amos.

"Well, then, take a look at him oncet," invited the woman with something of grim humor.

Pfeifferheffer indeed stood at that moment upon the threshold. He was a good-natured-looking man who appeared larger than he was because of his slow and ponderous movements. He smiled with slow recognition and slowly but cordially came forward, extending his hand. "Well, well! But it ain't Boaz this time. Whatever ——"

"I can't git it out of him what he wants," stated the voice behind them.

"I want to board a bill out," said Amos.

"A bill oncet?" the voice leaped to mezzo-soprano. "What fur bill? We ain't running no bills ever."

The fingers which still clasped Amos' hand convulsed. Amos turned from the

(Continued on Page 176)

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woman to Pfeifferheffer; the latter's eyes were wide with desperation.

"Meet missus," he warned.

So Pfeifferheffer had his third! And the bill Amos comprehended the delicacy of the situation. How could he, now, convey to the third that she was to furnish him board in payment for the coffin of the first?

The two large men gripped fingers in a fraternal handclasp of despond and stared down upon the small woman whose chin had now advanced to within striking distance of Pfeifferheffer's chest.

"Ain't I told you a'ready I don't give my countenance to this here bill running? Now"—the chin set toward Amos—"look oncet what you get for it. What is this bill anyway?"

"It's fur a long time back," fumbled Amos; then added with gallant inspiration, "I run a general store in Yingstown - sell everything ——"

"Them Yingstown days!" hissed the lady.

Pfeifferheffer's hand dropped limply. "Got a nice room fur you. Next the bath," he murmured gratefully, and led the way toward the stairs.

"I'm seeing to this here room," said the lady and led the way to the rear of the first floor.

It was a small room next the kitchen. But it was clean and neat. Amos gazed thankfully at the stout door which closed upon the third Mrs. Pfeifferheffer, and after a moment of polite delay, locked it. There was another door which led directly into the side yard, and he was grateful for this also.

He thought with yearning of the bathtub. But of course one does not confide to a strange female that he needs a bath—particularly if the female happens to be Mrs. Pfeifferheffer. When he saw Mr. Pfeifferheffer alone —— Amos lowered the shade, and not without blushing furiously in the direction of the shoe box, took a sponge.

That shoe box, now. It was imperative that he return to Yingstown as soon as possible; he must not miss a day. He must take the early train to the city—but what about funds? For Boaz, to his intense surprise and dismay, had thrust into his hand as he climbed the train steps only a ticket—a single-way ticket, at that! And if he waited for the Groveland bank to open in the morning, he would lose substantially the entire day; for he had had the further shock of learning that this small community was in reality a rural town some considerable distance from the city, rather than a suburb, as Boaz had so elegantly phrased it. If he could see Pfeifferheffer alone ——

This apparently simple matter proved unexpectedly difficult, however. Mrs. Pfeifferheffer had spoken truth when she had stated that she was managing the place; she was managing it with such efficiency that she managed to be in all parts of it at once, it seemed. In the gloaming, however, he descried from his window Mr. Pfeifferheffer crossing the side yard and immediately skulked after him.

"Could I borrow the lend of five dollars off you?" he hoarsely demanded. "This here's a check made out from our jointed account "

Mr. Pfeifferheffer stared at the small slip in considerable surprise. "But ain't you packing nothing by you?"

"I ain't even got a rounded trip," confessed Amos. "But you know our firm "

"I know it like it used to was," specified Mr. Pfeifferheffer.

"It's more so now," declared Amos. A clank of metal sounded from the kitchen steps. Once more the two drew close in the Ancient Order of Protective Males.

"You done me a good turn awhile back," murmured Mr. Pfeifferheffer, thrust into the other's hand a bill and turned away.

"Another thing," implored Amos desperately: "A bath now. Could I ——"

"Our baths is fifty cents exter," the bride and a garbage pail clanked upon them from the rear.

"Och, now ——" began Pfeifferheffer.

"Fifty cents exter we charge fur a bath, each and every," stated the hostess.

Fifty cents fur water yet! Just only water! Amos lifted his feet heavily and heavily got him to his room.

Somewhat unstrung by the unkind fate which had brought him so innocently under the suspicion of both his host and hostess, Amos fell to puzzling sorely once more over his cousin's dereliction in regard to the ticket and the ready funds. There was no solution to the puzzle any more than there seemed to be to the intricacy of the map which he presently spread forth once more and studied assiduously.

"Just like a thousand of them crossed-word puzzles all puzzled up together," he groaned aloud. If he should get lost in that strange, tangling web upon the morrow!

But he did not get lost either upon the morrow or upon the days which followed. Indeed, he was unexpectedly gratified over the ease with which he transacted the affairs in hand. Once launched upon business he was upon familiar ground; he knew the goods he wished to buy, the prices he was willing to pay and the size of the orders he wanted to place. He even shopped about a cautious bit; he canceled dealings with two of the firms with which they had dealt for years; he wondered with mild surprise over certain blunders which Boaz had always made.

Now, early in the afternoon of the fourth day, his business concluded, he was returning for the last time to the doubtful hospitality of the Grove Hotel. True, he had but sixty cents in his purse, but in his pocket was a resplendent tie for Boaz and pressed close to his side upon the trolley seat was an adroit gift for Mrs. Zubler—none other than the shoe box filled with bonbons from the bewildering array in a variety store. Remained only to induce Mr. Pfeifferheffer to accompany him to the Groveland bank, there to tap the joint account for his return ticket and for payment of the loan from his host. That ticket now. Once more his serious blue eyes puzzled sorely. Surely a letter would be awaiting him from Boaz explaining everything. It was strange that he had had no word whatsoever from Boaz.

Mr. Pfeifferheffer was, indeed, toying with a letter as Amos entered the office, but his expression as he stared at Amos over the top of it was such as to stop the latter in his tracks

"Why, it ain't nobody dead, was it?" faltered Amos.

His host started to shake his head, then stopped. "Your account's dead, anyway," he compromised, still regarding Amos with that lifeless expression.

Amos took the slip of paper. "No funds?" he exclaimed sharply.

"No funds," echoed Pfeifferheffer.

"No funds!" Mrs. Pfeifferheffer arrowed, of course, through the door at that moment.

Amos' sloggy feet bore him about in erratic parabola. "But it was more than a thousand in, the day behind the trip," he said numbly, "and it wasn't no reason on hand fur him to spend it out."

"Now," triumphed Mrs. Pfeifferheffer over her lord in contralto forte, "mebbe you'll whistle till a while yet fur that five you handled out so glib."

Mr. Pfeifferheffer started. "What fur five?"

Mrs. Pfeifferheffer tapped her auricular organ. "What do you guess these here are fur?" To Amos she announced in warning accent, "It's just one day more of board owing to that coffin."

Mr. Pfeifferheffer lit from his chair. "What fur coffin?"

Mrs. Pfeifferheffer withdrew from the pocket of her dress an envelope with a familiar letterhead. "Do you guess," she inquired coldly, "I am eating a boarder days in and days out without checking up on why I am eating him?"

(Continued on Page 179)

FIGHT *Dangerous* COLD *with* Pines *Automatic* Winterfront

In this way you side-step 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear

ENGINEERS have found that 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear occurs between September and April. Tests prove that this damage begins when temperature reaches 60° Fahrenheit. That's when cold—your motor's worst enemy—strikes its first blow.

"Over-choking" warns you!

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces are washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are exposed to grinding friction. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which *cold alone* is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature—keeps cold out—ends heat waste—automatically

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Important—When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters start to close, and are fully closed while your motor is hot. Thus you are certain always of complete motor protection. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

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Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Remember—it's *automatic*. Insist on getting the original for this reason. Cold is too serious a menace to take chances with. Winterfront results are possible only because it is *automatic*. *Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada.* Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

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The only shutter that assures you timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold

The only shutter that automatically eliminates the boiling danger—a danger that always exists when the radiator is completely covered by makeshift methods. You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*.

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"My cousin wrote to you a'ready and he ain't to me!" gasped Amos.

"It's one thing fur certain," acidulated the bride; "this here has learned me a lesson. I will buy me my own coffin till a while yet. This here is one wife you ain't burying away on the installments anyhow."

Mr. Pfeifferheffer groaned. Amos' groanings were unutterable. He went out upon the porch, sat down upon the edge of it and soaked his tormented head between his palms.

A young man with predatory green eye came tapping smartly along, stopped, gazed at Amos and inquired hopefully, "Any trouble?"

Amos curdled like a worm under trample and said nothing. The young man went inside.

"No funds!" Amos heard Mrs. Pfeifferheffer snap.

"Now, looky here," he heard Mr. Pfeifferheffer in aroused accents, "this ain't nothing to print out in the newspaper. That feller's a friend of mine."

Amos went slowly around the house and entered his room. Thither repaired Mr. Pfeifferheffer.

"Look here," he said. "What's a matter of wiring off a telegram?"

Amos clutched his limp pocketbook. "If it wouldn't cost too expensive."

"Now brace up oncet," urged Mr. Pfeifferheffer as they rounded the corner of the house. "This ain't no affairs of life and death."

"It's some things in life more painful toward what death is," retorted Amos gloomily. The young man just leaving the office again stopped short. Once more his green-apple eye cramped hopefully upon Amos

Amos sent the telegram and turned from the desk with ten cents in his pocket.

"Tomorrow morning you'll be gitting the answer at," encouraged Mr. Pfeifferheffer.

"I'm going to make sure of somepin anyhow," muttered Amos and spent four of his ten cents for stamps. With them he dispatched letters to two of his friends. Had Boaz been struck by mortal illness? If so, or if not, kindly dispatch him funds by the next mail.

He received no telegram, no letter, the next day nor the next. Upon the evening of the second day the tail of a poignant conversation whipped faintly through his open window:

"Dopple! Ain't I knowing I got to keep him? If he oncet gits loose from us we ain't ever gitting nothing. It's a slim chancet anyway, if you ask me. I'll cut him down on the wittles anyway. One egg fur his breakfast he will git, and a pullet at that."

"Och, he will be gitting him a letter tomorrow. It suspicions me but what his cousin is keeping him off for some such a reason. That Boaz was always a ——"

Amos heard no more. Those concluding words stuck in his ears, stopped them, stopped his mind, turned it in upon itself, there to mill round and round that suspicion of Pfeifferheffer's until it became a semiconviction of his own. Could it be that Boaz wanted to keep him off? If he did, Amos knew the reason! Once more he saw his cousin's distraught eye as it had lit upon the shoe box; once more he heard words, phrases, incriminating now in the light of recent dour events. Then—and this hoisted Amos upright upon the bed—if Boaz was afraid to have him about, there must be some real grounds for his fear! He must—he must get back to Yingstown, and at once. But how?

In the afternoon of the next day there was a letter from Boaz. Amos wrenched it open with a violence which tore its single page. It was a friendly letter, a chatty letter. Camp meeting had commenced the day before. This one and that one were in town. Preacher Matt Zubler was conducting the opening meetings. The weather was good. Business was brisk. And cheerily concluded the letter: "Everything is all right here. Stop off as long as you feel for."

Preacher Zubler was conducting the meetings. And what else would he conduct while there? A free wedding? Amos crushed the treacherous missive into his pocket, leaned his tormented head against a pillar of the porch and looked as only those on the verge of dissolution can look.

Mr. Pfeifferheffer, tacking a bit of bunting upon a wagon, called out, "Now don't discourage yourself too much. It's another mail tonight. You'll be gitting a letter off them two others."

"No," said Amos, "I won't." And muttered cryptically, "Boaz runs the post office."

"Och, well, change off your mind and come oncet on the picnic." The other eyed him with kind solicitude. "Everybody's going. It'll be plenty of wittles and a jolly time will be had by all." This latter phrase inspired, possibly, by the young reporter who came up smartly at the moment, his penetrating eye upon Amos.

Picnic? Amos groaned. He eyed the reporter glassily and with face of doom strode through the merry villagers.

He strode to the outskirts of the town, to the grove which gave the place its name. He became conscious then that the day was sultry and that he had walked very fast. By a sort of instinct, perhaps, he drew almost at once to that natural affinity of his, the water. At first he surged restlessly up and down the bank of the small river which twisted in a double loop through the grove; then sat down in a sizable clearing under the pleasant trees and gazed at the water.

How cool and clean it looked. How clean! He had a sudden fancy, not unreasonable perhaps, that the grime of the city had slimed him over, had incased him with all his troubles. He would lave it away! He would.

There was no one about. Besides, had not Pfeifferheffer said that everyone was going to the picnic supper? Anyway, he did not care. He divested himself of his outer garments, folded them and laid them with his hat upon the bank. His watch and his purse containing his remaining six cents and the key to his room he placed in his shoes and secreted them cautiously within a hazel copse. He was reckless and lawless now. He was going to have that bath. He didn't care who ——

A crow shrieked. His innate modesty rammed him like a cold barb in the pit of his stomach. He scuttled into the copse. He emerged, trembling, and decided to risk no further disrobement. He waded out in his nether garments.

How good—how good it felt, that cool water calmly flowing, steadily flowing over his large white body! He dived, he floated, he swam up the river, he drifted down. It did cool him, it did steady him; it even washed away some of his hot, slow anger against Boaz. But it did not wash away that determination to get back to Yingstown as soon as possible. Even though it might impair temporarily the credit of the firm, he would apply that very afternoon to one of the wholesalers for aid—that one with the human-looking wart upon his thumb. Surely Pfeifferheffer would loan him the price of a telephone message. He must get to Pfeifferheffer, though, before he started on the picnic. He swam strongly up the river toward his clothing.

He swam around a bend and a pink thing fluttered upright from the bank. A shrill scream rent the air. Amos dived. Amos dived, steered around the bend and emerged, wide-eyed and snorting, for air.

"I tell you, I did see it. Something big and white ——"

"Aw, an animal ——"

"No, it didn't have no hair on. Down that way ——"

"Come on, then. Let's find it."

They did not find it. Amos, rising from the deep some fearful time later, had taken hag-ridden precaution that they did not. But it was imperative now more than ever that he get up the river to his clothing. He drew to a tree-girt cove, rested his trembling limbs, then took upstream once more, tacking cannily from one copse-hung spot to another. He thus neatly evaded the pink vampire and her companions who were so ruthlessly harrying after his quivering person. Now if he could ——

But he could not. A hundred yards below his objective his head tautened, turtlewise. A shout? Shouts? Laughter? He pulled himself up by the bushes; he peered through them; he glimpsed bunting. In that very clearing in which he had so recently sat, the picnic party had alighted and were now darting and buzzing about like bright-colored hornets. And beyond them—just beyond, secreted from them by only a screen of foliage—his clothing. Amos loosed the bushes; he all but sank to rise no more.

He could not flank them to the rear; to outflank a Sunday-school picnic is an impossible feat, never accomplished in the history of the world. No, the water was his only refuge. But, piteously, he was a terrestrial animal, and a terrestrial animal cannot remain indefinitely in the water. He dared not venture upon the land; he could not remain in the water. His hunted eyes sought the heavens above, the water beneath and the opposite shore. The opposite shore!

It was some years before Amos could view a river without spasmodically twitching one eye then the other over either shoulder, but he did eventually make the farther shore and he did, by process slow and tortuous, prowl through the jungle to a point of espionage opposite the picnickers. Blue smoke plumed above them; festive cloths had been laid; he could see the merry villagers dropping into their places. He could even see a tall figure standing at the end with hands upraised in benediction. From force of habit Amos also dropped his head, but the beneficence of the blessing did not seem to reach his dripping form. At least he had barely raised his head when he was smitten with the gloomy realization that the festivity would probably continue on into the night. There was an early moon and the air was peculiarly picnic air, warm and mellow. It would continue for hours! Amos fell back upon the lush, warm grass and dozed and slept.

He awoke suddenly to an impression of tumult; yet when he sat up he was aware of a profound hush. The picnickers had gone! Curious! It was still midtwilight; there was the moon, just rising. Amos stood up. No; from down the stream came faint voices. And oars? Oars! He was still a hunted creature then. He rushed to the river and struck out purposefully.

He emerged, his underwear once more a dripping cerement, and scrabbled up the bank. His clothing was not there! It was not there. He said the words aloud and still he did not believe them. In panic he wrenched aside the hazel bushes; his relief upon beholding his shoes was such as to send him quivering weakly to his knees. In frantic haste he laced them on, as though they, too, might yet escape him. But his clothing —— Surely this should be far from a Sunday-school picnic, this rape of a man's clothing.

Hunting about like a sheeted ghost from one naked tree to another, clawing, plucking at any object, seeking solace and finding none, Amos came severally upon a hat with a feather, a woman's coat and a picnic basket. He tried to struggle into the coat; it was too small for him, but he clutched it to him anyway—it was a garment! The hat was of no consolation whatever; but finally, when all hope was gone, he harried back after the basket, groped in it, brought forth a bun and a jar of pickles and devoured them with melancholy relish.

When the moon had set and the street lights were out, he would get back to his room somehow. He had to! He hovered for some time in the edge of the grove; then began tacking by tortuous degrees from one fence post to another. Across meadows, pasture lands, glided the ample ghost-white figure like a tutelary genius of the fields; and came at last to a straw stack in the environs of the town. There for hours he lurked. (Continued on Page 181)

So You'll Know That Your Chairs Will Be "Seen But Not Heard"

The man who whistles while he works may be a great fellow in a logging camp—but he just wouldn't do in an office. The chair that screeches an angry protest every time you swing around is a disturber of office peace and harmony—a thief of business profits.

Time was when the only way to eliminate "chair music" was via the laborious route of regular lubrication—and who (if the rugs could stand it) ever found time to attend to that? But now it's a far simpler matter to just buy a chair (any Sikes model) that never needs oiling, yet revolves easily and noiselessly for years.

The Sikes Self Oiling Revolving Mechanism is another of those efficiency giving innovations that make Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs the choice of big business—and business that hopes to be big. A chilled steel pivot which carries the weight of the chair operates in a bath of lubricant—revolving with the smoothness, ease and silence of the jewel bearing of a watch. The lubricant, being in an enclosed well, cannot escape, and under ordinary conditions should last for from fifteen to twenty years.

Every Sikes Revolving Chair is equipped with this remarkable self-lubricating iron. See the nearest Sikes dealer—and look for the tag on the chair arm. Then you'll be sure that the chair you buy will be "seen but not heard."

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Now from Switzerland

A "Pick-up" drink for America

Quick stimulation for busy people . . . peps you up when you feel "all in" . . . in a natural way

WE OFFER YOU A 3-DAY TEST!

Do you have "let-downs" during the day . . . times when your mind and body turn logy and drowsy—in spite of yourself?

Seven out of ten people do. Thus they are handicapped by slowed-down energy and lack of pep!

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is a delicious new food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. You have the energy to carry you through the day and the evening's social activities. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

Cause of Loginess—How Ovaltine Overcomes It

Nine times out of ten mental and physical "let-downs" are due to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both.

Delicious Ovaltine quickly overcomes this trouble. This is why: First—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Third—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Quick assimilation follows, which is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Your mind clears and your body responds. You become alert, both mentally and physically.

Doctors Recommend It

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for sleeplessness, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged. Note our 3-day offer below.

Ends Afternoon "Let-Downs"

A cup of Ovaltine at your desk, or at a soda fountain, keeps you "hitting on all six" all day. M. A. Chaffie says:

"I feel that Ovaltine is one of the wisest investments I ever made. I have felt better since taking Ovaltine and have more pep."

M. A. Chaffie
Lake Odessa, Mich

Fresh For Social Activities

A delicious cup of Ovaltine brings newfound energy that outlasts the day. N. E. Rice relates:—

"I didn't have any pep until I tried Ovaltine. It is one of the best builders I have ever tried, and I have found something that will keep me full of pep."

N. E. Rice
Wheeling, W. Va

Whenever You Feel Tired

Drink a glass of Ovaltine. Served at leading fountains. It gives new pep almost instantly. As Howard Courtad states:—

"I took Ovaltine for a general run-down condition and noticed that after a week's trial I had more pep and energy. You may quote me as an [illegible] subscriber to the Ovaltine way to good health."

Howard Courtad
Cleveland, Ohio

A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

The Wander Company, Dept. P-8
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. Print name and address clearly.

Name

Address

(One package to a person)

(Continued from Page 179

Midnight murk came down upon the town at last, and so did Amos. Holding the woman's coat before him like the shield of an ancient Roman, he slithered by devious route into the side yard of the Grove Hotel and with shaking fingers raked at the lock with his key. The shaking was due not so much to the night coolness as to a grisly realization which had attacked him during the last horrific spurt: If he had been helpless without funds, how much more helpless would he henceforth be with neither funds nor clothing!

He stepped within, softly closed the door and there, beneath the starlit window, beheld a shapeless but suggestive heap. He spun his hat from the top and grabbed his trousers." His trousers! His trousers for which he had searched so long, for which he had yearned with such intensity! He raked them on, fastened them tightly and tumbled into bed. He was beyond thought or speculation; he slept.

Sometime the next day a key fumbled at his door.

Amos opened one eye. A voice spoke, "Leave me try that other one." Amos opened the other eye.

Another voice said, "Yes, he must of been going down for the last time when she seen him. She said it was somepin without no hair on."

"Of course it was him, don't you say so, coroner? Don't they always pile up their clothes that way? And then, being out of funds ——"

"Well, anybody that seen his face when he was gittin' out of town. Somebody'd ought to stop a feller when he looks desperate that way ——"

"Here, give me that other key." This was Pfeifferheffer. "I ain't believing fur a minute he's met his doom. Ha, she fits!"

Nevertheless, Mr. Pfeifferheffer, after casting but a single glance toward the sheeted figure upon the bed, crashed promptly back against the wall, his heels hoofing convulsively. The young reporter, brushing smartly past him, came to a halt, wheeled, stabbed himself upon Mrs. Pfeifferheffer's chin, howled and rebounded into the bosom of a strange man in a derby. Mrs. Pfeifferheffer clawed at the air and her hair seemed to rise.

Amos slowly hoisted himself. His audience again swayed concertedly backward.

Mrs. Pfeifferheffer got her voice, but it was an odd uncertain soprano, "So you're here yet then?"

"Livest corpse I ever seen," muttered the man in the derby.

"I said all the time he hadn't suicided himself," Mr. Pfeifferheffer swayed greenly. "Ain't I said it? Ain't I said it, huh?" He laughed hysterically. "Here we come looking fur farewell messages and look at what we find a'ready." He pointed weakly toward the bed.

"This ain't the time to fetch a silly giggle," his bride's voice was seeking its usual level, as was her hair. "What do you mean by somepin like this anyhow? Here you git the whole town to searching fur your dead remains and then you go to work and show up with live ones."

The young reporter brandished forward. "Yes, and what about me, now you're living again? You've got me into the very devil of a jam!" He aggrievedly flourished a newspaper with large, sable type: PROMINENT MERCHANT SUICIDES. "Work all night to git an extry out! What have you got to say anyhow?"

Amos' eyes were ravaging the bureau. "Where's that shoe box at?" he said.

"Insides the bureau," snapped the lady. "Shoe boxes he talks—with the coroner standing over him!"

"Now let's get at something official here," said the man in the derby. "Where was you anyway?"

Amos was beginning to feel sorely used. What right had all these people to waken him out of a sound sleep? These people who had already caused him such an anguished afternoon, such an unspeakable night what right had they to come harrying him again? What right had they to talk so familiarly of his dead body? He quested beneath the bedclothing for the supporting reality of his trousers.

"I was walking," he said with dignity, "underneath the woods."

A rumble sounded. "The noon train!" the reporter spun toward the door. "Gosh, got to hold back the extry!" He dashed out.

"That ain't the train," said the coroner. "It was an auto backing up front. There's your doorbell now," he nodded toward Mrs. Pfeifferheffer

"I guess Boaz'll git here on the noon train," observed Pfeifferheffer.

Amos' eyes widened.

"What fur?"

"Fur your body."

"Well, he ain't gittin' it." Amos' arms tightened about his frame. His body again. Everybody after his body

"Well, we had to telegram him, didn't we? After she'd seen you go down and we found your clothes and they'd drug the river fur you fur three hours or such. My gosh, I guess they're draggin' her yet!"

Amos climbed slowly and meditatively out of bed. Boaz coming for his body: there was something touching about that. Poor Boaz! What a trip! What a long, anxious, grieving trip!

"Hah!" the coroner's eyes had lit upon the woman's coat. "So that's it! I might have ——"

Mrs. Pfeifferheffer arrowed in. "Your cousin ain't coming," she panted. "He wants you shipped."

Mr. Pfeifferheffer took the yellow slip. "'HOLD BODY,'" he read. "'AM SENDING COFFIN FROM STOCK. WILL FORWARD EXPENSES.'" He looked up. "Well," he commented indignantly, "I should think he could anyhow come fur to take charge of your remains. He's your only relation, ain't not?"

But Amos was beyond reply. His mind was picking after the incredible words; Boaz wasn't coming then? Here he was, dead, and Boaz wouldn't leave his own affairs to come after his body! And what else was it he had said? Oh, surely not—surely ——

"Leave me see it oncet," implored Amos hoarsely.

Coffin from stock? Amos fastened his eyes to the symbols which composed those words as though they must slip away and change about, compose other words under his gaze. But they didn't. They remained fixed, unaltered. 'From stock'? But they had only one coffin in stock! Amos sat down weakly.

"Well, I guess, then," Mr. Pfeifferheffer was meditating, "we got to be sending another costive telegram. Fur now we ain't got no body by us, we ain't got no use fur a coffin yet."

Amos only partially heard him. "Use fur a coffin yet." Before him he saw Boaz brushing his shoe. "And this I will say, and I make it my bet, too: Some day we will git us a use fur that coffin yet"—Boaz was for winning his grisly bet! Boaz was for making him, Amos, pay it! Boaz would inclose his clean white body in that soiled receptacle! Boaz would allow him to rattle homeward in that outsize carton!

He rose decisively. "No. We ain't writing him off no telegram. Leave him send on them expenses."

"That's smart a'ready!" cried Mrs. Pfeifferheffer. "We are needful fur some expenses here."

"I wonder if your cousin understands," remarked the coroner. "The cost of transportation for a dead body is twice what it is for a live one."

"There's your telegram," Amos brusquely buckled his tie. Now that matters of business were to be attended to, he was at once alert, efficient. "We'll forward that there information per wires so there won't be mistake."

Mrs. Pfeifferheffer clasped her hands in ecstatic admiration. "Would you like eggs any style or either scrapple fur your breakfast?"

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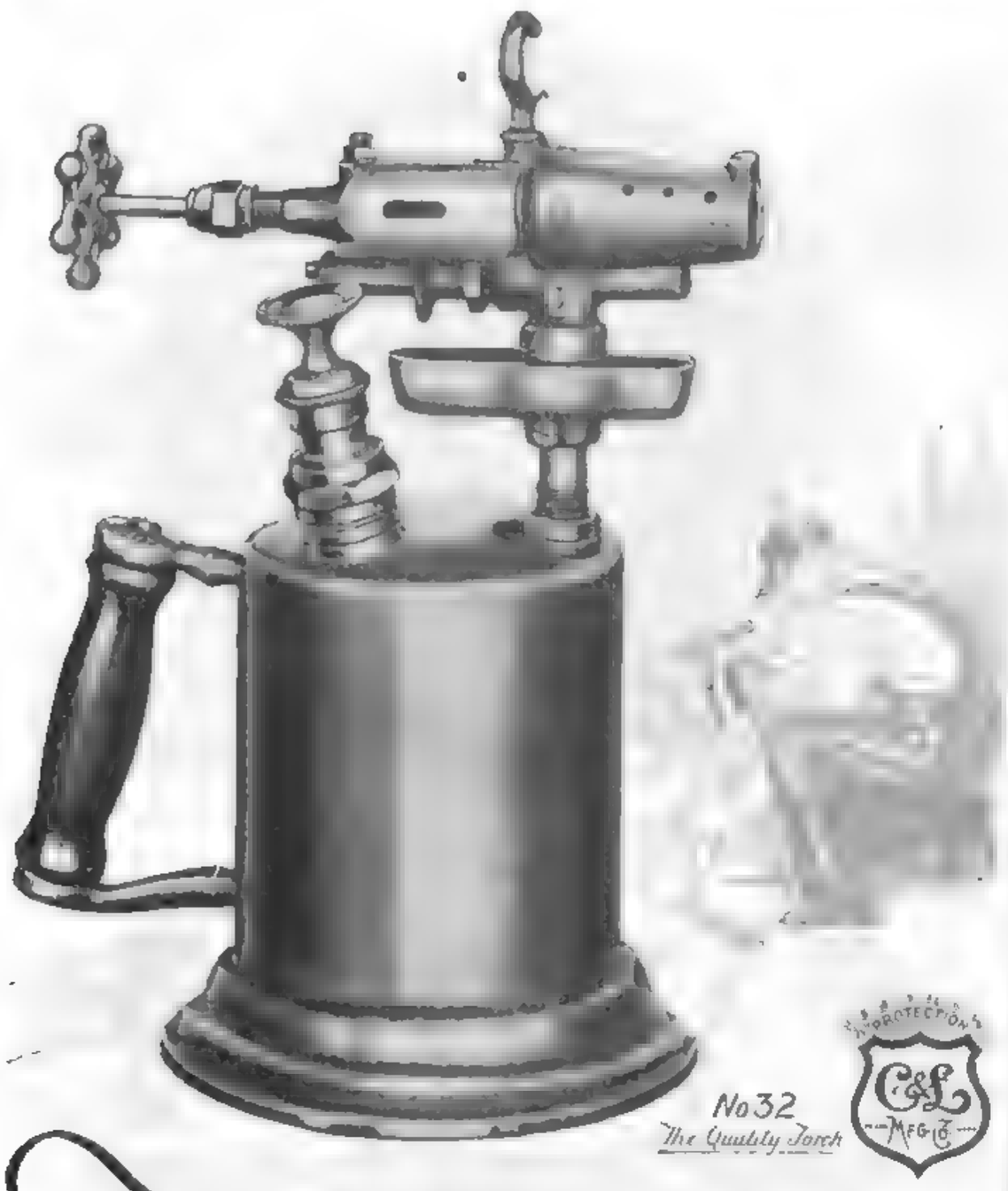

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"Both," said Amos. Mrs. Pfeifferheffer skittered toward the door.

"I gosh," murmured Mr. Pfeifferheffer, gazing after her, "you're learning me somepin. And you ain't married neither."

"Not yet," amended Amos. He gazed earnestly at his host. "But on the strength of them double funds coming to you direct, I guess you wouldn't have objections of adwancing me fur a return ticket, would you? I feel fur gitting soon home."

Mr. Pfeifferheffer was eying him in some agitation. "But, say, that coffin, now. It'll be coming on here. You'll be having that on your hands, ain't?"

Mrs. Pfeifferheffer rocketed through the open door. "I don't know about that," she said succinctly. "What fur kind is it?"

"Dusty," said Amos. "Awful roomy."

"I can clean it," the bride rested meditative fingers upon the shelf of her chin. "And big oncet; it could fit most anybody then." Her appraising eye roamed toward her spouse.

Mr. Pfeifferheffer shuddered and backed. "Now, looky here," he protested, "I ain't got any notion of ——"

"And I ain't got any notion of being stretched out over any ten years," clipped the bride dryly. "No, I would guess anyhow not! I told you a'ready I was going to git me one to be sure of myself, but of course if you git the chancet to use it first, well"—she turned toward Amos—"I'll pay the freight at and throw you off your extry board fur it."

The coroner laughed. Mr. Pfeifferheffer sighed. Amos stared. "What are you all gapin' at?" Parthianed the lady from the doorway. "Can you tell me anything in this here life a body's more sure to be needful fur?"

Well, there was one thing in life a body was just as needful for, Amos reflected, as he hastened through the dusk of the following evening toward pickets of beloved memory. But would he get there in time? Would he?

He did not linger about the pickets. He went swiftly and silently, as a disembodied spirit should, toward the sound of voices upon the front porch; and as a disembodied spirit should, he hovered for a moment out of sight.

"I wouldn't of married you if you'd of been the last and final man on this earth," he heard Susie Zubler sobbing. Susie Zubler was sobbing! "And I'll never forgive you fur not going yourself fur to fetch him."

"Now, listen oncet. I sent the finest coffin we had in stock fur to pack him in. And what's more ag'in, I forwarded on a stylish doubled fare fur to fetch him. What more anyhow could I do?" cried the aggrieved Boaz. "Especially considering that the dead they don't know nothing."

Oh, but don't they!

"I been stuck after him all my life, if you want to know it!" erupted Mrs. Zubler tumultuously. "And now I won't ever git the chancet to tell him of it!"

Oh, but wouldn't she! Amos and the shoe box leaped with spirit lightness up the steps.

"Speak it out oncet!"

"Go aways!" squeaked Boaz and skidded backward. Susie skidded forward. Amos caught her. He patted her upon the back. He patted Susie Zubler upon the back, just like that—as though it were nothing!

And indeed it was nothing in comparison with what immediately followed.

THE COMPLEX OF RADICALISM

(Continued from Page 35)

or at least consider those forms against the background of the past.

In the back of our minds the picture of the contemporary radical is the cartoonist's conception of a bearded Bolshevist. Illogically that picture is blurred over by the idea of a tyrannical bureaucracy running railroads, broadcasting propaganda, meeting prime ministers in international conferences; or we think of the radical as one obstructionist to the Draft Act or as a member of a society opposed to the Constitution of the United States.

Yet only a generation ago the common type of extreme radical was the Socialist, member of a party recognized by the Government, voting in its elections, sending an occasional member to Congress. With him stood the less practical type, called dreamer, figured as wild of eye, with long hair, dressed in strange clothes, eating nuts and talking of love and beauty.

Going back another generation, we find the radical as a reformer, fighting against municipal corruption. In the 1870's the Prohibitionists were called radical; in 1850, the opponents of negro slavery; in 1840, the founders of communities which held all property in common; in 1830, enthusiasts for manual training; in 1820, the believers in manhood suffrage regardless of the amount of property owned. In 1797 it was radical to demand a ten-hour day; in 1927 it is radical to ask a four-hour day. The name persists while the thing changes, and the particular type at any one time has to be analyzed, setting on one side the special features due to the age and on the other the more or less permanent elements of character and temperament.

The thoroughgoing radical is usually convinced of his own uniqueness and would deny what the scientific radical knows to be true—that he is as much a child of the past as the most devout ancestor worshiper. Uniqueness, for the radical, must be cultivated as part of the general hostility to the mass. For a hundred years there has flourished a philosophy teaching that to be different is, by definition, to be superior. It is, as H. K. Moderwell once wrote, as if a three-legged cow were to rejoice in the uniqueness of not having a fourth leg and count itself superior to the common herd.

Science and common sense agree that the moron differs from the normally gifted person; that the criminal is, among the law-abiding, unique. Experience again suggests that in many cases the superior person differs chiefly from the average in having the average qualities to a higher degree or in having them more highly organized. In spite of this, it remains a doctrine of radicalism that the majority is always wrong, that the consensus of opinion is always at low level; and as a corollary, that the individual reformer or his group is always right.

Now it happens that one of the cherished playthings of contemporary radicalism has illuminated this idea with a peculiarly unfavorable light. A decade or so ago psychoanalysis was a new thing, and without thinking of its implications, radicals accepted it as gospel. Unfortunately the gospel explained with some clarity what lies behind the individual who sets his own ideas up against the social order.

It is not necessary to follow the ingenious argument into the mazes of complexes. Briefly, a school of psychoanalysts holds that persons who have an acute sense of their own failings are inclined to become aggressively insistent upon their merits. The coward boasts, the shy man becomes rude, the dull man tries to make epigrams, all for the same reason—to cover a defect of which he is painfully conscious. And it follows that the man of little individuality flies out at society, declaring himself above its level and superior to its laws.

There are men whose character positively shines even when they are in evening clothes; others have to emphasize their personality by bizarre effects, dressing in brown or in white to isolate themselves from the rest. Instead of saying, "I am so inconspicuous that I have to call in the aid of eccentric clothes to stand out," they say, "I am such a notable figure that I have to

(Continued on Page 185)

THE MAKER WHO IS PROUD OF WHAT HE MAKES, USES EGYPTIAN LACQUER

The living beauty...
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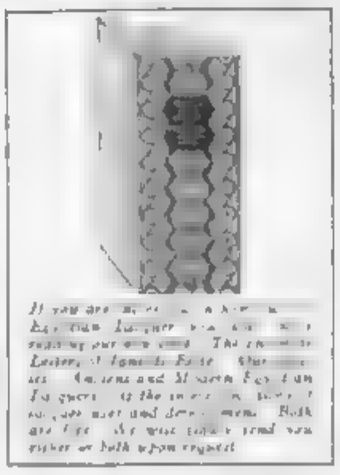

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1. Is it selective?
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6. Reasonable price.

Millions will look at the Crosley Bandbox. This amazing little set is now displayed by more than 16,000 dealers.

One dealer, alone, expects to sell a million dollars worth of Bandboxes this season.

Crosley dealers from Maine to California have this wonderful receiver hooked up for immediate demonstration and will explain its matchless performance in a manner somewhat like this:

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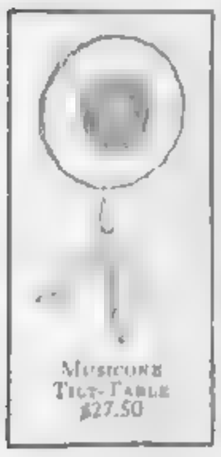
Crosley has always given the radio world its biggest value for its dollar. Contemplate the perfection possible when the doors of the research and development laboratories of The Radio Corporation of America, The General Electric Co., The Westinghouse Co., The American Telephone & Telegraph Co., and the Hazeltine and Latour Corporations were thrown open.

Licensed under their patents!



Tremendous! Wonderful! Significant!

Simply it means that millions will possess the best radio performance possible at the low prices for which Crosley is already famous.

The Crosley Bandbox is totally and completely shielded. Every element is absolutely separated from every other element by solid shielding. Coils are covered with copper. This could have been done cheaper but efficiency would have been sacrificed. Condensers are housed in cadmium-plated steel. All wiring is separated and shielded from all other parts of the receiver. Solid, sturdy, substantial, the entire set is assembled on a heavy metal chassis.

The tuned radio frequency amplification stages have been absolutely balanced through use of the Neutrodyne principle. The set is a genuine Neutrodyne!

To the initiated this means much. To the layman it manifests itself only as a radio receiver that does not squeal or howl when you are trying to get a station.

The foregoing answers for the Crosley Bandbox the three fundamental questions set forth in the fourth paragraph, which the experienced radio owner is asking of every set he sees this fall.

The shielding makes the Bandbox highly selective—the circuit, acutely sensitive and the design, extremely easy to operate.

The Bandbox is operated with a single station selector (one dial).

In most localities and in most owners' hands the single station selector will find all the programs anyone could possibly wish. But there are some owners who demand greater ability like the possessors of 90 horse power motor cars who may never step on it but like to be conscious it's there. For such have the Acuminators been designed. Far away stations of weak power but perhaps good music are captured by the use of these little auxiliary tuners. Their function is best likened to a pair of field glasses. As the lens bring the distant scene to nearby aspect, so do the acuminators bring the remote station signals up to room filling volume. Ordinary one dial radios can never perform like this. Hair line tracking of the condensers together is difficult—but the Acuminators, little secondary adjustments *exclusive* to Crosley give the Bandbox a substantial command of the air and *all* that is in it.

The dial of the Bandbox is illuminated. A detail! A refinement added but not as an excuse to raise the price. For shadowy corners and dim eyesight it recommends itself.

Volume Control is necessary on good radio today. Nearby and high powered stations send terrific impulses into the receiver. Detuning has been a favorite method of softening this loud reception but with stations closer and closer together on the dial detuning particularly in large cities creates an overlapping of programs. The ear like the eye is only good for one thing at a time. Under the towers of the heaviest stations the volume control of the Bandbox cuts the loudest blast down to a veritable whisper. No distortion whatsoever!

A single cable leads all outside and power connections from the Bandbox. In this brown fabric covered cable lies each lead covered with colored rubber for protection, accuracy and easy assembly. Tidy housewives appreciate it.

The adaptability of the Bandbox to installation in all types of cabinets is a feature. The metal case of the Bandbox lifts off the chassis. This leaves the closely grouped dial, switch and volume control shafts to be stuck through holes in the panel of any sort of cabinet. The escutcheon is quickly screwed over them and the console installation is not only complete but has no earmarks of a makeshift.

Much has influenced the $55 price of the Bandbox.

First, an ideal and an idea.

Then, a working out of the idea.

And now, the constant possession of the ideal.

Back before radio became the entertainment force it is today Powel Crosley, Jr., held an ideal that the things which give people pleasure should be made to sell at low prices so that millions may enjoy them.

When radio was a bundle of hair pins turned with the knobs from typewriter carriages, he had the idea that if he could make radios in sufficient quantities, he could supply millions with a means of enjoying this new source of pleasure at moderate prices.

Every radio year has been a year of mass production experience to Crosley. This year saw an investment of over half a million dollars in equipment that a fine radio might be made at such speed and in such quantities that a price of nearly half a hundred dollars could be maintained.

Throughout the country millions examine the Bandbox today. They see it the achievement of an organization who began its development when radio as we know it today began. Its success has been tremendous if clamorous demands from dealers are any indication. Skeptics, the unbiased and the radio wise have pronounced it GREAT. Even at any price it would be a sensation, for its performance ranks with the most expensive and fanciest radio receivers on the market.

An AC model Bandbox takes its power from the electric light.

Former power supply with its constant annoyance and expense is entirely eliminated.

The new R.C.A. AC tubes provide clear, smooth and loud reception comparable in every way to the most efficient wet storage battery power.

Alternating current ripple is smoothed out in the compact little power converter which is sold with the AC Bandbox. This device needs no attention—is half the size of an ordinary storage "A" battery and matches the Bandbox in finish and color.

The AC Bandbox is $65
The Power Converter is $60

This gives you a complete, direct AC radio adaptable to any type of installation you may choose—bookcase, console, desk, cabinet, arm-chair or tuck it away on the corner of the table—for $125.00.

THE CROSLEY MUSICONES ARE AS OUTSTANDING IN THEIR FIELD AS THE BANDBOX IS IN ITS

Back in early 1925 radio's audibility above the single telephone ear unit depended upon a horn. Unnatural and harsh it laid a handicap on a fast developing industry. Only at great cost could its limitation be surmounted. Suddenly Crosley offered the radio world a cone speaker at $17.50. Instantly the demand exceeded the supply. Promptly loud speaker sales were gauged by the leadership of the Musicone.

Today that position is still maintained. The cause is plain. Mechanical refinement and improvements of the Musicone since its inception have been constant and considerable.

Price of the Musicone has shown a steady downward trend from $17.50 in 1925 down to $9.75 at the present time.

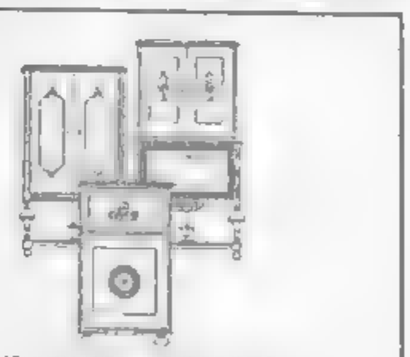
Only a national acceptance could make this possible and only a remarkable value could create such a national acceptance.

Today the Musicone is a perfect reproducer thru—

1. A new metallurgical discovery giving many times the vibrating capacity of the actuating unit as formerly.
2. Bakelite coil cores impervious to moisture.
3. Secretly coated wire that does not permit deterioration in damp climates.

Crosley owners find a perfect affinity between the Bandbox and the Musicone aside from their physical appearance.

The Musicone is sold in two sizes:
The Ultra Musicone (12 inch) $9.75
The Super Musicone, as illustrated (branch) $12.50



APPROVED CONSOLES

"I want the public to have as great a value in consoles this year as I have given them in the Bandbox," said Powel Crosley, Jr.

Prominent furniture manufacturers thru their long experience promised beautiful cabinets at moderate prices. Designs submitted were admired, praised, tested, approved! The Musicones were built in. Crosley dealers now sell them. Purchasers may know they are best suited for Crosley radio by looking for the "approved label" in each one. Crosley dealers get these cabinets only from The H. T. Roberts Co., located at 1340 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Sales representative for The Showers Brothers Co., Bloomington, Ind., and The Wolf Manufacturing Industries, Kokomo, Ind.

Write Dept. 31 for descriptive literature

CROSLEY RADIO

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Crosley is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West prices slightly higher.

(Continued from Page 182)

dress differently to show how particularly notable I am."

This illogicality psychoanalysis has exposed, noting that the strong man takes his strength as a matter of course and that underneath most claims for superiority lies the unhappiness of the weak individual. It is generally the man who cannot make his way in the world who declares that the way of the world is wrong.

It is perfectly true that many men who have beaten the game have also refused to continue playing. Rich men have gone into monasteries; social leaders, weary of society, have tried to be friends with gunmen; and the aristocrats of the French court lightly gave their approval to the doctrines which were shortly to roll all noble heads into the executioner's basket. It is true also that saints have rejected the ways of the world, calling on mankind for a change of heart.

These are the things which make life difficult for the conservative, who never quite dares to forbid the radical temperament by law. He cannot be sure when he is dealing with an impostor like John of Leyden and when with a saint like Francis of Assisi. The only thing he can do is to study the radical condition of mind wherever it occurs, to discover what is fundamental and permanent in all the forms which are so attractive because they always look fresh and new.

One of the things he discovers is the antisocial nature of the radical, even when he calls himself a socialist. For the truly radical temper could not be satisfied in any society, and would always look to a minority, to an individual, finally to himself, as the source of truth. He would naturally defend whatever stood against the social organization.

"In the court room I would acquit everybody except the judge," said one antisocial thinker, and summed up the case against society.

The psychoanalyst suggests an inferiority complex. History suggests another complex, known for a longer time.

Behind most forms of radicalism lurks the image of the primitive man, the natural man, the noble savage. Since the time of Rousseau he has had a profound influence on the course of human events; he was a shadowy figure when the Declaration of Independence was being composed, and he was deified a few years later in the French Revolution. Diderot placed him in South America and Châteaubriand identified him with the American Indian. He was man in the state of Nature, naturally good, before his contact with corrupting society. For man to become good again, to rid himself of usury and taxes, laws and restraints, disease and unhappiness, he must return to Nature. For Nature, now capitalized, is the source of all good and man the source of all evil. The radical has, in the language of the analyst, a fixation of his mother—Mother Earth.

Passing the Buck to Nature

Recent investigators have suggested that the noble savage was not quite so happy as we had assumed. It seems he suffered from shaky nerves and from indigestion; certainly he made every effort to pacify Nature and to protect himself against her whims. The Nature-worshiping radical of a few generations ago rejected these items. He knew that whatever Nature did was right and he wanted only to live in accordance with her principles.

Thus Bronson Alcott, a great reformer of education, started a little community in Massachusetts and refused to allow any four-footed animal to appear on his farm. Needless to say, he was a vegetarian, but his furious hatred of beasts of burden and supply had other sources. He thought it unworthy of man to spend his time taking care of dumb brutes and he particularly and violently hated the idea of using animal manure, or in fact any fertilizer, in growing crops. He considered the use of manure a disgusting way of forcing Nature to do something she did not want to do; he was certain that, left to herself, Nature would not only supply adequate crops but would replenish herself.

He and his disciples refused to weed the vegetable patch because if Nature wanted weeds to grow she knew best; nor were worms burned out in the orchard, because they had as much right to the apples as men had. One of the group refused to eat such food as radishes and carrots because they dug themselves into the soil, away from the light; he lived only on corn, fruit and whatever aspired upward to the sun.

Alcott's faith in the beneficence of Nature was so great that he paid little attention to her laws; he started his community planting so late in June that no perceptible crops came up, and by winter the experiment at Fruitlands was abandoned.

This was the extreme to which one form of Nature worship goes; there are others, still familiar. The early American movement against eating meat had two bases—health and natural law, and often the two coincided. It was against the will of Nature for man to eat flesh, just as it was against her will for man to wear leather or rubber boots, or to travel at ten miles an hour. The argument came up again and again when the railroads began operation; if it had been Nature's intention to have men propelled at such a rate, Nature would have seen to it that men were born with wheels and engines as parts of their bodies. In brief, all the things we call progress, and all we note as marks of civilization, are against Nature; the savages and the brute dumb animals know better than man.

A Permanent Ideal

A by-product of this engaging theory is that man is well occupied, in dignified labor, when he is working on the land, and is debased at the machine. This idea is not so frequently put forth by farmers as might be expected; the dignity of hoeing and reaping, of milking and cleaning out stables, seems to have been somewhat enhanced in recent years by the introduction of some undignified machine products.

But there remains a radical assumption that it is man's destiny to gain his living from the earth, and that manufacturing electric light and keeping accounts and selling furniture are manifestly wrong, since they withdraw humanity from the sweet contact with the dear mother whence all strength and goodness come. In the entire history of American social experiments this idea was prevalent, in spite of the fact that agricultural communities all expired in a few months or years and industrial ones lived on to a respectable age. The flight from the cities was a permanent ideal of radicalism; the land was a symbol of independence.

The city dweller hears of farmers rising at four in the morning to milk the cows, or of whole families working from daybreak far into the night to gather in a crop before an approaching storm; yet there lingers the delusion that work on the land is less exigent, less driven, than work at a machine. Mingled with Nature worship there lies the intention to escape from work which has to be done, and to go in for work which one may do whenever one pleases.

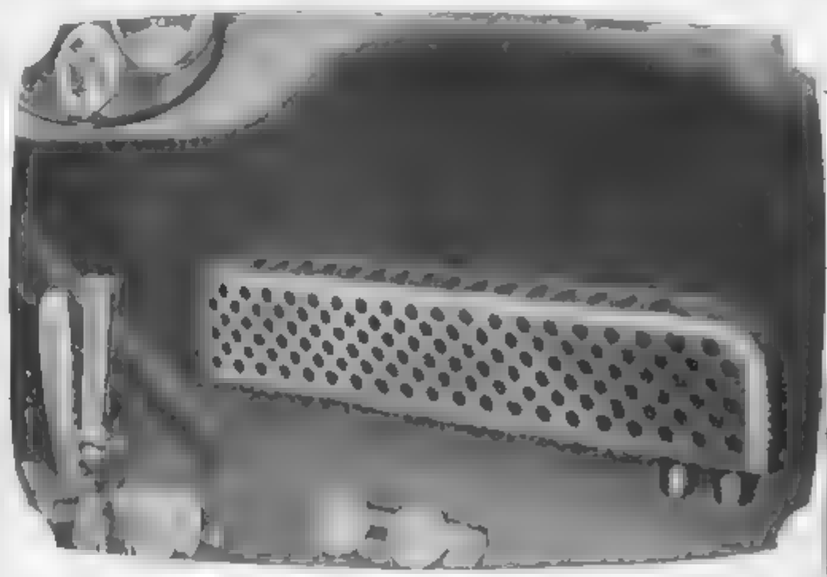
In the most elaborate communist experiments on American soil the whole notion of compulsory work was rejected. Theorists invented affinities between certain people and certain types of labor, and the great purpose was to let each man do whatever he found most agreeable. In communities which repudiated wages, merit marks were offered to those who volunteered to do downright unpleasant jobs. Even in the successful industrial organizations an effort was made to escape from the curse of work; there were no superintendents, and men and women went to and from their work whenever they pleased.

Behind this disdain of labor lay a distinct set of principles. In spite of chatter about

WITH FLORSHEIM Winter brogues afoot you will have comfort ahead . . . their sturdy quality . . . rugged style . . . will protect your feet in all kinds of weather.

The OLYMPIC—Style M-273
Most Styles $10

The FLORSHEIM SHOE
For the Man Who Cares
Manufactured by THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY Chicago



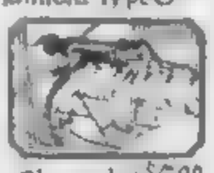
Cold Weather Comfort

Universal Exhaust Type $8.50

THOUSANDS OF MOTORISTS are driving right now as warm as toast because of reliable Kingston heaters. The Kingston gets on the job the moment the motor starts, and it heats! The Universal Exhaust Type, shown above, can be simply and easily installed on *any* car, has the new positive valve and, like all Kingstons, permits you to drive warm at zero. Hundreds of thousands of Kingstons are in use by pleased motorists everywhere. Have yours installed today!

If your dealer can't supply you, ask us.

Universal Manifold Type $8.50



Chevrolet $5.00

Ford $2.50

KOKOMO ELECTRIC COMPANY
Kokomo Indiana

Kingston

A new "Thermos" Coffee Pot; Urn design on classical lines, embossed border, nickel-silver, silver plated, Butler finish; four-cup capacity.

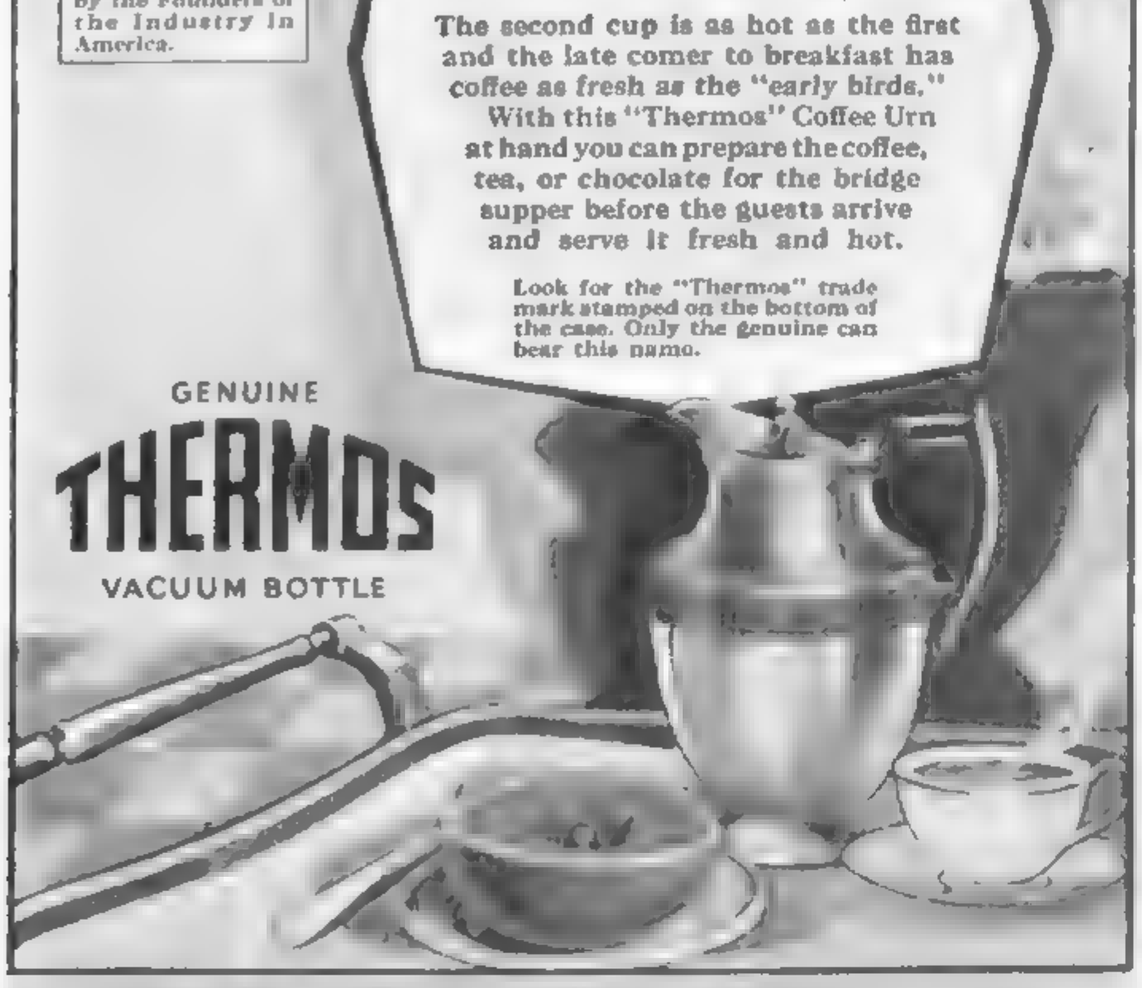
No. 44 ..... $17.00

A Genuine "Thermos", made and authenticated by the Founders of the Industry in America.

The second cup is as hot as the first and the late comer to breakfast has coffee as fresh as the "early birds." With this "Thermos" Coffee Urn at hand you can prepare the coffee, tea, or chocolate for the bridge supper before the guests arrive and serve it fresh and hot.

Look for the "Thermos" trade mark stamped on the bottom of the case. Only the genuine can bear this name.

GENUINE
THERMOS
VACUUM BOTTLE



THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY, 366 Madison Ave., New York
Chicago - Cincinnati - San Francisco - Norwich, Conn. - Huntington, W. Va.
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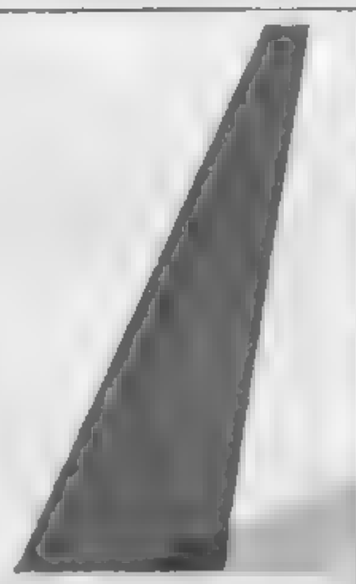
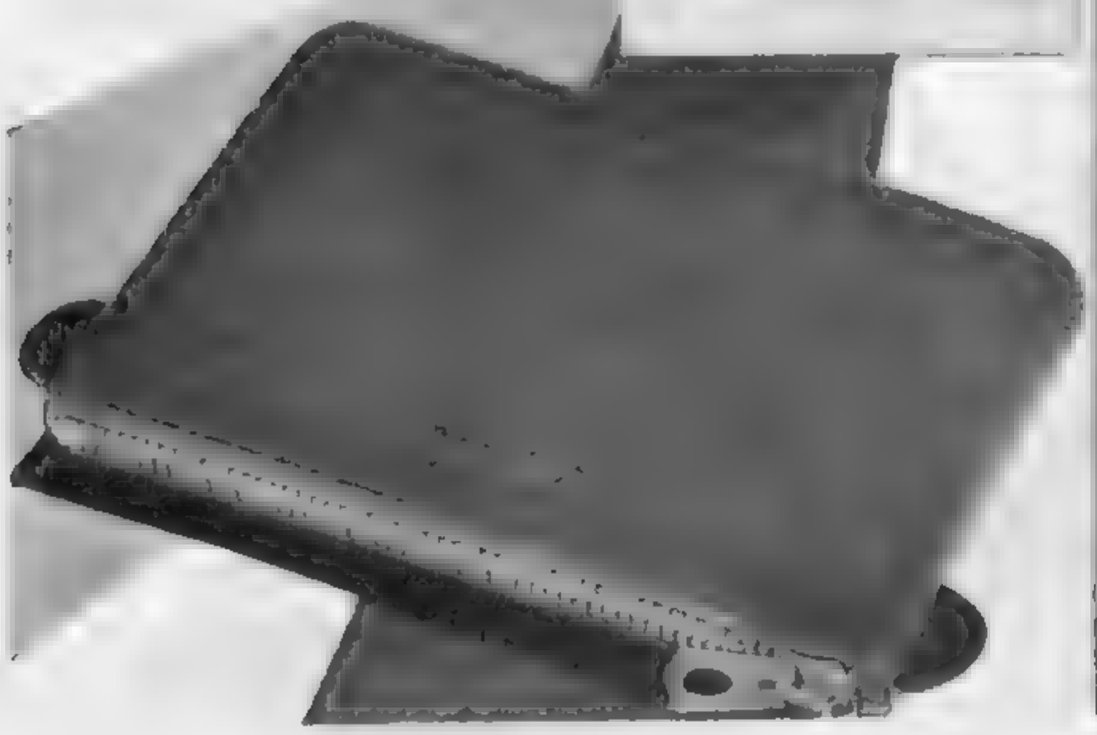
The POUCH *for*
ALL PIPE SMOKERS

In soft, fine leathers—rubber lined—or modish oilsilk—there's a Locktite Tobacco Pouch for every man who uses a pipe. You can get one at all cigar stores and wherever smokers' articles are sold. An appropriate gift at any time. $1.00 to $7.50. All made with the Hookless Fastener. You'll like the Locktite Cigarette Case, too—it holds a full package of twenty.

THE LOCKTITE CO., INC.
Gloversville, N. Y.



LOOK FOR THE NAME
"Locktite"
SEE U.S. PAT. OFF.
Tobacco Pouches



"the glory of the working," the idea persisted that work is ignoble, that the man of the future would be like the primitive savage, doing as little as possible and spending his life in a dignified leisure filled with lofty thoughts. For work violates the perfection of Nature; whatever we do, changes the natural course of events; not only irritates Nature but corrupts man.

It is not what you do, cried a hundred philosophers between 1840 and 1900, but what you are; to be always doing is a symptom of a distracted mind and a torn personality. Do nothing—be. So long as man did nothing, he was happy; his many inventions have brought him down, bent his back, rounded his shoulders, dimmed his eyes. The urge to make things, to invent and improve, to change, to progress—all these are corruptions. They arise from unnatural wants; the natural man wants almost nothing.

At a level below the philosophy of not working is the ideal of not wanting. Our wants, says the idealist, are almost all forced upon us. We want rich food because restaurants tease us, swanky motor cars because they are a symbol of power, duplex apartments because our neighbors have them, and a thousand little objects because advertising dins their virtues into our ears. The whole principle of American life is to get as many things as possible, as many contraptions and luxuries and unessentials, and this is unnatural, for the primitive man was strong in proportion to the number of things he could do without.

Thoreau went to live in the woods to discover with how little he could do; Whitman suggested he would gladly live with contented cows; from Emerson to Roosevelt, simplicity has been a word of magic. Out of it came some persistent American superstitions.

Foreigners often mock at Americans for their exaggerated respect for wealth; but parallel to the idea that money is sacred, there has run through American minds the idea that money is also, by nature, corrupt. Political bosses have always hesitated to nominate very rich men to high office, and although nearly everyone was trying to get rich, those who succeeded were looked on with suspicion.

Standards of Other Days

At the beginning of this century a wave of Orientalism gave a sort of mystic approval to this form of radicalism. Whether it was called yoga or theosophy, preached by swamis or leaders of Anglo-Saxon cults, this Orientalism was specifically opposed to the American philosophy of getting on. The ascetic Hindu, living on nothing a year, without property and without worries, was suggested as the ideal; to abstain became the great endeavor.

"A simple something against a background of nothing," was the standard of artistic perfection, and the words "stark," "stripped," "simple," "unadorned" were used as the terms of highest praise. As the Puritan rejected luxury because it interfered with his contemplation of the Divine Providence, so the neo-Puritan rejected comfort because it interfered with his contemplation of himself. Certain foods became the symbols of positive vice—the hot-bird-and-cold-bottle combination was like the villain's black mustache; no good could possibly come of it.

A new austerity developed. It was somehow wrong to eat food because you liked the taste, and virtuous to eat what you disliked, which in a mysterious way exercised your character and did you good. It was silly to play tennis or golf, but highly moral to take a course in Swedish drill. Whatever gave pleasure to the senses, from a musical comedy to an upholstered chair, was declared vulgar, immoral and against the higher life.

In its original form Oriental asceticism is a definite way of living, appropriate to certain people; when it was cast in the mold of philosophy for Americans it rapidly became silly. But it happened to link up perfectly with certain species of American radicalism. For a century Americans had been trampling through a wilderness, building a country, amassing property, gambling on crops and enjoying life. Out of that century of experience had come an attitude of mind.

When the American wanted anything, he tried to get it. The thought never occurred to him that he would be just as well off if he stopped wanting it. In his pioneer days he had managed to do without running water and gaslight and daily papers; but he laid down pipes and set up presses as soon as he could spare the time. He never considered himself a superior person for lacking anything, and this spirit persisted long after the days of actual pioneering had passed.

The American does not see why he should get along without, when he can so easily have what he wants. The believer in Nature, in simplicity, in wantlessness, tried to assure him that he was wasting his powers in getting and spending; the American retorted that he had power to waste. A theory of retrenchment, based on the meager opportunities of other lands, was not appropriate to the exuberant, overflowing country which the American possessed.

The radical said, "You are collecting so many machines and gadgets and contrivances that you will soon be lost among them; they will swamp you physically and dwarf you mentally."

A Course in Specialization

The American still feels that the way to get on in the world is to control everything. He prefers to satisfy his desires, not to repress them, and again modern psychology approves of him. He knows that as he struggles to get a raise, or a new car, or a second maid, or a million dollars, he may be defeated; but he would rather take that chance than renounce his purpose. He may be all wrong in thinking these things important, but so long as he does think so he sticks to the game.

Unfortunately, to get things and to control them require organization; and here, again, the pre-Bolshevik type of radical found himself opposed to the current. Organization frightened him; he dearly loved a little chaos.

To him modern life had lost its savor because everything was organized—work, play, war, love, thinking, walking, singing, even friendship, was massed into clubs and societies.

With a great deal of truth he pointed to the militarist systems of Europe, dragooning men and women until their private lives had lost initiative and spirit. He founded schools without fixed hours and set subjects for study, and he objected to parallel streets because they made cities less picturesque. Like the romantics of a hundred years ago, he yearned over old ruins and the wildness of tropical jungles, and abominated whatever was rigid, regular and organized.

The evolutionists came down like a hailstorm around the romantic radical's head, announcing that all civilization was the passage from a simple to a complex state, from the unorganized to the organized. They suggested that until man comes to live in an organized community he is the sport of the elements; he has to do everything himself—to build his hut against the hailstorm and to sow his crop, to hunt animals and tan skins, to set his own broken leg and entertain his lonely hours, to bake, and make paths and protect himself against enemies—and at the same time his hand is against every man because he is no man's friend.

As he organizes into communities he deputizes almost all these disagreeable jobs; the course of civilization becomes a course in specialization.

It is the man with the well-organized nervous system and brain, living in a highly organized society, who begins to have time to think clear and noble thoughts, to paint

(Continued on Page 189)

ACHIEVEMENT

The choice of LYNITE by the makers of the world's finest motor cars and every airplane motor except one is international recognition of an engineering achievement.

These manufacturers possess unquestioned leadership — they are not the ones stampeded into acceptance of seasonal innovations. Their products are the result of developments which stand the test of time. Their acceptance of LYNITE is undeniable proof of the tremendous value of this contribution to the new era in transportation. It represents the common utilization of highly specialized knowledge and experience.

But it is LYNITE itself that is the true achievement. This strong aluminum alloy, made from Alcoa Aluminum, has revolutionized motor performance.

You are entitled to the specific advantages of LYNITE. In every price class you will find that the cars receiving the public's marked preference are equipped with LYNITE Pistons and Connecting Rods. Demand them in your new car — install them in your present automobile.

LYNITE PERFORMANCE

Greater speed — more pulling power.
Several seconds quicker acceleration.
Less wear on cylinders and bearings.
Vibration reduced to a minimum.
Less weight—greater fuel economy.
Cooler motor — with less carbon.

LYNITE

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PISTONS AND RODS

Light as a Feather • • • Strong as Steel

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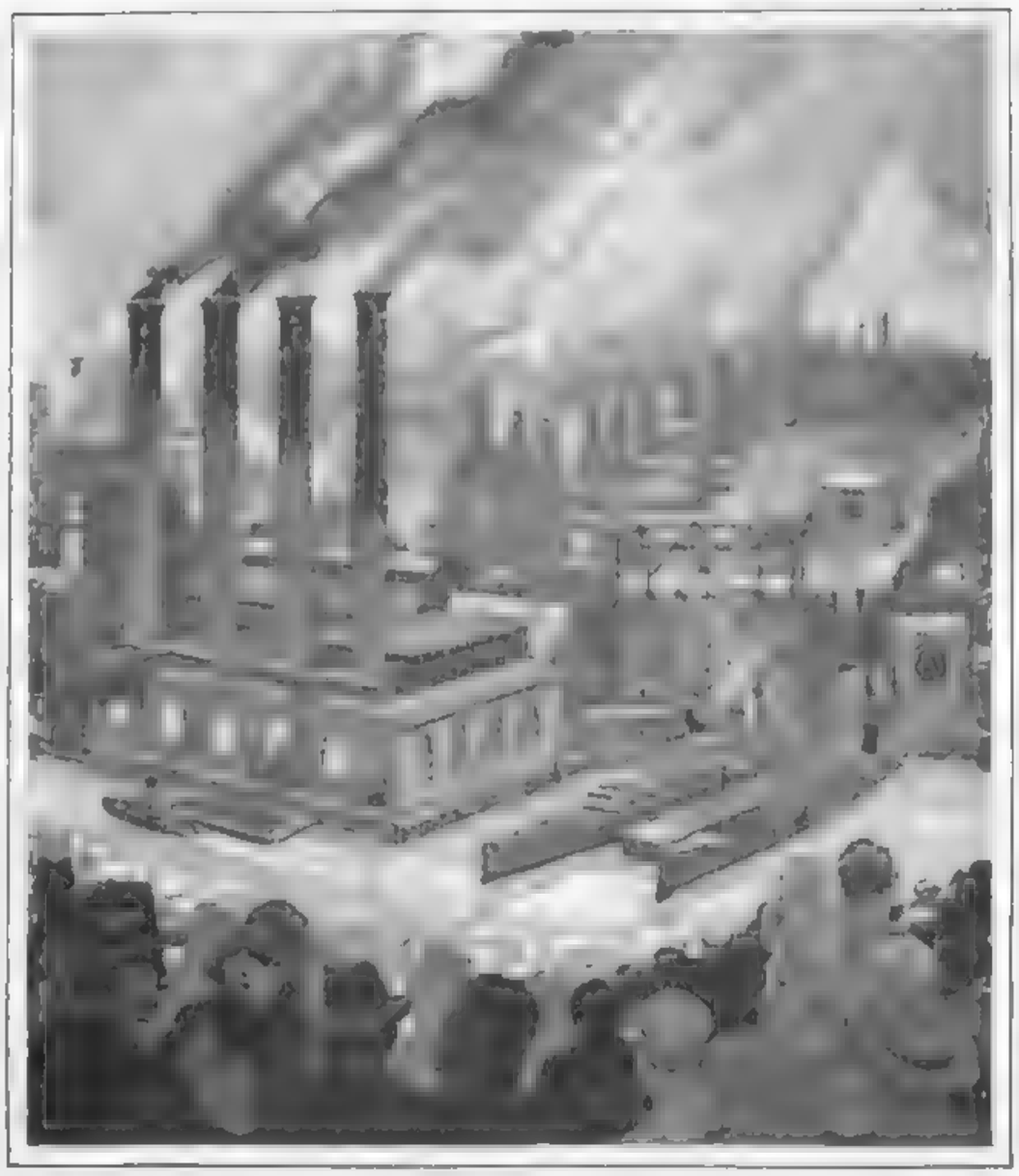
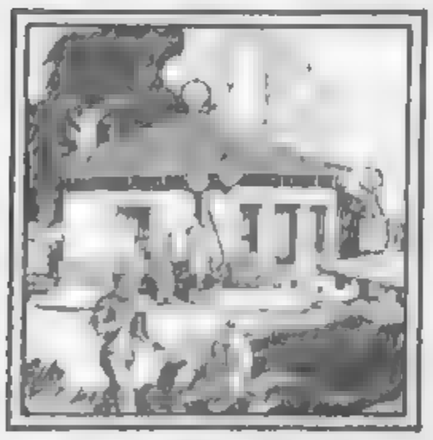
ALUMINUM · IN · EVERY · COMMERCIAL · FORM



WHY THE CITIES SERVICE POLICY

Has Won National Approval



An important division of Cities Service is the Oil Marketing Division. Its service stations can be identified by the Cities Service Emblem and the black and white pumps.

"To serve the people of the nation through diversified, essential industries under unified management"—that is the Cities Service policy.

Now in its 17th year, the Cities Service organization is one of the world's largest business enterprises—proving the wisdom of its policy and the efficiency of its management.

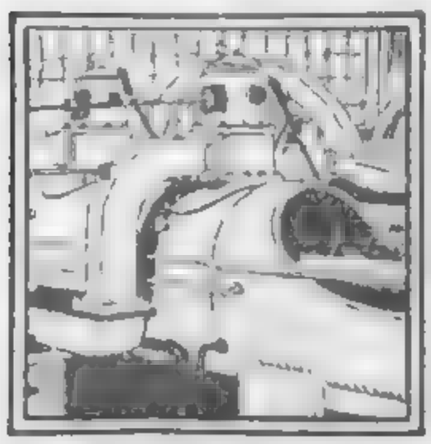
To serve its customers, Cities Service has 20,000 trained employees and hundreds of millions of dollars invested in plants and equipment.

Serving 3000 communities, it supplies yearly 15,000,000 barrels of gasolene, lubricating oil and other products; 1,300,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric light and power and 73,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural and manufactured gas. Its properties include 4000 oil wells, 1000 miles of oil pipe-lines, 7 refineries, 3000 tank cars, a fleet of tank ships and more than 800 service stations; hundreds of public utility plants, thousands of miles of transmission lines, 1700 gas wells and 9500 miles of natural and manufactured gas pipe-lines.

Back of Cities Service products stands a $650,000,000 organization with more than 100 public utility and petroleum subsidiaries, operating in 32 states and many foreign countries.

From a small beginning in 1910, the idea of one man has been developed into an organization which now is a dominating factor in three essential industries—electricity, gas and petroleum.

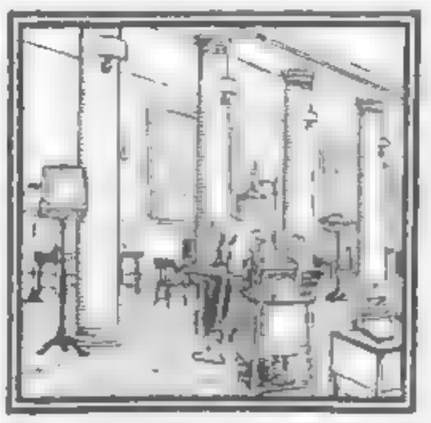
Among America's leading utilities is Public Service Company of Colorado, one of the 100 subsidiaries of Cities Service. It serves a population of 400,000 with electric light and power and gas.



The natural gas pipe-line system of the Cities Service organization covers territory equal in expanse to the land area of all England and Scotland

Send for a copy of "Serving 3000 Communities," an illustrated booklet describing the growth and activities of the Cities Service organization. It will be sent free upon request addressed to Cities Service Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

{Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra, assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers, on Fridays at 8 p m Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company's red network: WTAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WLIB, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, WTIC.}



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CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Diversified Interests *Unified Control*

(Continued from Page 186)

or write a novel and to lift himself out of the common rut. It is the life of the savage, not of the civilized man, which is really standardized and monotonous, for every savage had to do about the same thing and lived under a system of taboos and rituals which allowed him little freedom. The civilized man is the experimenter and the emancipator.

The radical who is only mildly radical and does not wish to destroy civilization, but only to cure it, asserts that somewhere in the distant past man took the wrong turning at the crossroads. The exact date can hardly be given, for in all recorded history we have slavery, greed, lust, the domination by the strong, favoritism and rank injustice. Occasionally we hear of a savage tribe living in idyllic peace and happiness, crumbling under the impact of civilization; but even the mythology which stretches far behind the record of history assures us that the fruit of the tree of life has always mingled bitter with sweet.

It is to the root of the tree that the radical wants to set his ax. The tree has grown in the wrong direction, he says; it is set in unfavorable soil and most of its fruit is spoiled. Therefore let the tree be uprooted and transplanted, chopping off some of the baser roots, lopping away useless branches, trying a new soil in a new climate. The fear of the conservative is that this little operation may result in the death of the tree; that after a few experiments the tree will not take root again, and civilization perish. Personally the conservative thinks that that result is not to be desired.

The wrongness of modern civilization is, of course, a matter of standards. The vast majority of men and women in the world are neither extremely rich nor exceptionally happy, but they prefer their present plight to an experiment of which they know nothing.

For this they are called hard names, but they persist in their "stupidity"; they do not call society wrong. The radical does. And he has, in the past, been particularly liable to a delusion. He has concentrated on a solitary circumstance in society and declared that if that circumstance were changed all the ills of the world would vanish.

Sometimes it has been the food of humanity which caused all its ills; sometimes it has been the improper use of water. One reformer held that a change in women's clothes would put an end to nervousness, unhappy marriages, poverty and a few minor ailments; many have held that marriage is the essential crime of humanity, and several radicals have gone so far as to say that the exclusive love of one person for another was the root of all evil. Hundreds have seen the corruption of society in the use of money and a handful at least have discovered its source in the wrong position of the spine.

An Example and a Warning

In the past century two schools of medicine worked on this same principle: The Thomsonians insisted that all ills were due to a clogging of the passages of the body and the Chrono-Thermalists said that there was only one disease in the world—ague—all others being only disguised forms of the same ill. Radicals and quacks alike found it easier to discover a single disease so that a single cure would suffice—and that cure their own invention.

Their followers were a little illogical, for many of them insisted upon combining the various suggestions offered—just as today there are practitioners outside the constituted medical bodies who will offer any system of cure, provided it is not an authorized one, giving the patient his choice of warm baths or no baths, of electric belts or antielectric rubber contraptions, hypnotism or some other treatment. In the same way disciples of radical leaders often make peculiar assortments, like the woman in Mrs. Wharton's Twilight Sleep who mixed up her address of welcome to the Birth Control Club with her speech on the glory of motherhood. Horace Greeley took up communism, vegetarianism and the rapping of spiritualists; Adin Ballou devoted columns of his paper to a form of Christian socialism and attacks upon tobacco; Garrison was as bitterly an anti-Sabbatarian as he was an abolitionist; there was hardly a craze or a fad in his time which he did not adhere to.

If one combined all the projects of radicalism it would be necessary to break down the structure of society and—more important—to break down the structure of human habits of mind, in order to start life again in a perfect chaos. Contemporary radicalism is not quite willing to take that risk.

The example of Russia has been taken to heart; it means that radicals must be organizers if they are to succeed, and it is probable that the first chaotic years following the Bolshevik revolution will have a deterrent effect upon social radicals.

Already the government of Russia is considered reactionary by the radical of the earlier type, the radical of freedom as opposed to the radical of organization. The libertarian radical has been warned against overthrowing society and is turning to the slower method of changing the mental habits of humanity.

The Simple Life

In experimental schools for little children—not schools teaching radicalism, but schools using new methods of teaching everything—a startling result has been obtained. In some of them there is not only no discipline of the old kind, but no teaching. And, oddly enough, the idea is by no means new, for Bronson Alcott, the hater of cattle, was actually a pioneer in the field. He believed with Wordsworth that children were closer to heaven than their elders and his whole method of instruction assumed that the child was wiser than the teacher. He would ask the children questions and encourage them to find their own answers, instead of giving them the answers suggested by adult experience. He preferred to learn from them—and was nearly sent to jail by outraged Boston.

Child worship is, of course, another form of primitivism; the child, the savage, the peasant, the Oriental mystic, all stand for the same thing—or rather they stand against it. They symbolize the radical's protest against everything man has done to lift himself above the level of the totem worshiper.

The appeal for the simple life, for a life without wants or ambitions, without comforts and luxuries, is rooted in a tangle of motives. A few of them have been suggested above.

There is the natural man's tendency to belittle what he cannot get and to make a virtue of his defects, the virtue of the impotent; there is the equally natural habit of self-glorification: "I am perfect as I am, and it is only necessary for the world to come round to my view to make all things perfect." There is an inherent laziness: "Why should I trouble to change anything? If everything were only let alone, there would be no unhappiness for anybody."

And there is, as a supreme mystical faith, the idea that the moral law of Nature coincides exactly with the moral law of mankind. Cast yourself on the bosom of Nature, we are told, and all will be well; and icebergs smash down upon steamers, floods destroy crops and wild beasts tear at one another's vitals in the jungle. The progress of mankind is the story of his defeat of Nature, not of his submission.

Looked at in that light, civilization becomes the story of change; and by a paradox, the radical who is always asking for a change in society is actually opposed to the fundamental changes mankind has made. His eyes are fixed on the past, on a beautiful Golden Age he wishes to restore. It is a trick of words which makes him the prophet of the future.

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Clip It Now!

PEOPLE AGAINST MEADE

(Continued from Page 27)

heavily barred and high in the wall on either side of the gigantic mahogany sideboard at Ma Bonn's right. Little Amby wished to get away; no man or woman present but had been his client at some time, and but would, in all probability, be the same again. But he was not present merely to do missionary work. He had come on business.

He said to Ma Bonn, under cover of the mounting revelry, "What are you doing about laying down the bonds? There's five thousand coming to me, and I might as well have it."

"You'll get it," she said tartly. For its business advantage, she cultivated a reputation for free-handedness, but she was very avaricious. She did a large business as a receiver of stolen goods; thieves who thought they were in a position to know, said that she was worth millions, and meeting no denial, went on to say that she was worth ten millions of dollars. She could probably have qualified for 3 or 4 per cent of that estimate.

"I know I will," said the little shyster, importing no threat into his tone. He could be patient; she was paying him a yearly retainer of five thousand dollars.

"And what about me, Ma?" said Fat Ben. "There's a grand coming to me for taking out Michaels, and I'm obligated for three grand on the bond of that cabby that took the air."

She was looking challengingly at the General. This worthy was an old thief who had lost his nerve, but who was still a valuable adjunct to any mob because of his vast experience and cunning. He limited himself now to planning crimes against property for a percentage of the proceeds. He puffed his cigar and glanced at her with faded and red-veined blue eyes.

"Well?" she said.

"That's up to you, Ma," he said, knocking the ashes carefully from his Havana.

"There's nothing coming to you," she announced. "You agreed to work as outside man, and you weren't there and nearly queered the job."

"We've been all over that," he said, with apparent acceptance of her ruling.

"You ran out on us!" exclaimed Michaels, who had hitched his chair forward. He glared at the General.

"Keep out of this," said Ma Bonn, gesturing to him to move away.

"However," she said, glancing at Little Amby for approval of her conciliatory policy, and finding that he had withdrawn from the discussion and was examining a piece of Georgian silver on the sideboard, "the General gets fifteen hundred dollars for the sake of old friendship."

"Found money," said the gray old thief tonelessly. His glance dwelt for an instant on the back of Soapy Heywood's head. Heywood's chair had crept toward the sideboard, although its occupant was discoursing animatedly to the enthralled Lily Mayer.

Ma Bonn got up and stood beside Little Amby.

"Soapy Heywood," she said, "has a broker here who will take all the bonds."

"Where?" snapped the lawyer, scandalized at the notion of admitting a stranger into the choice company.

"He's waiting out in the store."

"Ma," he said, "you're getting too bold in your methods. You'll be registering your business with the Bureau of Licenses next. How did Soapy Heywood edge into this? He had no part in it."

"He has now," she said curtly. "He has a man who's willing to cash them out at 70 per cent of the face value."

"He might go to 75," said the insinuating voice of Soapy Heywood behind them. "But he wants to see the collateral."

He embraced them in a wheedling smile. He was a man of limitless impudence and very little courage. To illustrate him, he knew droves of prominent people who did not know him—statesmen, pugilists, actors, clergymen. He strode up to them, seized and wrung their hands, and introduced them to his less-confident friends. He was a professional store thief. He wore black and braided clothes, high collars and sad-hued cravats of costly silk; he was thirty-three when shot to death, but looked older, being quite bald on top of his round and big-cheeked head and wearing old-fashioned side whiskers and a short flaxen mustache. He was most respectable-looking and plausible, and had decided to sell out and go into confidence work when interrupted.

"Let's have him in," said Ma Bonn.

Heywood went for his man. When he returned with the broker, Little Amby had disappeared. A black and gold screen had been opened beside Ma Bonn. Fat Ben, deserted by the fickle Sadie, was napping; he slept when he could, and he could always sleep. The General was studying a note that had evidently been passed him a moment before; he caught and held Heywood's glance for an instant, and Heywood's smile became strained.

Ma Bonn looked searchingly at the broker, who had been presented to her by the name of Foster, and nodded grimly; he sat down. She lifted a thick packet of papers from her lap and handed it to him.

The packet was the one hundred and ten thousand dollars' worth of negotiable bonds that had been taken from the messenger for the Matanzas and New York Bank. The broker, a thin and elderly man, adjusted gold-rimmed spectacles to his high-bridged nose and checked over the bonds. Ma Bonn watched him with unrelenting vigilance, sparing to the room an occasional sweeping glance.

They conferred in whispers. Fat Ben's eyes remained closed. The General, out of earshot of the whisperers, conned his note. Heywood, equally removed, but by special request, watched the faces of the fence and the broker, mirrored their looks, gesticulated like them, nodded and grimaced, and perhaps convinced himself that he was a big help to the deal, when he was giving it only moral support.

"This is for you," said the General suddenly, and he gave the note to Heywood and rose to leave. He went to his hostess with politeness; she waved him off impatiently. He left the room by its only exit, which was into a dark hall or vestibule between the dining hall and the curiosity shop.

Heywood read the note and looked after the tall form of the General. His eyes went then, slowly and warily, from individual to individual of the company. He was unmistakably frightened. He lit a fresh cigarette and moved his chair nearer the wall.

The noise at the farther end of the table was dying down. Lavean and his neighbors were looking at the doorway; an altercation was going on behind it. It flew open under the impact of struggling men, and Alfredo Meade and one of the waiters supplied by the caterer burst into the room.

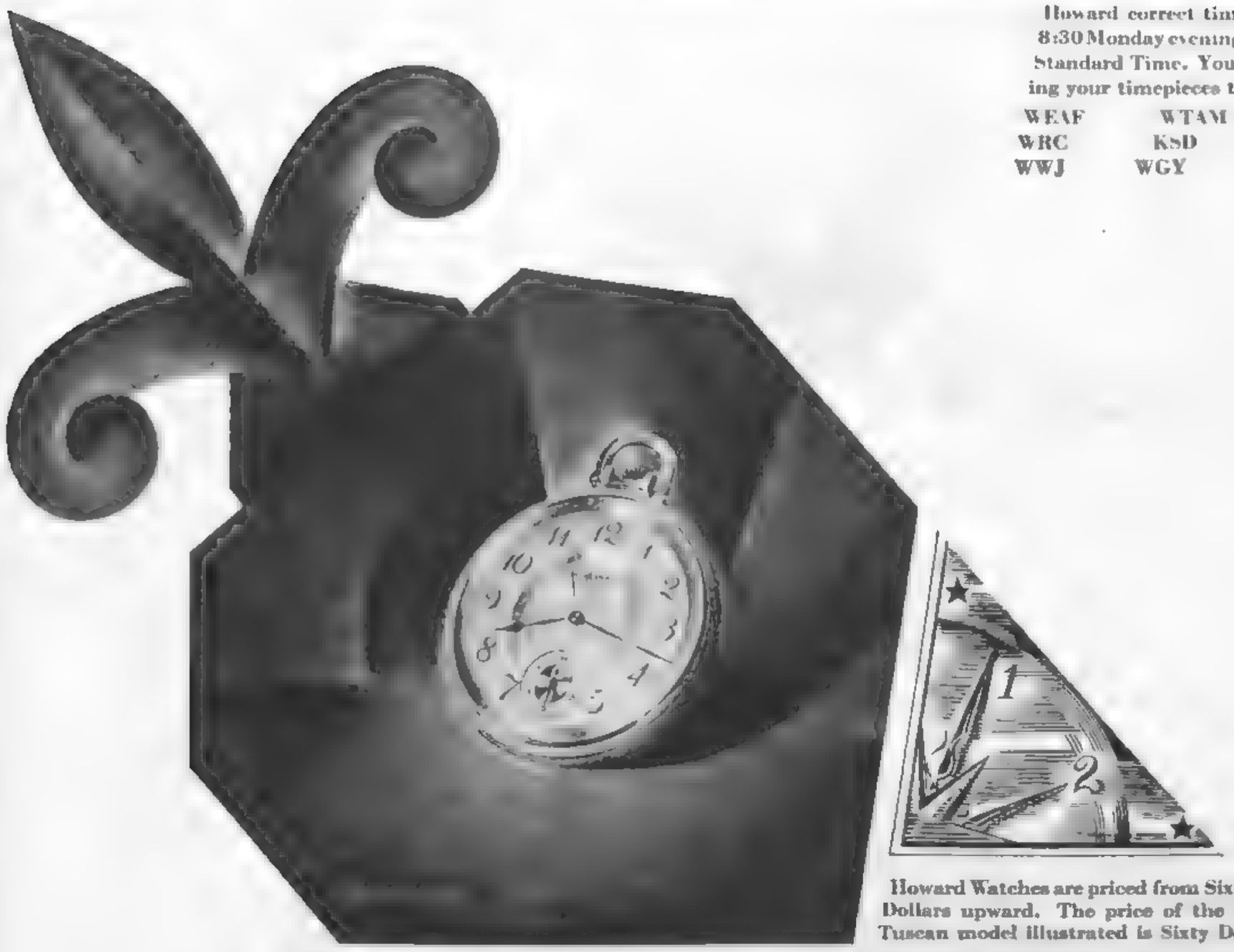
"What's up, there?" demanded Ma Bonn. She tossed the packet of bonds into a drawer of the sideboard and pushed it to and turned the key. "Let him go. Who are you? What do you want here?"

Alfredo did not answer her. He was greatly excited; the glowing eyes in his white face hunted along the table. When he saw Heywood he exclaimed in satisfaction; Heywood returned his look with a stare of fear.

"I want him!" he cried, throwing out his right arm rigidly toward Heywood.

A police whistle sounded outside the room. Heywood jumped to his feet, startling Fat Ben, who opened his big blue eyes and grumbled protestingly, "Easy does it, Soapy, my old tomato." The rest of the company were more troubled. Alarmed

(Continued on Page 193)



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The magnificent growth of Coral Gables has attracted country-wide interest. Experts in city-planning come to study the remarkable results of unified scheme and design; master architects come to see the maturing of distinctive types and color effects; the landscape artist to learn new ideas in group planting and tropical coloring; the business man or the craftsman to seek opportunity. But far greater in numbers, are the thousands of visitors who seek the ideal winter vacation or rest, and who come for the real enjoyment which Coral Gables affords in unstinted measure. Coral Gables welcomes all—its portals are wide open—the latchstring hangs outside.

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Coral Gables Miami, Fla

(Continued from Page 190)

exclamations were uttered, becoming panicky cries when the many bulbs in the great chandelier failed without warning, throwing the room into utter darkness.

"Turn on those lights!" screamed Ma Bonn. "Who turned off those lights? Hey, out there—turn on ——"

The roar of a pistol, fired inside the room, quenched her voice. The women screamed. The men shouted, "Turn on the lights!"

A second pistol shot was fired. The flame rived the darkness down by the doorway, to which all eyes were turned, seeking light; and then someone found the switch in the vestibule and the chandelier bloomed out again in full effulgence.

Ma Bonn, cowering in her chair, was at the head of a deserted table. The other diners had left their places, had fallen to the floor or run into the darkness to hide. The admonitions of the saints to the contrary notwithstanding, death, and particularly death by violence, is foreign to the everyday thoughts of honest and healthy people; to the company in Ma Bonn's back room the voice of the pistol was as the voice of conscience.

The tension relaxed with the reassuring return of light. Guests came out of awkward postures, out of corners; they came from under the table; they got up from the floor. Soapy Heywood did not get up. He was on his hands and knees; slowly he let himself down, and then he collapsed, falling on his shoulder and cheek, and turning over inertly after a last effort to push the floor away. They were clamoring over him when the police got in.

III

MA BONN, who had manifested no concern on learning that Soapy Heywood was shot, was bristlingly alert when she saw that the raiding officers were headed by Inspector Conlin. She subdued her manner at once, but abated nothing of her vigilance. When the head of the detective bureau of the metropolitan police did his raiding in person, the quarry was no small deer.

"Right where you are, everybody," rasped the bull-necked old inspector, coming swiftly forward. The little black eyes sunk in his big-boned face twinkled to right and left. Heywood was in his path. "Hello," he said with a touch of concern, seeing the man on the floor.

He knelt, ripped open Heywood's dinner coat and shirt, looked, and tried to shake the man out of his growing coma. "Here, Heywood," he urged. "Who done this shootin'? Who done it?" The inspector had come a long way and learned a lot, and much of it out of books since he had last pounded pavements in blue and glittering brass, but when excited he sometimes reverted to sidewalk Anglo-Saxon. He scowled about him. Conlin—and a more efficient policeman New York never had—was a terrorist: his customary encouragement to policemen newly promoted to the detective bureau is in point: "I want you gentlemen to know that you have a fifth-grade patrolman's baton in your knapsack!"

"He's gone," he growled dissatisfiedly, and lurched up. "Well, who did it? Come on, now, speak up and save yourselves trouble. Get up here and line up and let's look you over."

"There'll be trouble about this, Conlin," said Ma Bonn.

The inspector was looking toward the door through which Little Amby was being conducted by a patrolman. "Found this gent upstairs," explained the patrolman. "He says he don't know the lady, but ——"

"Good evening counselor," said the inspector.

"Why, hello, inspector," said Little Amby, with rather more urbanity. "But what's the idea of crashing? You know what happens to officers that crash a place protected by a peremptory injunction of the Supreme Court. We've been over this ground before, inspector."

"Show him the warrant," said the inspector, turning brusquely away. "Comiskey, go out and tell them to get the wagon ready. We'll take the whole flock down. And notify the coroner."

"Just look them over for weapons," said the inspector to one of the raiding party of six plain-clothes men and four uniformed officers. "Not even a nail file on them, eh?" He glanced at the floor on which were eight pistols, six assorted knives and a scattering of slung shots and skeleton keys.

Thee Magrath and Lester Mooney were conversing. "Inspector," said the bank robber then, indignantly, "me and my friend here got no part in this. There's the party done the shooting." He pointed at Alfredo Meade.

"And I seen him," confirmed Lester Mooney.

"You saw him shoot, Mooney?" asked Conlin. He knew them both.

"Well, what I seen," said the bank sneak conscientiously, "is this gentleman throw a gun down on Soapy, if such is his name—like that." He threw his arm straight out, demonstrating. "I did not see any shooting, because the lights go out." He spoke to the company apologetically, coloring. "I hope I am a sport as good as any here, and no rat, and I never was a rat; but what call has this party, that nobody knows him here, to horn into a private party of ladies and gentlemen at a dinner in a friend's house, and begin bumping people off? That is what I call overstepping himself."

"Where's the gun?" asked Conlin of Alfredo.

"I had no gun," said Alfredo, his blue eyes widening. "It is not true that I have shot this man. It is a false story."

"Who are you—what are you—what are you doing here?" demanded Conlin. "Who do you know here?"

Alfredo looked about him, hesitated over Michaels until the robber moved uneasily under the gaze, and then pointed at Heywood.

"Him."

"You came here to get him?" said the inspector.

"Yes," said Alfredo, missing the slang meaning evidently.

"Where's the gun?"

"This is it, chief," said one of the plain-clothes men, tendering a revolver from the collection. "It's been fired three times; the others haven't been fired."

"Go through him," ordered the inspector, accepting the revolver and walking away with it. His subordinate searched the ex-messenger.

A detective of the two that had searched the line of guests stepped up to the inspector and whispered, causing a broad smile of gratification to appear on Conlin's face.

He turned abruptly and strode to the sideboard and put out his hand toward the drawer in which Ma Bonn had placed the bonds. The key was still in the lock, where she had left it.

She rose quickly and stood beside him. "I want you to call this off, Conlin," she said.

"I dare say," said the inspector. "Stand aside, madam."

"I know your reputation and all that," she said, "and it's well worth cashing in on. It's worth ten thousand dollars to me to have this thing stop here."

"It's worth that and twice," said the inspector. "Stand aside."

"Twice it is," she said. "Twenty thousand dollars, Conlin, if you don't open that drawer."

He seized the old-fashioned drawer pulls. She moved as though to oppose him and then abandoned him. She sat down.

He pulled the drawer out its full length. It was empty. "Where are they?" demanded Conlin loudly. "Where are those bonds?"

Ma Bonn turned incredulously and looked; color came back into her rugged face. Little Amby, who was sitting in the chair that Heywood had vacated, said,

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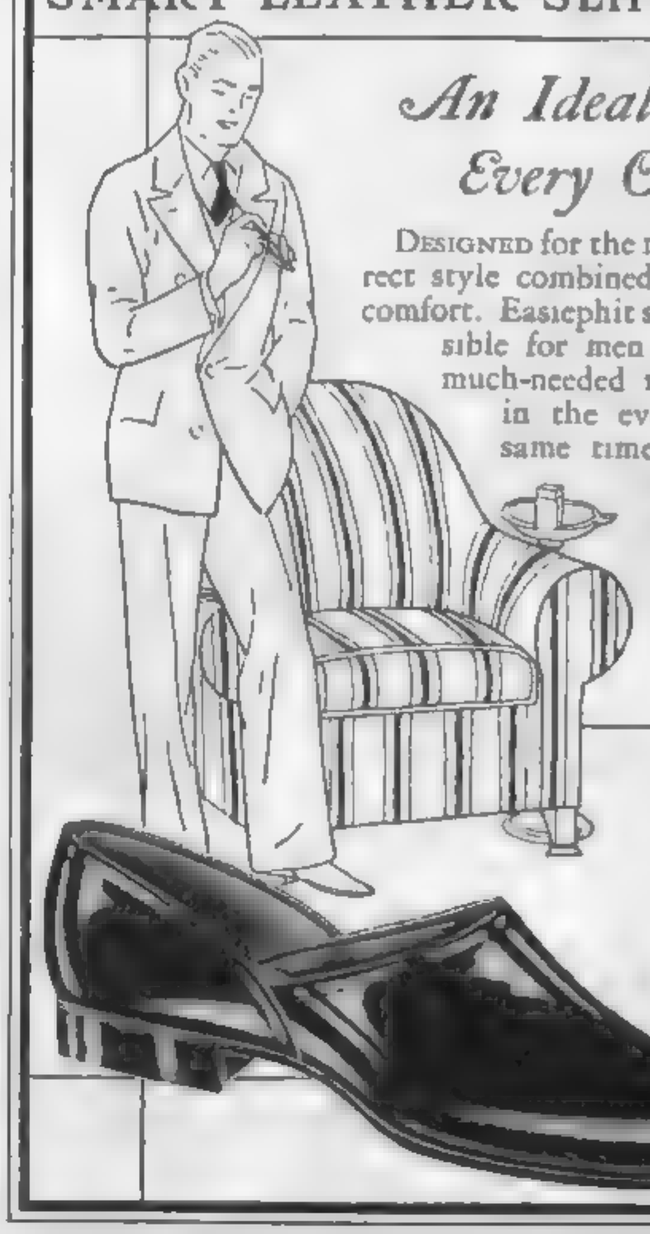

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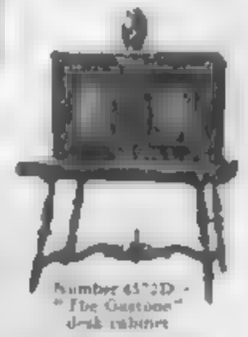

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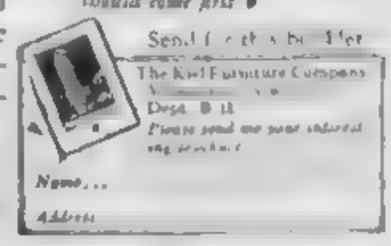

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"What's that, inspector?" and got up. He had seated himself so as to pick up unobservedly a scrap of paper beside the chair.

"Those bonds are in this room," said the inspector strongly, "and they might as well be trotted out, because they're going to be found." He stalked down the room to Alfredo. "Where did you know this man from?" he demanded, pointing at the body of Heywood.

"He lived in my house."

"Oh," ejaculated the inspector. "Your name is Meade; you're the messenger that was robbed!"

"Yes."

"Why did you seek him here?"

Alfredo hesitated.

"Was it about this?" suggested Conlin, flashing before him the note from Ruth that had been found in his pocket.

"No," said Alfredo proudly. "It was nothing of that."

"Were you ever in France?" Conlin held a passport in his hand.

"A year in the French army."

"And you still say that's not your gun?" scoffed Conlin, exhibiting the revolver. "Read what's engraved right there on the barrel and tell me if it's yours. That's French, isn't it?"

"Le Vengeur de 1870,'" said Alfredo, reading the legend on the weapon. "It is French, certainly. In fact, it is mine. But ——"

"We'll give you a chance to explain. And this is the gun you shot him with?"

"I did not shoot! I do not know how that gun comes here. Unless this fellow has stolen it from my house. It may be so."

"And did he shoot himself with it? Come, my boy, start right with us and you won't regret it. Can't you see that the revolver that killed that man was pressed against him? He was shot by somebody standing right alongside him, and that somebody's not left this room; I'll guarantee that. Here's the gun that did the job, and it's your gun."

Alfredo Meade was arraigned in Jefferson Market police court on June 18, 1918, to answer to a charge of murder. Upon waiving examination, he was sent to the Tombs, to be held there for the action of the Grand Jury.

IV

"THEN you don't think the Cuban had anything to do with vanishing the bonds?" asked Ma Bonn disappointedly.

She was speaking to her counsel, Little Amby. With them in her back room were Fat Ben and the General. The four were grouped about a small marble-topped table on which were a beautiful silver gravy boat full of Manhattan cocktails, and four thick sandwiches filled with corned beef and coleslaw and mayonnaise from a neighboring delicatessen.

"I don't think he did," said Little Amby. Light fluttered from the four diamond rings on his hand as he dried his thin lips with a purple silk handkerchief from the breast pocket of his gray-and-brown-checked suit. "I know you wouldn't have asked me to take his case except for the bonds. Whoever took them certainly did you a favor that night."

"It's a favor I'd be very glad to return," said Ma Bonn dryly. "How about that man Foster? He could have got to the drawer while the light was out and saved himself about eighty thousand dollars."

"If he did he was working in with the police," said Fat Ben sagely. "Take it from me, those bonds went out of here with a cop."

Little Amby's large black eyes dwelt steadily on the bondsman as he said, "I don't even know that young Meade shot Soapy Heywood."

"He denies it?" said the General interestedly. "It seems that I missed an entertaining evening. Where was Soapy shot?"

"Through the chest. The gun was put right against his shirt front. This young Cuban came in looking for him, and then the lights went out and Soapy started to go out, too, and he ran smack into the gat," said Fat Ben, "and the Cuban let him have it."

"He was lying over there near the door," explained Ma Bonn.

"And this is Soapy's chair up here?" queried the General. "Perhaps somebody will tell me how the Cuban picked Soapy out in the crowd after the lights went out."

"That's so, too," admitted Fat Ben. "But he did, didn't he?"

"I wonder," said the General, thoughtfully munching. "Here's a thought, in strict confidence. This young man was a witness against Michaels, or so I've been told. Now, you know Michaels is a desperate fellow. Might it not be that Michaels, being suddenly tempted, tried to shoot him, when Heywood got in between?"

"Good enough," said Ma Bonn. "But Michaels certainly didn't take the bonds. They were his."

"As far as the bonds are concerned, Ma, my old tomato," said Fat Ben, pouring himself another cupful of the Manhattan mixture, "that's easy. Finding somebody in that crowd who would lift those bonds is easier than finding a needle in a haystack. I say—the nearest."

"That would be Ma," chuckled Little Amby, but looking unwinkingly at his hostess.

He got up and went to one of the windows and tried to look out, but was too short. The windows, one on each side of the enormous sideboard, were each twenty inches wide and thirty inches high, and were each closed by two bars of steel an inch thick and running from top to bottom; the windows were five feet and eight inches above the floor.

"Those bars look new, Ma," he said. "Have you had them replaced lately?"

"They were on there Monday night, if that's what you want to know," said Ma Bonn without turning.

"When did you have them replaced?"

"That's another matter," she said, a bit restive. "The bars were worn and I had them replaced about two weeks ago. You remember, General; you spoke about it one day and later sent a man around, and he put in the four new bars for three dollars. That has nothing to do with Monday night. What makes you think that Cuban fellow didn't kill Heywood? He was looking for him for fooling around his wife, wasn't he? Well, that sort of thing generally winds up in an ambulance."

"He denies it," said Little Amby, shrugging his narrow shoulders. "He may be lying. I've known people to lie to save their lives."

"He knew Heywood?" said the General attentively.

"Heywood roomed with them. But what really incited the young fellow against Heywood was stories that were told him by others. He seems to have been friendly with a man named Andress—John Tilit Andress of West One-Hundred and Eleventh Street—and this Andress knew Heywood, or knew of him, and told young Meade things that made him see red. Everything told him may have been gospel truth. I don't know the wife at all, and I dare say that Andress was acting as a true friend."

"Andress," repeated Fat Ben ruminatively. "Seems like I knew somebody of that name—or was it Andrews? What's he look like?"

"I've never seen him. I must have a talk with him, in case young Meade wants to change his story and try the unwritten law. The chances are that if I write him, or let him know in any way that he may be taken for a witness, he'll leave town. He seems suspicious; I've tried to get him on the wire several times, and I dare say he recognizes my voice now."

"Andress," said Fat Ben again. "Not Anders or Andrews or Anderson? What's his racket? Tell me this, was he ever grabbed for stalling for a dip on the Third Avenue surface cars? I've heard that name. Let me give him a ring."

(Continued on Page 197)

The anti-freeze that won't evaporate

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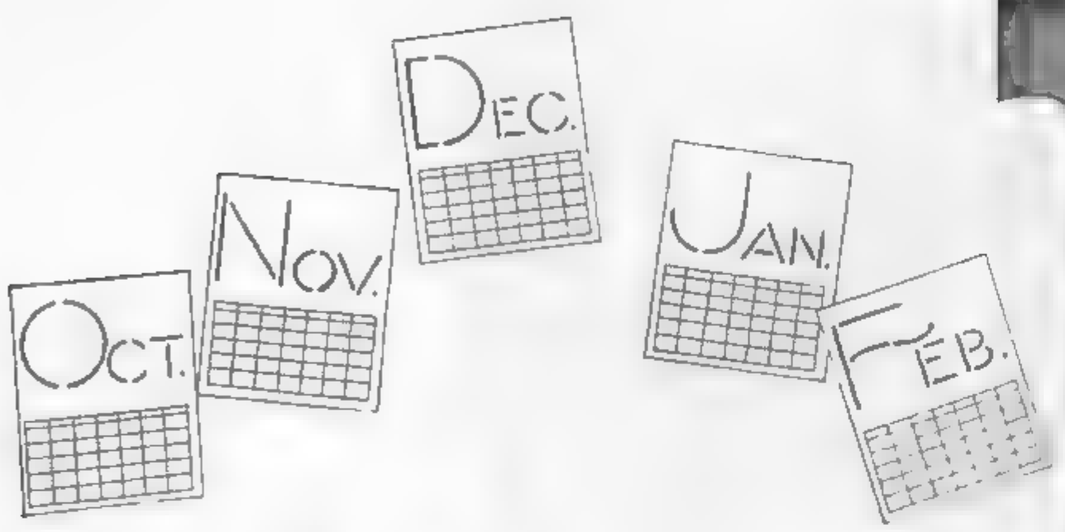
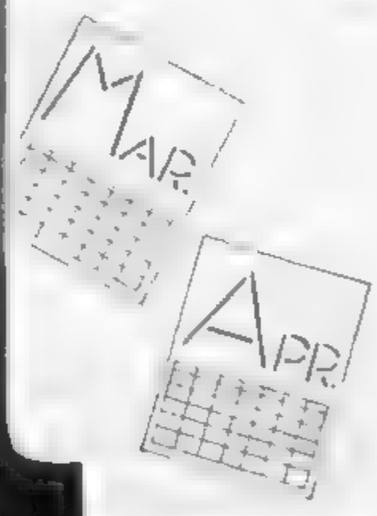
Glycerine
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION





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It is important to note that glycerine does not swell rubber, as does water. In fact, it has a tendency to reduce swollen hose connections back to normal. This action calls for a general tightening up of all rubber joints to prevent leakage of radiator glycerine—thus making sure that a single filling will protect your car right through all the winter months.

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Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine from cans or drums bearing this mark—the label and endorsement of the Glycerine Producers' Association laboratories.

GPA

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—instructions that must be followed

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Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

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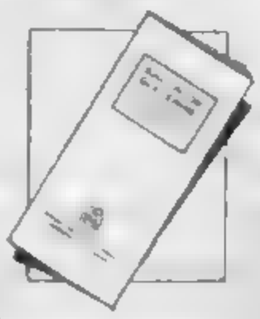

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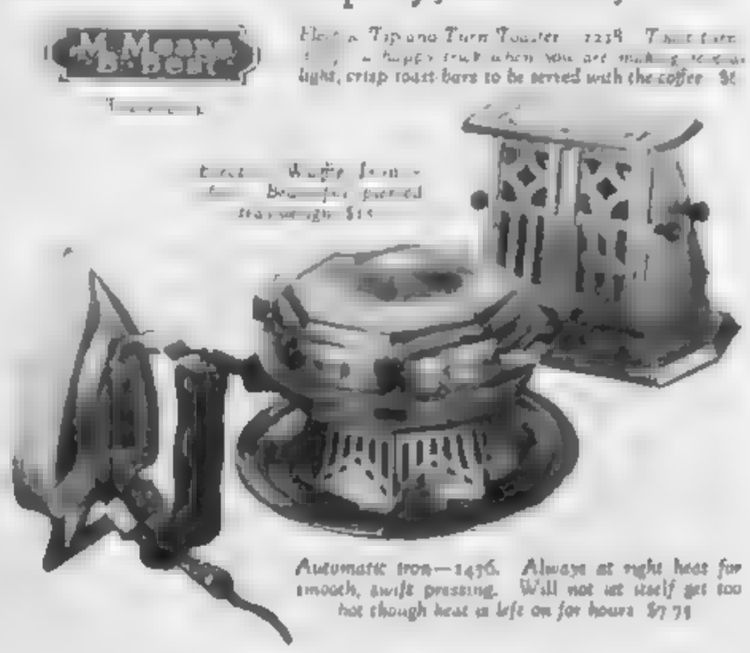

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(Continued from Page 194)

"Try him," agreed Little Amby, and gave the number on the Cathedral exchange. Fat Ben went to a telephone booth in the room, leaving the door open behind him.

"Hello," he said, and called the number. "Is John Tillt Andress there?" he asked, holding back from the mouthpiece and speaking in a carefully disguised voice. He winked at his friends. "This is Joe Humperdinck talking. Is this you, Andress, my old tomato?"

He listened carefully, hung up and came out. "I don't think it's the same party," he said, "but, of course, I wouldn't tip him off by asking him right out; it would never do to let him know who was calling. And then, too, it wasn't Andreas on the wire either."

"There's a detective lost in you, Ben," said Little Amby as the telephone rang and was answered by the General. "Do you happen to know what insurance company it was that bonded young Meade? He doesn't know. They'd pay to get the bonds back."

"My company wrote the fidelity and robbery bond," said Fat Ben. "I happen to know, because the company mentioned that job in notifying all us agents to write no more burglary insurance. The losses were getting so heavy that the company decided to write no more policies against burglary, but to invest the capital in bail bonds."

"For burglars?" smiled Little Amby. "That's bad economics, Ben, and you can tell them so. They must take the lean with the fat. If they back the burglars and not the business men, the burglars will increase until they eat all the business men up, and then the game will be done for everybody. Oh, no, they must preserve the business men if they want the fat business of bonding the crooks."

While he chattered he watched the General in the booth.

"Maybe that explains why crooks have taken to robbing their own lately," said Ma Bonn to nobody in particular.

Little Amby walked back to the window, reached up and seized the bars and tried to pull himself up for a look out. He was not athletic enough for this feat, and got a chair to stand on.

"I told you," said Ma Bonn patiently, "that those bars were replaced before Monday night."

"This window was open that night and the bonds could have been tossed out," he said. "But that casts no light on how Heywood was killed down there by the doorway twenty-five feet away. I think the General is right; I see no connection between the lifting of the bonds and the shooting. And, as Ben says, the guests that night were all experts at vanishing collateral."

He returned to his office in the little house on Centre Street opposite the Tombs. Mrs. Alfredo Meade was among the people waiting in the outside office to see him. He told Cohen to send her in at once.

"I suppose, Mr. Hinkle, you are surprised, seeing me here after some of the things you might have heard," said Ruth, taking a chair with a graceful sweep. She tilted her golden head aside and opened her violet eyes at Little Amby. She was a beautiful girl, underbred, but apt to learn new tricks, and full of vitality. "Well, you can't blame me, Mr. Hinkle. The things that man done on me, you can't imagine. It isn't like as if I didn't know anything and didn't know all men are alike and will always fall for a good-looking girl, but there's a limit. Well, I won't have Alfredo say I ditched him when he was in trouble. How much are you charging him?"

"We haven't settled that yet, Mrs. Meade," said Little Amby, taking a gold-tipped cigarette from an onyx box and tendering the box to her.

"Never use them. Thank you just the same. Well, when you get to the bad news, I'm willing to chip in. I have a few dollars saved up that I thought I would use some day to go to Europe and have my voice cultured. Go easy on it, will you, Mr. Hinkle? I'm telling you right out, because you are not much of a lawyer if you don't know by now that Alfredo got nothing. His old gentleman down in Cuba is quite filthy with coin, but he got no use for Alfredo since Alfredo left college and went to the war. We hoped he would cool off since Alfredo got married and settled down, but ——"

"What was the trouble between you and Alfredo? You think he was going with another woman?"

"I don't have to think," she said fiercely. "I got proof on him. And besides, I myself have seen—have saw him with this woman under circumstances that would lead one to consider that all was not according to Hoyle. If you want to see my proof, give a look."

She threw a thin bundle of letters on Little Amby's desk, then drew a long and quivering breath, and lifted her mirror to her face.

"I'll look these over, Mrs. Meade," said Little Amby, rising. He was glad to have her pledge of help, because he could use her in court as a picture if Alfredo Meade went to trial. "If you want to do something for Alfredo right away, you can pay the premium on a bail bond. I can arrange to have him admitted to bail. We recommend the International Surety Company. You'll find their agent across the street from Jefferson Market; ask Cohen outside for a card. Leave your address with Cohen."

"And you'll take care of my Alfredo?" she cooed, holding his hand in parting. She was disarmingly pretty. In a foreign land, where to speak English at all was an accomplishment, and where American manners were not current, her crudities would be piquant. "Oh, tell me, can I go to see him in prison? I want to find out what got into him to think there was anything between Mr. Heywood and I. Though if he didn't get mad after hearing such stories, I would be done with him. I was just thinking this morning that it was a good thing, after all, that he shot Mr. Heywood, because that showed that he loved me." Her amethystine eyes were tender.

When she was gone, Little Amby examined the letters. They were all of a piece, and anonymous; an excerpt from one will do:

Dear Madame: The reason the woman who called your husband up last night would not give her name to you is because she is the one you saw with him and another man last Thursday in an automobile in the Park when you were on the West Drive, and she is known to somebody in your apartment in her true character. But if you could find somebody that knows her by sight, they will be at Pier One to meet the Iron Steamboat to Rockaway ——

They were typewritten, but several emendations had been made in long hand, and evidently by the author. Little Amby compared the writing with that on the scrap of paper he had picked from the floor beside Heywood's chair on the night of the killing.

There were only five words, or four and a fragment, on the torn piece of paper—"wood the rat The flatfeet—" but the likeness was striking. He was confident that the writings under comparison had been made by the same hand.

As to the scrap of paper, he believed that the first word had been Heywood; he knew that a traitor was called a rat, and that the flatfeet were the police. Someone had indited a warning that Heywood had betrayed the company and that the police were at hand. That warning had come into Heywood's possession. His silence under such a charge suggested that it was true. If it was true, he was in mortal danger. He would have been alert for gun play. Given the cover of darkness, he would have tried to escape; if armed, his weapon would be in his hand.

All of which shed a pale and fitful light into that dark moment in Ma Bonn's back

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Contest is open to children of all ages and prizes will be distributed in time for Christmas Letters must reach the Teenie Weenie General by December 15, 1927. Decision of the judges will be final.

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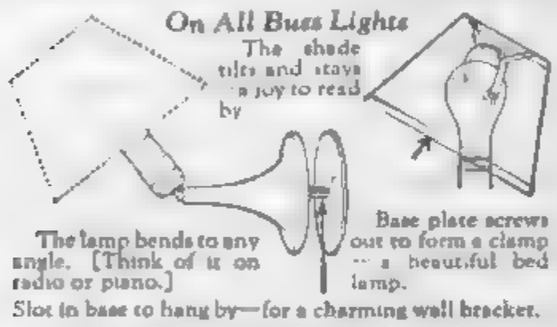
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room. It seemed likely that Heywood had been killed as a traitor. If the pen that had poisoned Ruth's mind against her husband was wielded by the individual who had set Alfredo Meade onto Heywood, the death of the thief had been long planned, and was perhaps not the result of a spasm of fury engendered in an undisciplined mind by the discovery of a betrayal. Greater information had not narrowed the field of suspicion. Little Amby spoke into his desk telephone.

"Cohen, make an appointment for me with Harry Buell of the International Surety Company. And get up an application to admit young Meade to bail. I'm mentioning to Buell that his company will write the bond—through Fat Ben, of course."

v

THE seared old criminal who was known as General Green rose at Cohen's curt signal and went from the outer office and down a short hall to Little Amby's private room. As he neared it, the door opened and Foster, the bond broker, came out.

Standing on the threshold, Foster said apologetically, "I didn't intend to offend you, Mr. Hinkle." To which Little Amby's reply was a noncommittal "Good afternoon."

The General looked after the retreating Foster and then entered the private room and closed the door behind him. "Isn't that the man that Heywood introduced at Ma Bonn's as a dealer in collateral?" he said sharply.

"The same."

"Is he all right?"

"He's like any other fence," said Little Amby with a shrug.

"I don't know him."

"That would be strange if he were a local dealer. He's from San Francisco—this is *entre nous*, General. He's still after that bunch of bonds, if they can be delivered today. He came to me, thinking I knew where they were. Before I told him I would have nothing to do with such a deal, even if I were in touch with the bonds, he blurted out an extremely high cash offer for them. It seems that some people in San Francisco have a bunch of bonds up as security on a long-term contract, and for those bonds—some other issue—they can substitute these Matanzas and New York bonds. Get the idea? The San Francisco bonds will be sold at a hundred cents on the dollar, while these Matanzas and New York bonds will be off the market for a term of years and let ripen."

"What did he offer you?" said the General, asking as for an item that would be of interest to any well-posted business man.

"Eighty-five per cent of the face, if he can get them today."

"A remarkable offer. However, here's the matter that I came to see you about."

His faded blue eyes, of which the lower lids sagged and exposed streaks of red, brooded on the Havana he was cutting.

"My notion of this Heywood matter is that he was acting as a police spy and had planned to turn the whole mob up, including, it would seem now, this broker. It would have been a bit awkward even for you, I venture, if the bonds had been found that night. He went to young Meade's house as a spy; Heywood didn't know the insides of that job. He fell heavily for the beautiful Mrs. Meade, aroused her husband's Latin jealousy and was followed and knocked off."

"And what about the bonds?"

"Fat Ben said 'the nearest.' I'd rather not venture an opinion."

"An interesting theory, General, but one that ——"

The old plotter tossed three photographs onto the mahogany desk and lay back in his chair. Little Amby looked at them; they were from snapshots by a small pocket camera, but were clear. The figures of Mrs. Meade and Heywood centered each picture, and their juxtaposition was given significance by the writing below. Little Amby was especially taken by a picture showing the couple leaning over the rail of an excursion boat. The boat looked like one of the old side-wheelers that ran between Manhattan and Coney Island and the Rockaways, and that were called, with a pride that had grown quaint, "the iron steamboats." Beneath the picture of the seafaring couple was written, in a woman's hand:

Thine,
So Long as the Hudson flows to the sea,
R.

"Good stuff," said Little Amby, "if we make that the defense. Where did you come by these?"

"In Heywood's overcoat, which was left in the vestibule outside the dining room. Finding it there, for everyone's protection I—but is it the same woman? I suspected as much from remarks that Heywood passed in my presence and Fat Ben's. He was infatuated with her, and we joked him. Fat Ben will remember. I shall be able to dig up a lot of material along that line. When do you expect the trial?"

"Hardly before next winter."

"Count on me as a witness for the defense," said the General warmly. "I'll be out of the city for the next few months, but I'll go the limit for him when I return."

In the afternoon Little Amby was closeted with Saracena, a private detective of a none too scrupulous sort whom Little Amby occasionally employed for special investigations. Because of the nature of Little Amby's practice he couldn't employ strictly honest help. When his measure was full and his hour struck at last and he was handed the bill for a lifetime of chicane, an item that cost him dear was his paucity of acquaintance among honest men and his universal acceptance by the underworld as its own.

"I've located the mason who replaced the bars in that window," said Saracena, a youngish man, dark of complexion, heavily built, smartly dressed. "His name is Hilliard and he lives up on Vermilyea Avenue."

"When was the job done?"

"In the week of June the twelfth—on a Thursday or Friday. That would be the thirteenth or fourteenth. That shows the window had nothing to do with the Heywood killing. But there was one queer thing Hilliard told me—he'll have to be paid if he's to be quoted—the bars had been cut and stuck together again with furnace cement."

While they were talking the telephone rang. The voice on the wire said, "I'm calling from McNeil's Downtown House. I've just had that collateral offered me, and I have an appointment for four o'clock today with the principal."

"Who brought it in?" asked Little Amby.

"A woman."

"Not —"

"The wife."

"I'll be in the lobby," said Little Amby, ringing off and turning to Saracena.

"Some mob had planned to clean out Ma Bonn's all right," said Saracena with professional acumen. "They were in the back yard that night, but were frightened away by the police. The janitor of one of those flats backing on Ma Bonn's heard flowerpots falling and went out with a flash light, when one of the mob shoved a gun against him and sent him back into his cellar."

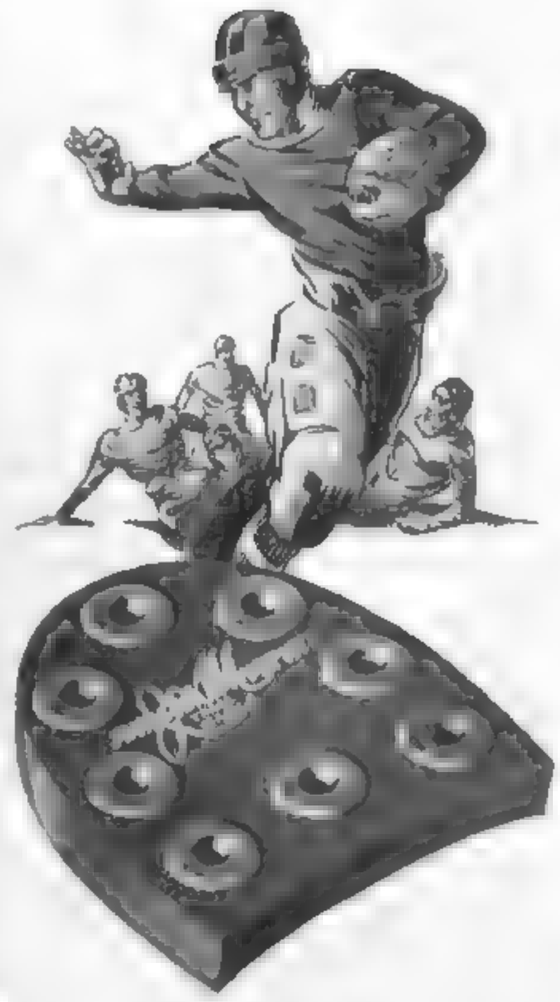
"Did he see the one with the gun?"

"He put the light in his face. He says he'd know him again. But whatever job that mob had laid out was blocked by replacing the bars in the window, so that they don't figure in the case."

"Exactly," said Little Amby, declining the invitation for a general discussion.

At ten minutes to four that afternoon Little Amby and Alfredo Meade were seated behind the umbrageous foliage of a rubber plant in the extreme rear of the lobby of McNeil's Downtown House, an old hotel whose custom had been dwindling and which has since made way for the march of progress.

(Continued on Page 200)



The Heel of America's Leading Shoes

Johnston & Murphy Shoes are favorites among university men and those who seek the unusual. For J&M Shoes possess the happy combination of "something different" and an excellence of quality and style, so essentially a part of the well-dressed.

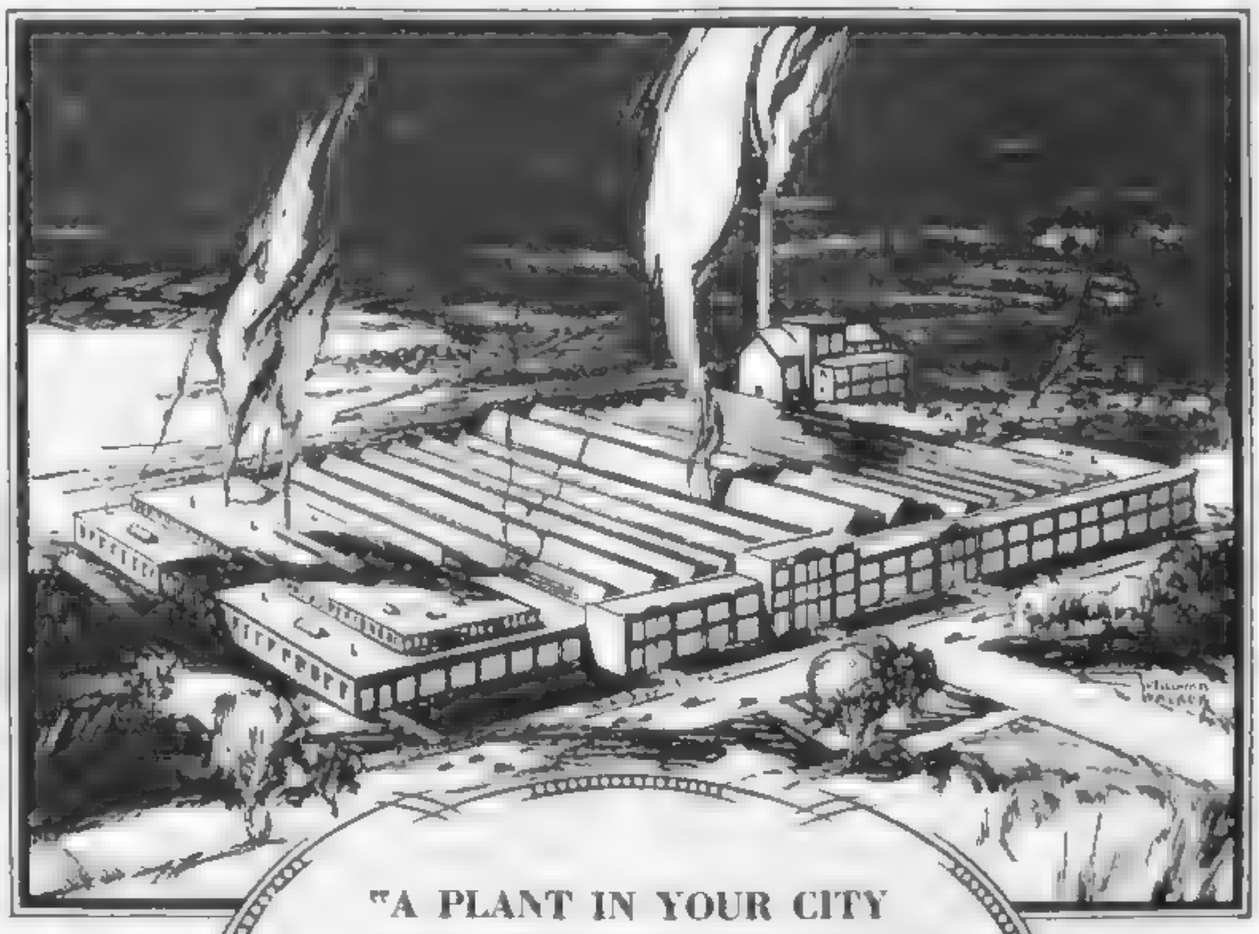
Johnston & Murphy constantly comb the markets of the world for finer materials. Their efforts directed them to the Essex Rubber Company for the rubber heels to go with J&M Shoes. Heels identical with TITE-EDGE, differing only in one respect: the name "Johnston & Murphy" is stamped upon them instead of TITE-EDGE.

Thus, when replacing his rubber heels with TITE-EDGE, the J&M wearer is assured the same high quality that came with his original purchase. And wearers of all other shoes are offered the choice of America's Leading Shoe manufacturers in TITE-EDGE Rubber Heels. At repair stations everywhere.

ESSEX RUBBER CO.
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

TITE-EDGE

And now General Motors announces a $2,250,000 plant in Atlanta



"A PLANT IN YOUR CITY BECAME NOT ONLY A POSSIBILITY, BUT A NECESSITY"

W. S. KNUDSEN
President and General Manager
CHEVROLET MOTOR CO.

WHAT does it mean to you men who produce the Nation's commodities—this decision of one of the greatest industrial organizations in the world to establish a large plant in Atlanta?

First, it is definite proof of the tremendously increased buying power, the responsiveness of the South as a market. Second, it is positive evidence of the outstanding production and distribution advantages that have made Atlanta the industrial headquarters of the South.

For General Motors knows! Few organizations have a sounder knowledge of business conditions. Few organizations have the same facilities for gathering market data, for analyzing every element of success from raw material to point of final sale.

General Motors knows! And from this knowledge, based on cold facts, came the decision to establish a great Chevrolet Assembly Plant in Atlanta, employing many hundreds of men, with an annual payroll of several million dollars.

"A plant in your city became not only a possibility, but a necessity", states Mr. W. S. Knudsen, President and General Manager of the Chevrolet Motor Company.

Over 870 National corporations have also found an Atlanta branch plant, warehouse or sales office a necessity. One after another, analyzing the potentialities of the South and bent upon the task of finding the location offering the best production and distribution advantages, they have selected Atlanta.

Here in one location they found abundant raw materials. The finest type labor in the world,—willing, intelligent Anglo-Saxons. Plentiful plant sites. Ample hydro-electric power. Lower building costs. Invigorating climate, permitting efficient, year-round production. These factors mean lower production costs in the center of a great and prosperous market, coupled with unequalled transportation facilities—8 great railroad systems, with 15 main lines.

Perhaps you need the proven advantages of Atlanta location in your business. Without obligation and in the strictest confidence, we will gather for you the necessary information relating to your market possibilities, production costs and other factors in which you are interested.

The information will be authentic.

Write INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
1788 Chamber of Commerce

ATLANTA
Industrial Headquarters of the South

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Climate···Health···Romance···Adventure

THIS year more than ever before, you'll enjoy your winter in Miami. Beginning early in November, the Miami season will be featured by an unprecedented series of major events, with every facility for individual entertainment and recreation ready for the hundreds of thousands who have already announced their plans for being here.

Twelve Sporty Golf Courses have been conditioned to perfection—the *Fishing Fleets* are enlarged and improved—*Tennis Courts* are ready for the winter tournaments—*Polo Fields* approach green velvet perfection—*Horse Races* will start on schedule. You'll enjoy the surf—the pools—Jai Alai matches, yachting, flying every other out-door sport. Here is a rendezvous for young America—haven of rest and recuperation for the tired business man who seeks harmonious surroundings and congenial companionship—who would add years to his life through the benefits of this tropic climate

Transportation and Accommodations
Luxurious and Economical

Miami can accommodate one hundred thousand visitors at one time and do it well. 136 modern deluxe hotels overlooking Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. 1200 Apartment Houses located on Bay or River and in luxurious tropic setting! Five thousand furnished cottages and residences for rent at the most reasonable season rentals

Rates have been revised, reduced and standardized by the Hotel and Apartment Men's Associations and quotations are guaranteed by the City of Miami

Plan now to come by fast deluxe through Pullman—by one of the world's finest and fastest coastwise steamers—by motor, over the new "Highway of Palms" along America's Riviera, the East Coast of Florida—or by air

For your convenience the City of Miami maintains the following booking offices, where you may make hotel or apartment reservations or receive authentic information

NEW YORK Waldorf Astoria Hotel
CHICAGO 104 South Clark Street

For descriptive Booklet, address

Chamber of Commerce, Miami, Fla.

CITY COMMISSION OF MIAMI, FLORIDA

(Continued from Page 198)

Alfredo was nervous, flushed alternately with fear and hope. Little Amby had said to him, "You are going to be shocked when you learn the true character of someone you know very well. Keep yourself in hand."

Foster, the broker, came from the crawling elevator. He walked through the lobby to the entrance on West Broadway. He paused in the doorway; a woman rose from a lounge and joined him. They went together into the street.

Alfredo caught Little Amby's arm. "But that girl!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Who is she?"

"Come ahead," said Little Amby. "If we lose them we won't be in at the death."

When they gained the sidewalk the couple they were following were a hundred yards away. They pursued them at a distance along West Broadway to Thomas Street, where the couple turned westward. They had disappeared when Little Amby and Alfredo Meade rounded the corner. Thomas Street, between West Broadway and Hudson Street, is less than three hundred feet long, and it seemed that the couple had turned again and followed Hudson Street.

"Hurry!" said Alfredo.

"No, we dare not risk being seen," said Little Amby. "But there's a taxi standing on the corner; we'll take it and travel in comfort."

They approached the taxicab and were almost within hailing distance when it shot away from the curb. There was a struggle going on in it; a stifled cry came from it and one of its panes crashed outward. The battle was still at issue when a police car which had come unnoticed along Thomas Street darted after the taxi like a stooping falcon and crowded it to the sidewalk. Little Amby and Alfredo came up. Foster, the dealer in stolen bonds, was standing on the walk: he was breathing heavily and touching with tender fingers a jagged scratch on his cheek.

"Got them, officer?" cried Little Amby.

"And the bonds, too," said the supposed receiver of stolen goods with grim satisfaction. "He took it like a sport, but she lit into me. Just as well; there's no question now about the driver being in on the job. Here's our friend the General."

The General, in the grasp of an officer, alighted from the cab. He was followed by a screaming, fighting creature with whom he was remonstrating

"Be nice, Lily; can't you? Show them you're a lady and above them, or I'll haul off and put a slug on your eye myself."

"There—there he is!" gasped Alfredo Meade, shaking Little Amby's shoulder. "That's the man I told you about—that's John Tillt Andress!"

"He's also the clever gentleman whose poison pen parted you and Mrs. Meade, and whose poison tongue tried to whip you up to the murder of Soapy Heywood," said Little Amby, pulling him away. "We'll have Mrs. Meade look at Lily Mayer, and we're going to discover, I'll wager, that she was the lady your wife suspected. And there's no doubt about his being the party who was outside the window of Ma Bonn's back room that night; we have proof of that."

"But how did this General arrive to have the bonds?" asked Alfredo later.

"Let me give you the theory that I set out to the district attorney," said Little Amby.

"The developments are all consistent with the idea that the General and Heywood were in cahoots—fellow conspirators, so to speak, Mr. Meade. They had planned to betray the gang to the authorities. It is fair to suppose that the scheme was originated by the General; he was in the original mob and had been pinched out—they weren't going to give him his bit, because of some delinquency. He brought Heywood in to act as a cat's-paw and take the odium and danger of being a traitor, while the General, who was to be paid the twenty-five thousand dollars in rewards by the insurance company, would requite Heywood with a small percentage. Heywood was to deliver to the police the robbers, the receiver, the broker in stolen bonds, and—can you imagine such an insulting misconception?—me!

"Heywood, however, was nobody's fool, and tried to double-cross the General and cabbage the rewards himself. I happen to know that he went to the insurance company behind the General's back; he seized a chance to get into your home, thinking that you might have had a piece of the job. He didn't know the exact story of the robbery.

"The General, finding that he was being undermined, planned the death of Heywood. With the idea of inciting you to murder, or at least to a course of action that would confuse the investigators, he sought to inflame you with hatred of Heywood.

"At the dinner party in Ma Bonn's a warning was given to Heywood that his plans had been discovered. When he sought to flee under cover of darkness he was met at the window by a revolver thrust through the bars against his chest. He was mortally hit, but turned for the door and fell there after firing one shot."

"From my revolver?"

"Yes. He had taken it from your apartment, expecting to need it."

"But the bonds?" persisted Alfredo.

"He thought he was discovered in his treachery—he made an attempt to take the bonds with him. He snatched them from the drawer, jumped to the window, thrust the bonds through the bars ——"

"Why did he seek out the window?"

"He thought the bars were cut. That he was to be afforded that avenue of escape was part of the plan. I think so; he evidently knew that the bars were cut. He jumped to the window, pushed the bonds through to free his hand, seized the bars to pull them aside, and was shot. His body obscured the flame. By the way, how are things between you and the bank?"

"We are quite companionable, I thank you," said Alfredo, rising to leave. "However, it is not necessary that we are so intimate, because soon I shall return, by advice of my father, to Cuba with my dear wife."

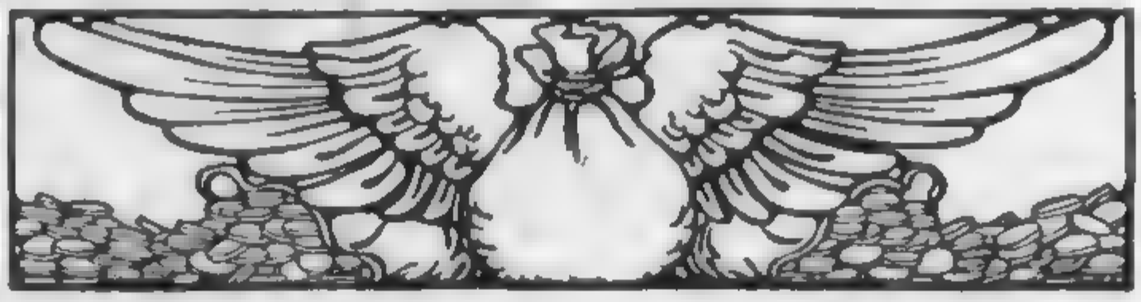
"Fine," said Little Amby, shaking hands. "Sugar planter, isn't he? There's not much sugar in the banking game for a young fellow."

"I have had much pleasure in meeting you, sir," said Alfredo. "You will let me know what expense I have incurred with you?"

"I'll let you know if I have difficulty collecting from the insurance company. I made a little arrangement with them," smiled Little Amby.

Note—The dangerous criminal known variously as Henry Greening, General Green, John T. Andress, and so on, was indicted for the murder of George, alias Soapy, Heywood, but was not brought to trial. His offer to plead guilty to receiving stolen goods was accepted. One reason for this leniency is thought to have been information given by him to the authorities and leading to the arrest and ruin of the notorious Ma Bonn, which was not long delayed.

Author.



A Complete Aerial Kit
that saves time and effort

It is much easier to buy a complete Belden Aerial Kit than to select the many items that are essential for a good antenna system. Every item in the Belden Aerial Kit is matched for perfect performance.

Beldenamel Aerial Wire

Each strand is protected from corrosion by a coating of baked Beldenamel, which does not deteriorate.

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A safeguard essential with every outdoor aerial. Approved by Fire Underwriters.

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A convenient rubber insulated lead-in and ground wire that is flexible and easily soldered.

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Belden Manufacturing Company
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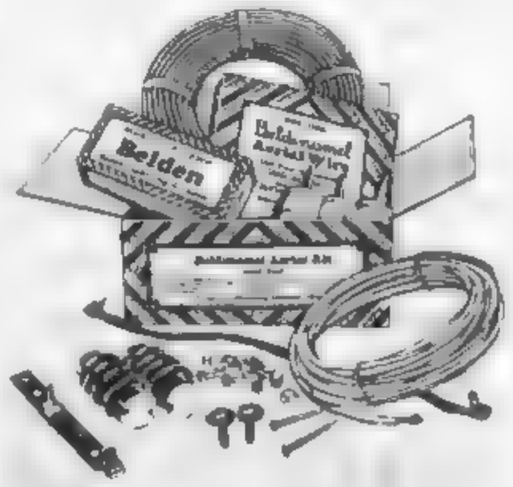

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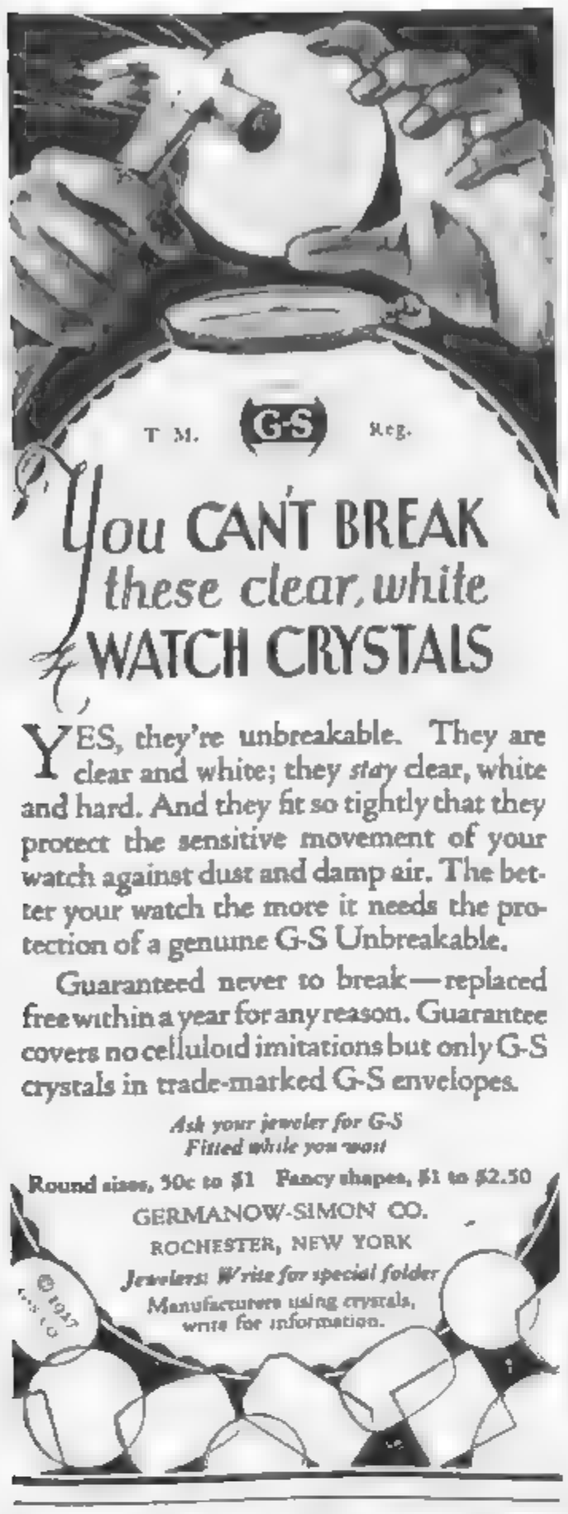

You CAN'T BREAK these clear, white WATCH CRYSTALS

YES, they're unbreakable. They are clear and white; they *stay* clear, white and hard. And they fit so tightly that they protect the sensitive movement of your watch against dust and damp air. The better your watch the more it needs the protection of a genuine G-S Unbreakable.

Guaranteed never to break—replaced free within a year for any reason. Guarantee covers no celluloid imitations but only G-S crystals in trade-marked G-S envelopes.

Ask your jeweler for G-S
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Round sizes, 50c to $1 Fancy shapes, $1 to $2.50

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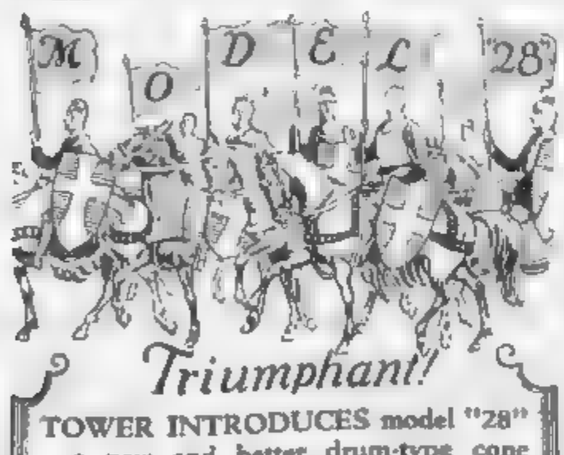
Jewelers: Write for special folder
Manufacturers using crystals, write for information.



Triumphant!

TOWER INTRODUCES model "28"—a new and better drum-type cone speaker. The front of bronze mesh is covered with an intricate wood grille reminiscent of ancient hand carving embellished with the accoutrements of chivalry. Equipped with armature type super-powered unit. On sale by all reliable dealers.

Control by the—
TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP.
122 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

ANOTHER Tower PRODUCT

$17.50

Other Cone Speakers $5.25 up

LET'S PLAY STORE

(Continued from Page 43)

Northwest; redwood from California; oak and gum from the Southern States through the Panama Canal. Furniture factories sprang up and thrived on the handy demand, and furniture stores multiplied until it seemed as though every little shop had its assortment of tables, chairs and chiffoniers on the sidewalk.

The retail furniture business is not inviting to amateurs, normally, because the merchandise runs into considerable money, and its sale, often on installments, calls for skillful financing. But Southern California began turning out a great variety of cheap, unpainted, soft-wood furniture which required little investment in stock and sold for cash. Every little shopkeeper carried a couple hundred dollars' worth of this and painted or enameled it to suit his customer. When the demand was satisfied manufacturers sought markets in near-by states and even in the East. But the amateur furniture dealers were left to fight one another. In drugs, confectionery, hardware, stationery, restaurants, gift shops, tea rooms, there is the same story—many grown-up people playing store with their savings, all wrapped up in their make-believe.

They want to get into something interesting and to make money. Back of that is often the desire to be one's own boss, build something for one's self. Of course the man who starts storekeeping usually has as many bosses as he has customers. But there may be ambition mixed up with his dream. If he did a little thinking and investigating, and sought some counsel, his dream might be made to come true.

Does he want to play grocery store? There are numerous obliging gentlemen who will start the game for as little as $500 and let him play until his money is gone, but it will never be anything more than make-believe. With a few thousand dollars, however, and some good business counsel and some experience in the grocery business, he could have a successful store. Starting a new grocery or taking over an old one is largely a measuring job to the business counselor.

To make wages for himself of fifty to seventy-five dollars a week the storekeeper must sell at least $40,000 worth of groceries yearly. This figures his net profit at about 6 to 10 per cent, though there is no assurance that it will be that much.

Diagnosing Business Trouble

To get enough gross business the merchant must have at least eighty families, and this will be a neighborhood business, drawing customers from not much more than a half mile around. A count of families in a half-mile circle, and the number of grocery stores, will give something tangible to begin with. In most cities the figures are available in trade surveys of family income and expenditure. The number of families needed will vary according to the neighborhood. The number of grocery stores is important according to the way they are managed.

Very likely the man who wants to get into this business contemplates buying an old grocery store. That is usually the case. He is impatient to begin. Maybe his money is still tied up in the old Missouri farm. He doesn't want to fuss with figures in a survey, but demands a grocery store in operation.

Even so, the business counselor, after making sure that there were the necessary number of families in the neighborhood, would have an impartial audit of the books. Doctoring a broken-down store so it seems busy and prosperous is an old trick, but faking a set of books is difficult, and an experienced auditor would soon uncover any deception. On top of that, the business counselor would talk with wholesale merchants, who can always give the real history of a retail enterprise. Their own prosperity is tied up with the ability of the newcomer who contemplates buying that store; so their views, though not always encouraging, are trustworthy. While the prospective grocer is investigating the grocery store they will be investigating him, and their opinion of his ability and chances for success will probably be more practical than flattering.

"But the newcomers in business seldom know enough about business to make such inquiries," said the trade expert. "Do you remember the kind of fellow who used to put his savings into a saloon before prohibition?"

"Yes, indeed! He was nearly always a wage earner with a few hundred dollars saved out of his pay."

"Just so. And on his way home every Saturday night he stopped at Reilly's saloon, or Schulte's. He wore his dirty working clothes. The saloon-keeper was spotless in white apron and jacket. He saw as much money as he earned in a week pass over the mahogany for a few rounds of drinks, and some of it was his money. That looked like an ideal business. He began to dream of himself as a saloon proprietor."

The Lure of the Golden Stream

"'Sure, Jim, you'll have a bigger place than Reilly, with all the people you know,' his shopmates assured him, and wished they had the nerve to quit their rotten trade.

"They were lined up before the bar on the night of his grand opening," added the expert. "And they patronized him until their bills made it diplomacy to go somewhere else. He knew nothing about books, credits, collections. He had never seen money going out over the bar in the quiet morning hours, when the beer driver came, and the landlord, and fixture collector. So the brewery closed him out when his money was gone, and he went back to his trade."

"But another mechanic was waiting to put his name over that saloon," I touched into the picture. "Jim had busted up—but did that discourage Bill?"

"Not for a minute! It just proved that Jim was dumb. Bill would be smarter."

And so it is now when Bill and Jim and Uncle Henry and Aunt Jane dream of independence and a grocery store, a tire shop, a tea room. The less they know about the particular line of business the stronger its fascination seems to be.

Why do they do it? Because they get into what might be called a "state of mind." And "they" are not all greenhorns. The state of mind is one common enough in the business world. It tangles shrewd executives in the stock market. It sets whole communities crazy together and periodically becomes a national frenzy. For it is simply the belief that some easier, more thrilling way of making money has been found around the corner.

The fact is that we ourselves are "they" when the right lure materializes, and the behaviorism exhibited in a bull market or a Florida boom makes us all brothers under the skin. Why anybody should weave Aladdin dreams around a grocery store or see Cinderella romance in a tea room is hard to harmonize with the hard truth about such enterprises, yet they do it.

Fortunes have been made in the retail-grocery business. Lean young fellows from Ireland and Germany and Brooklyn have worked themselves from the delivery wagon to one little store, which has multiplied into chains, while every sizable town has its fancy grocer who sits on bank directorates and heads the chamber of commerce and has become the American equivalent of a Lord Mayor. Lives of great men all remind us, and, as the stories of the paper millions made in Wall Street inveigle ordinarily level-headed men into playing stocks on margin, so "they" are inspired to follow in the footsteps of these successful ones.

Pipe Smoker Applies Medical Training Selecting Tobacco

Taking nothing for granted he sets out to find the right tobacco and finds it by elimination test

Some folks act on "hunches," some on emotion, some on pet theories, and still others on cold logic.

Here is a pipe smoker in the "logic" class. And the reason, as he explains, is that for three years he has been taught to take nothing for granted, but to prove his way as he goes.

So when he took up pipe-smoking he simply applied laboratory rules in finding the right tobacco. Now he is satisfied that he is not smoking a certain tobacco on theoretical superiority but on proven worth.

Mr. Plaine, the medical student in question, writes as follows:

427 Lyons Avenue
Newark, N. J.
Oct. 16, 1926.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen

Most medical students by the time they reach the third year of their work have absorbed the scientific spirit. That is, we take nothing for granted unless it has been confirmed by experiment or other reliable means. Prove it, we say!

Some time ago I decided to start smoking a pipe. Choosing the pipe was easy enough, but finding the tobacco to go with it was not so easy. I experimented, trying one tobacco after another. Some would have a fragrant aroma, but oh—what a taste they would leave! Others left my mouth like a furnace. A few reminded me of a poorly ventilated chemical laboratory.

I had almost decided that what I was looking for—a cool, sweet taste and a pleasant aroma—was impossible. Finally, I took the advice of one of the fellows and tried your good ole blue can. Eureka! You can't get me away from it now.

You should call Edgeworth—"money's worth."

Sincerely yours,
Irving H. Plaine

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256.3 meters, 1170 kilocycles.

FOOTBALL TICKETS

IT IS seldom you get a greater thrill for your money than when you purchase good seats for a good football game! It's a great game—and whenever we print football tickets, as we do for some of America's leading universities, colleges and high schools, we involuntarily think of the pleasure in store for the purchasers of these tickets! We supply schools with all kinds of tickets—for games, entertainments, etc. Samples and prices on request.

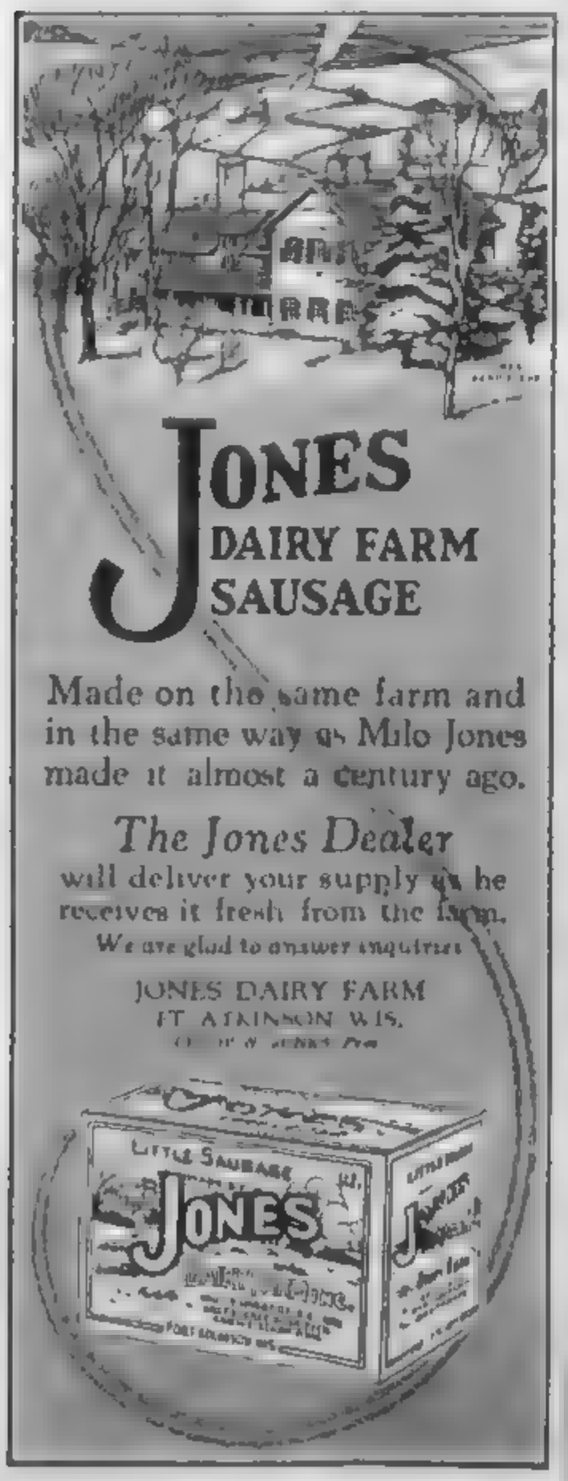
WELDON, WILLIAMS & LICK

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS

EST 1898

SPECIALISTS IN NUMBERED PRINTING

TICKETS—COUPON BOOKS—CAFE CHECKS


JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE
Made on the same farm and in the same way as Milo Jones made it almost a century ago.
The Jones Dealer
will deliver your supply as he receives it fresh from the farm.
We are glad to answer inquiries
JONES DAIRY FARM
FT ATKINSON WIS.
LITTLE SAUSAGE
JONES

The facts are all against them. Even farmers do not work as many days in the year as a retail grocer, while if employers tried to keep women wage earners on duty as long hours as the grocer's wife there would be prompt interference by the state factory inspector. In retail trade, generally, the country is out of balance. Various estimates number the retail stores at from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000. Probably the real distributing work of the nation is done by not more than half of these storekeepers, who are experienced and established, while the other half is a floating population, constantly changing, as amateurs try their hand at storekeeping and fail; with always an eager amateur to step into their places and gamble on lack of experience, lack of capital, lack of twenty other essentials.

Here is a realistic picture of a grocer, drawn by a chain-store proprietor in the journal Business:

"'Why does a chain store hire such slow and uninteresting men?' I am asked. Well, consider Jake, who has been with us twenty-five years. Jake is not speedy—far from it. He is not handsome. He is not young. He is old-fashioned in his ways and set in his habits. Try to introduce a new food specialty and he'll refuse to sample it. Jake has his faults. But he's on the job every working day of the year and has been for twenty-five years. He isn't often ill. Younger men stay up late at night, they overeat, they refuse to wear rubbers and often have wet feet. But not Jake. Jake retires at around 9:30, and he's up before six in the morning. He's punctual, his digestion is good, his mind is active, he's dependable, and he's honest. A young man, even though he can work rings around Jake, soon becomes restless—he wants a change. Jake is satisfied with his job. And so, year after year, while younger men come and go, Jake's store and Jake run along together, as permanent and as solid as bacon and eggs."

A Home on a Larger Scale

Here is a list of twenty leading retail lines with something more than 1,000,000 stores throughout the United States. Half of them are of the long-hours and often seven-days-a-week kind—groceries, meats, drugs, delicatessen, tobacco, candies and papers, garages, automobile supplies, gasoline stations. Reasonable hours are kept in dry goods, shoes, haberdashery, furniture, electrical goods, hardware, jewelry, sporting goods, department stores and five-and-ten-cent stores. But in some of these fields, with hours corresponding to those worked by office people and mechanics, it is absolutely necessary to know something about the technicalities—electrical goods, for example. And not one is attractive to the amateur with small capital. Out of more than 1,000,000 storekeepers, three in every four are laboring in the long-hour classifications.

Women are now economically independent, free to occupy any position they can secure and hold. Man no longer disputes with them on these matters. Any woman may turn her back on the drudgery of the home and follow some money-earning occupation if she wants to. And if her thoughts run in the direction of a business for herself, about seven times in ten it is a tea room.

This enterprise attracts a woman because it dovetails in with her experience and tastes. She feels that she will be successful in planning meals, supervising the cooking and serving of food, creating a pleasant environment, expressing herself in furnishings and decorations. So she starts a "different" tea room.

As a business the tea room is home multiplied by the number of customers she succeeds in attracting. Home demands its three meals a day, but a tea room demands 300. Home can be abandoned for a restaurant meal occasionally, or a picnic in the car—but not a tea room. It is bound up with the hiring and management of cooks and servants—the very kind of workers who have created so many difficulties in the home. It has its emergencies, as when the cook or the dishwasher does not report in the morning, compared with which the arrival of unexpected guests in the home is a pleasant surprise. Its overhead is high, its wear and tear great, it demands a detailed attention to buying, accounts, hiring, supervision, finance and the handling of complaints that will often break a woman physically. Women do succeed in this difficult business, but more of them learn enough about general business principles, in trying to establish a tea room, to land a good job working for others in some different field.

"Gracious! I could run a better tea room than this," a woman says to herself. "Look at that chipped plate. This steak is soaked in grease. My cake is much better than hers. And I suppose she makes lots of money."

A Few From the Many

If the woman who thinks that way would offer to help out part of the day in a tea room, at the end of a month she would have facts about the business. So would the fellow who got a job clerking or delivering or collecting for an established retailer in the line he wants to embark in.

The amateur needs more facts. Some of the keenest minds in business are today discovering new facts about retailing. For example, more than one manufacturing concern has learned in the past two or three years that its business grows and its sales increase when about three out of every four of its retail distributors are dropped. One large concern making a widely distributed article, which was carried in stock by at least 200,000 stores in this country alone, found that about 5000 stores sold three-fourths of its products. Concentration on those efficient stores increased the sales several hundred per cent. The company sells abroad. This principle was found just as sound in other countries. Standing behind the merchants who are already selling most of one's goods not only increases the distributing capacity of the ablest merchants, but when thousands of small, shifting dealers are eliminated, there is a great saving in the cost of doing business with them—the sales work, accounting, collections, and so on, necessary to maintain connections that are not worth the expenditure.

The facts of retailing show that there are too many retailers; too many amateurs, because it is too easy to get into storekeeping. The success of a small percentage of retailers who distribute most of the merchandise in their lines shows that there are great opportunities in this field. The difference between success and failure is partly a matter of personal ability, but the chances are also a matter of measurement; with a few statistics and a little plain arithmetic it is possible to determine whether a given community has room for more grocery stores or gasoline stations.

During the past few years there has been a remarkable development of manufacturing in Southern California. Thousands of small factories have sprung up, and not a few big ones. Stories of success are in the air and the statistics of local industry are strongly alluring—so many million dollars spent yearly for this or that; and all coming from the East, when it might be made right at home; and there is cheap power and plenty of labor; and maybe the raw material grows right over in Arizona or comes from the tropics in the new ships that trade in and out of the new port down below the city.

The manufacturer would scoff at the suggestion that his experience has been little wider than the farmer's. Yet where the latter has lived in one neighborhood all his life the other fellow has probably worked for one concern. The farmer knows corn and hogs, and the manufacturer knows accounting or purchasing or factory management. When it comes to passing judgment upon an

(Continued on Page 205)

SW

"VERSATILE" Brief Case

6-in-1

IMPROVED!

YOURS 10 FOR DAYS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

New, Improved "VERSATILE." Now has 6 pockets instead of 5! No increase in price! Combines Brief Case Week-End Case, Traveling Bag Sample Case, Catalogue Case, Accountant's Case 6 bags in one for the price of 1. 17 inch size top grain selected COWHIDE Patented Steel Bar Construction prevents edges from sagging. Retains smart lines Always. COLORS—Handsome Brown or Black

(A) ...
(B) ...
(C) Fold-up Toilet Kit. Folds flat may be carried in Pocket ...
(D) ...
(E) ...
(F) ...
(G) ...

SOLD DIRECT! Send NO Money!

We ... the VERSATILE ... Our "Direct-by-Mail" price for limited time ... our LUGGAGE DIVISION ... $14.95

Our Plan is Different!

Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery! Use "Versatile" Brief Case for 10 Days Absolutely FREE! If pleased you may pay on Budget Plan—$4.00 MONTHLY

or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $1.20 and send Check or Money Order for $13.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Other wise return it. Order NOW!

$13.75

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.

... Leather Goods Manufacturers ... Makers of Fine Luggage ...

365 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON MASS

Gentlemen: ... Versatile Brief Case ... No Money ... No Money ... Plan ...

NAME

ADDRESS

EXECUTIVES! Versatile ... an ideal Christmas Gift to Executives. Also dandy gifts and premiums to users. Write for quantity prices.

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PROMPTNESS ASSURED

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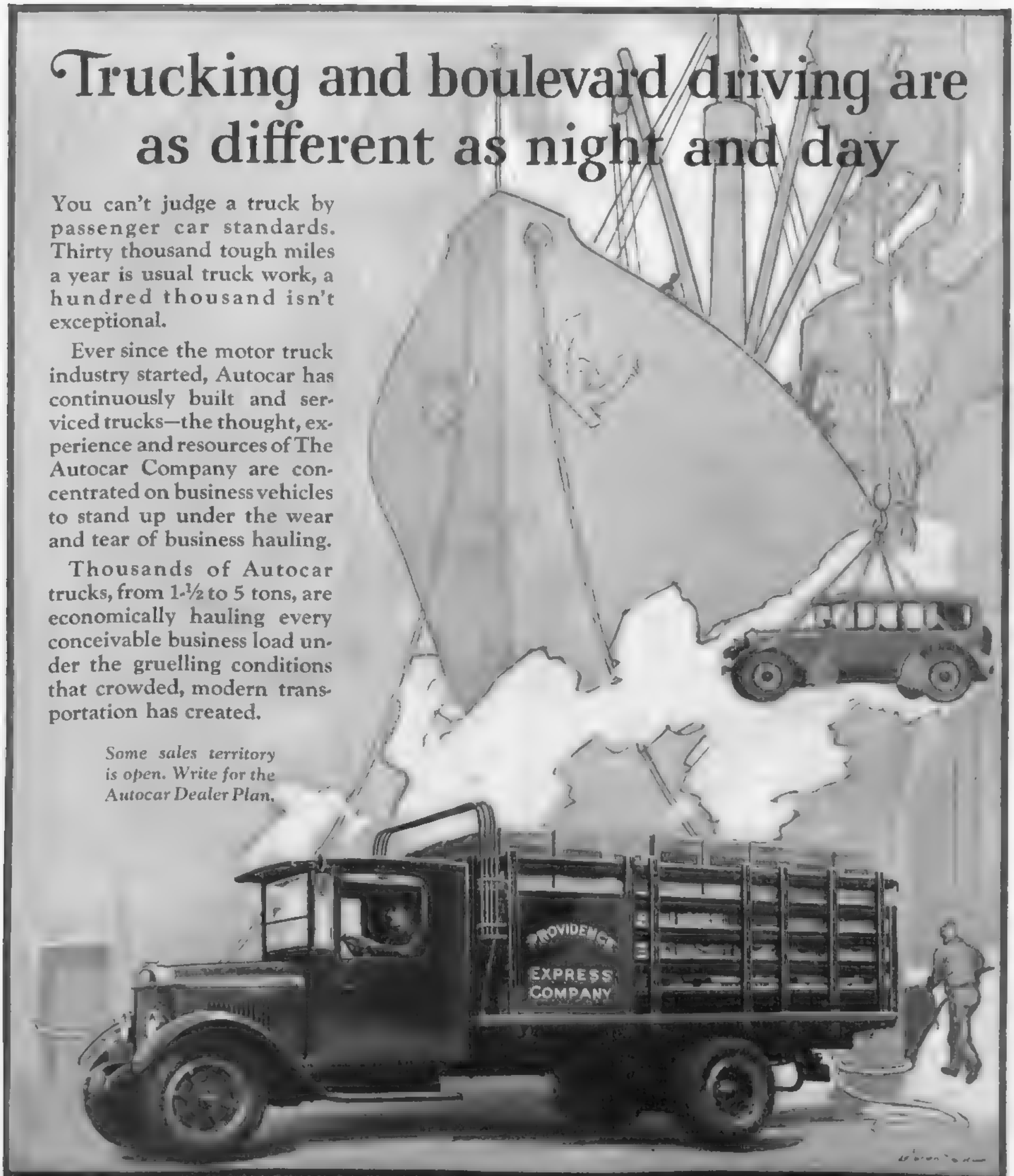
Trucking and boulevard driving are as different as night and day

You can't judge a truck by passenger car standards. Thirty thousand tough miles a year is usual truck work, a hundred thousand isn't exceptional.

Ever since the motor truck industry started, Autocar has continuously built and serviced trucks—the thought, experience and resources of The Autocar Company are concentrated on business vehicles to stand up under the wear and tear of business hauling.

Thousands of Autocar trucks, from 1-½ to 5 tons, are economically hauling every conceivable business load under the gruelling conditions that crowded, modern transportation has created.

Some sales territory is open. Write for the Autocar Dealer Plan.



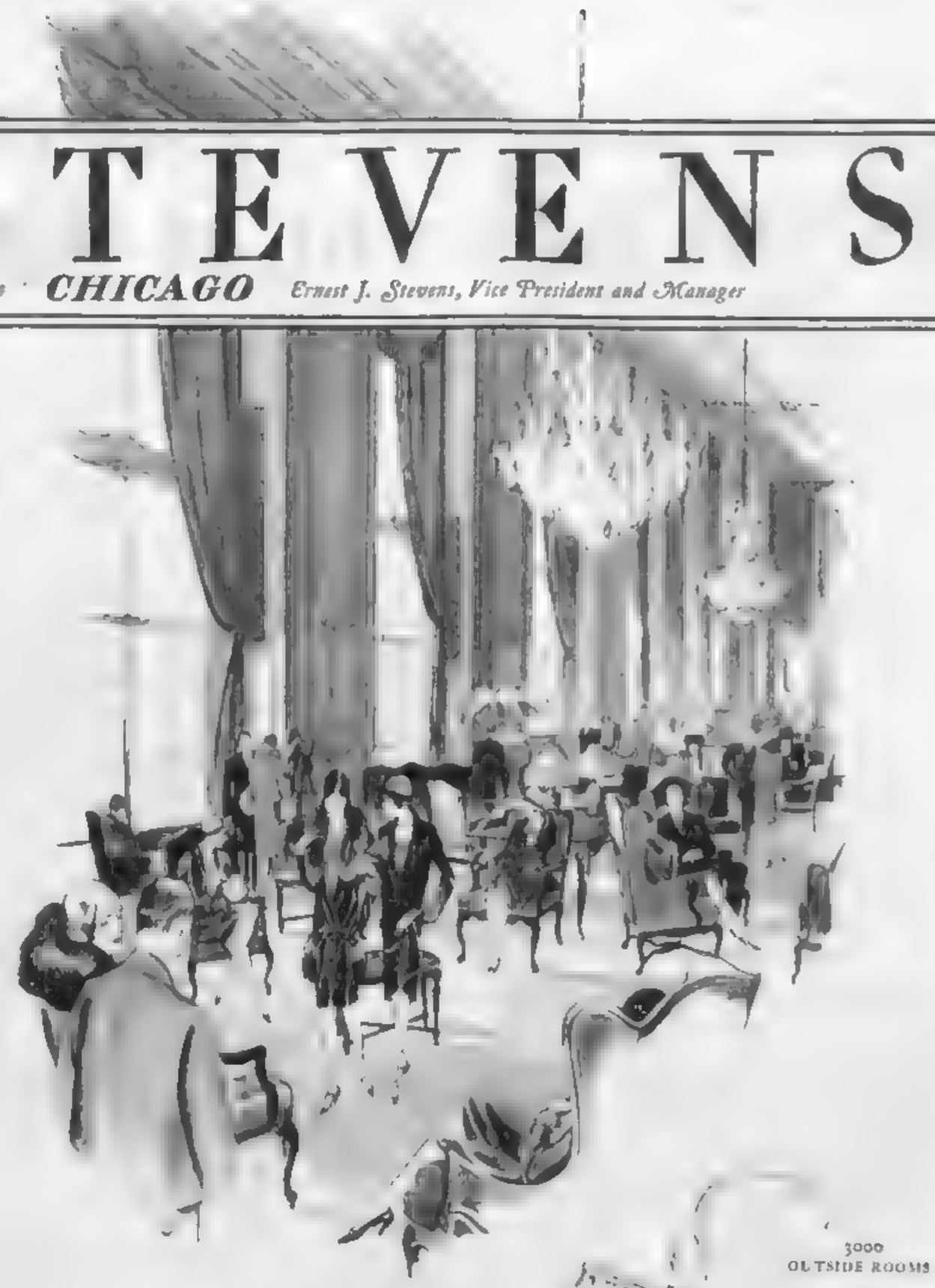
Autocar Trucks

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa. Established 1897

Thirtieth Anniversary Year

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HOTEL
Offers the WORLD'S GREATEST VALUE

THE STEVENS

Michigan Boulevard, 7th to 8th Streets · **CHICAGO** *Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager*

"The ANTIQUE LOUNGE ... is overwhelming, surpassing in beauty the most exquisite movie set"

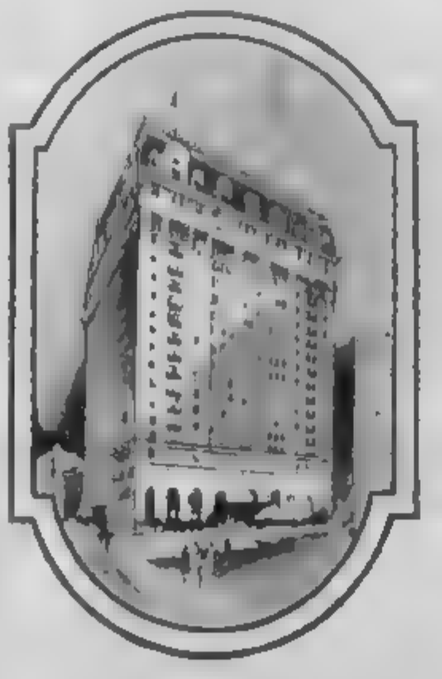
Milton Sills

MILTON SILLS
First National Star

To stroll through the impressive lounge—to tread on the three largest Saruk rugs in the world—to browse through a fortune in rare antiques, is to know The Stevens as a whole.

Everywhere—in its extensive library, grand ballroom, unusual guest rooms, theater and recreation rooms—this simple luxuriousness is the keynote. Guests from the four corners of the earth acclaim it the world's finest as well as the world's most efficient hotel.

On Michigan Avenue, facing as it does the broad vista of Grant Park and Lake Michigan, The Stevens, world's greatest hotel, stands on the world's finest hotel location. It is a civic monument—proof of Chicago's greatness. Now to Chicago it attracts and houses under one roof large business and social gatherings that hitherto could not find adequate accommodations.



Yet with all its size and luxuriousness, airy, outside rooms with bath, circulating ice water and large closets are available at modest cost. Let your next stay in Chicago be at the world's greatest hotel.

When visiting The Stevens ask the bell captain for a guide, who will be supplied gratis.

Hotel LaSalle
LaSalle at Madison Street

Centrally located, Hotel LaSalle is ideal for the man of business who demands the best. Throughout its famous restaurants fixed prices prevail. Those who know its famed hospitality return year after year. Directed by the same management as The Stevens, Hotel LaSalle provides for a distinguished clientele accommodations and cuisine unexcelled.

The Stevens

Fixed-Price Meals

JAPANESE LUNCH ROOM
Breakfast 45c *Luncheon 65c* *Dinner $1.00*

COLCHESTER GRILL
Breakfast 60c and 75c *Luncheon $1* *Dinner $1.50*
Sunday Dinner $2.00

OAK ROOM
Breakfast 60c and 75c *Luncheon $1* *Dinner $1.50*
Sunday Dinner $2.00

MAIN DINING ROOM
Luncheon $1.25 *Dinner $3.00 per person*
A la carte service is available in all restaurants at all meals

Extra Value without Extra Cost

Number of Rooms	*Single Rate*	*Double Rate*	*Number of Rooms*	*Single Rate*	*Double Rate*
263	$3.50	$5.00	278	$ 6.00	$ 9.00
1242	4.00	6.00	181	7.00	10.00
943	5.00	7.50	93	10.00	15.00

This is the fourth of a series of full page announcements portraying the World's Greatest Hotel and its many features of public interest.

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

This
FOX PLAY GUN *never loses its fascination*

Imagine a play gun that's a real true-to-life miniature of the famous Fox Shot Gun—that has double barrels, double triggers, and hardwood stock—

A breech-loading, hammerless gun that loads and works just like a big gun, but is

Absolutely Harmless!

The Fox Play Gun provides all the thrills of a real gun, with none of the danger. Shoots not at all, light wooden balls from realistic spring-powered shells—can't injure anyone; won't even break glassware. But it's great for target practice and playing games!

Youngsters of five to twelve favor the Fox Play Gun above all other playthings—and it's safe for even the youngest. Well-made, too; and will last a long time.

Get it from your dealer—$3.75, complete with ammunition and target. If he hasn't it, order from us

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
4750-60 N. 18th St., Philadelphia
Makers of the famous Fox Shot Gun

FOX PLAY GUN

This folder tells all about the Fox Play Gun. Send for your free copy.

Men and Women Wanted

We have some good paying spare-time jobs open for ambitious men and women. The work is easy, dignified, and pleasant—and the profits are big. You should easily earn as high as $1.50 to $2.00 for each spare hour, even without experience.

For full details send your name and address to Box 1624, c/o THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 288 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PLAYS for Amateurs

We can supply any play in print.
Send for free illustrated catalogue.
Manuscripts purchased for cash.

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
921 Filbert Street, Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 202)

enterprise he is just as likely to be oversanguine and mistaken about a manufacturing venture as the farmer about a grocery store. Under the spell of the new country he often gets into strange pickles.

I ran across a typical story the other day, told me by the present manager of a factory that has a history, though it is only four or five years old. This factory occupied a room perhaps thirty by one hundred feet, with a cubby-hole partitioned off for the office. It employed six or eight people, and was a plaything compared with Eastern industrial plants—something that, years later, with success and national distribution, a great corporation might preserve in the lobby of its administration building. Well, it might be a museum piece, but it was making money, and here's the story:

Once upon a time there was an old lady, a marvelous cook, and she conceived the idea of mixing the ingredients for one of her dishes and selling it to women who could not cook or had not time. The old lady sold it herself, from door to door, and it was in good demand. Nobody seems to know what became of her, or even where she sold this food specialty. In some way, however, her recipe fell into the hands of a gentleman, who can be called Mr. Pfister. He incorporated a company, started a small factory, and began selling the product to the grocery trade. It made friends on its merit and, in the right hands, had a solid foundation for big things.

But Mr. Pfister was not the right man. He had never made merchandise or sold it, but was a roving promoter, and such success as he enjoyed went to his head. He would call on a grocery buyer and make a good impression, or perhaps the product had made the impression before he called.

"I'll take a dozen cases," the buyer would say, and if he happened to be the man with the say-so for a chain of grocery stores such an order was as good as a permanent connection. Only, Mr. Pfister could not see it imaginatively.

"A dozen cases!" he retorted scornfully. "You'll take a hundred cases or none at all." And of course the deal stopped right there.

Mr. Pfister felt cramped in the West anyway. It was his feeling that New York offered none too roomy a field for a man like himself, with an article like this. So with the first real money that he got hold of Mr. Pfister attacked New York, which is the biggest and also the hardest of all markets in this country. For several months his specialty was advertised in the metropolis, and in its small way made good. But the few thousand dollars that he was able to spend soon melted away, leaving the little factory in difficulties.

Of the Genus Sucker

The money used in this venture was supplied by a newcomer from the East. Mr. Lamb was a fine character, but all his life had been connected with an Eastern factory as bookkeeper and treasurer, until he came West, with about $40,000 saved up, to work with his money at something that would make existence a little easier. Looking over the Sunday papers one morning while the spell of the new country was still strong, he was attracted by a Business Opportunity advertisement. Two or three thousand dollars invested in a going concern, for expansion, would yield several hundred per cent within a year. The possibilities were unlimited and the strictest investigation was invited. Through this liner Mr. Lamb met Mr. Pfister, and in the course of two years sank half his savings.

Things got very bad with Mr. Pfister after Mr. Lamb became involved in the business. Mr. Pfister repeatedly got behind with his rent. Sometimes there was nothing in the house to eat. Mr. Pfister's sacrifice of his family for the future of the business was so hard that more than once he broke down and cried, and Mr. Lamb's sympathies were touched and he advanced more money. Finally Mr. Pfister said one day that a trip East to make connections with a big grocery concern was absolutely necessary. More money would be needed for expenses. But if Mr. Lamb would lend a couple of thousand dollars he would leave his stock in the corporation as security. Mr. Lamb lent the money and Mr. Pfister disappeared.

For every manufacturing enterprise which succeeds there must be a half dozen that get into such difficulties and are swamped. Even those that succeed frequently pass through these difficulties, and are put on a sound footing by the third or fourth or sixth party who comes into control, as was the case with this food specialty.

One day while Mr. Lamb was reflecting upon his losses, and thinking about closing up the business a young salesman dropped in to see him. Mr. Lamb spoke sadly about his experience. Not bitterly, but just in remorse, as a fine example of the genus sucker.

This visitor—an investment salesman—became interested in the story of the little old lady's recipe. He took several dozen packages of the preparation away with him and distributed them among housewives. Their verdict was favorable. The little old lady's recipe was still working. Calling on grocery buyers, he learned that the product sold well and gave satisfaction, though its sales were slow because the concern had never advertised properly.

The Untried Invention

The investment salesman took over the business and in a year, with little capital, had it showing some profit. He knew nothing of food manufacturing or grocery distribution, and did nothing that either Mr. Pfister or Mr. Lamb could not have done had they gone to work as he did. He knew how to sell and how to figure and how to get information upon which to act. Some waste and needless expense were eliminated in the factory. Customers already on the books were given prompt deliveries. New concerns were interested by calling on grocery buyers. When there was a little surplus in the bank a woman was hired to go around to stores and show housewives how to use the product.

A new home, new friends, new interests and a new life—for these, men pull up stakes and move to California. So why not an entirely new business?

"Tell me what to go into," say literally hundreds of newcomers, visiting some chamber of commerce, seeking advice on this point.

"You were in business back East?"

"Yes; for thirty years—the supply business—never did anything else."

"This section of the country is constantly building. There must be large sales of supplies. Have you looked into the situation?"

"No, I'm tired of supplies, after all these years—want to get into something different."

"You are prepared to invest considerable money?"

"I've got $40,000 of my own, and can get twice as much more."

"Do you realize that it is a big responsibility for me—a stranger, knowing nothing about your experience—to tell you what kind of business to go into?"

"Well, maybe so; but that's your business, ain't it?"

In this frame of mind he goes into some alluring business; one about which he himself knows nothing, and probably one about which nobody knows much. This may be illustrated by the fascination of the untried invention, which offers the prospect of easy money and something different in the same package. Last year a lawyer bought the patent rights in a process for saving certain waste material. Millions will probably reward the first successful process in this line, for the waste is enormous. But millions have already been sunk in unsuccessful devices. The possibilities are dazzling on paper, but the problem has thus far baffled first-rate technical minds.

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America's leading diamond importers

[illegible] of Jason Weiler & Sons of Boston [illegible] sporting prices. **Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser

1 carat, $145.00

This one-carat diamond is of good brilliancy. Mounted in ladies' style 14K. solid gold setting. Order this diamond, take it to any expert, make any comparisons you wish—if you are not entirely satisfied your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you **$145.00**

Ladies' Diamond Ring $115.00

14K Solid White Gold Ring in exquisitely pierced design—giving [illegible] **$115.00**

Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring $450.00

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A few weights and prices of other [illegible] rings:

¼ carat	$31.00	1 carat	$145.00
⅓ carat	50.00	2 carats	290.00
½ carat	73.00	3 carats	435.00

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our [illegible] with every [illegible]

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS FREE CATALOG

"HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells [illegible]

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361 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Corner of Washington and Bromfield Streets
Diamond Importers since 1876
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris

WANTED

500 worthy MEN and WOMEN

to stop working long hours for poor pay and begin retailing Rawleigh's Good Health Products to your neighbors. Easy to sell monthly $250-$500 worth of flavors, spices, food products, toilet preparations, soaps, [illegible] poultry products. Over 180 different daily necessities used by yourself and your friends. No selling experience needed—we show you just how to succeed. Low prices. Good values. Complete service. For free particulars

Send this coupon!

W. T. RAWLEIGH CO. Dept. S SEP Freeport, Ill.
Please tell me how I can make more money
Name
Address
City State

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$400 MACHINE EARNED $4040 IN ONE YEAR $240 one time. $1749. $160 machine. $2160. Many St. Louis machines earned annually $4000. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. $1000 to $5000 investment required. Experience unnecessary. National Key Lac Co., 557 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

A Wonderful New Voice for Your Radio

No mumbling of words—no jumbling of music No tone distortion—no blasting—no straining to hear

It's the most "human" of all Speakers, because instead of a floating reed secured at only one end, the Quam Speaker has a "Stretched Reed" like the human vocal cords. You will recognize the improvement in your radio instantly

Surprisingly low-priced

Only $17.50

Slightly higher west of the Rockies. In Canada, $22.50.

Sold by Leading Radio Supply Dealers, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price

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"Built on the Stretched Reed Principle"

and on your own sleeping porch! Build according to the specifications and designs shown in this

FREE Plan Pamphlet on

Sleeping Porches and Sun Parlors

with complete instruction and telling you how to secure plans of Louisiana Red Cypress to suit your climate and exposure. Write for your copy today

LOUISIANA RED CYPRESS BUREAU

505 Carondelet St. New Orleans, La.

PUT THIS CLOCK ON YOUR DASH

$5.00

FITS ANY CAR

No cutting or drilling of instrument board. Heavy lamp feature rigidity at all times. Runs 8 months. Has 6 ft. cord, and is guaranteed for life of car. At dealers or direct from us. *Post Paid*

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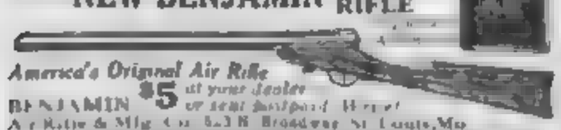
MANSFIELD MOTOR CLOCK

FREE TO BOYS

"THE SHOOTER'S ART" Send Now!

tells how to hold, aim and handle rifles, helps you guide others in correct knowledge of guns. Gives facts that make crack shots. Contains [illegible] patent and boy should have. Helps to make boys leaders. Your copy Free. Write at once.

The NEW BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE



America's Original Air Rifle

BENJAMIN $5 *at your dealer or send postpaid. Hefty!*

Air Rifle & Mfg. Co. 523 Broadway St. Louis, Mo.

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.

TOWELING AND TOWELS

This attorney is a man of sound business judgment. For back home, with a corporation practice, he constantly dealt with business questions. But in the West, under the spell of a new country, he expected wonders, and it was with considerable difficulty that he was persuaded to go East and consult technical men about his process. They found that it was not entirely visionary but had real promise. But they scaled down his ideas of a factory, started him in a very small way, suggested certain improvements, and got him going with an investment that he can afford to lose if the process proves impractical. At the present time he has a fair prospect of success.

It happens everywhere. Men and women are constantly trying these new ventures, hampered by lack of information. For this reason the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has undertaken basic business studies to provide information by which the probabilities of success can be measured in almost any line of manufacturing or trade.

One such study, recently completed, shows what the city earns in the way of per capita income and how much tourists spend and how family spending is divided. Anybody thinking about starting a retail business of any kind can learn from its figures how much a given number of people spend yearly for groceries, rent, clothing, recreation, cigarettes, lodge dues, fire insurance, doctors' bills.

Another interesting report, which took several months' work, went into iron and steel. Los Angeles has iron foundries, steel mills, machine shops. It ranks well up among American cities in these industries. But not a single pound of pig iron is made in Los Angeles or in the state of California, nor was any made west of the Rockies until recently.

Pig iron is considered the very foundation not only of iron and steel industries but of manufacturing generally. Keep track of the devices you use any single hour of the day, even while you are asleep, and the basic need of iron will be illustrated. Yet the Los Angeles iron and steel activities are all founded on junk—scrap metal collected by the waste trade, reenforced with a little pig iron brought from the East, or, lately from Utah, where a blast furnace is now in operation.

Iron ore, coking coal and limestone are necessary for pig iron. There is good iron ore within a couple hundred miles of Los Angeles. There is good coal in Utah, Colorado, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska, variously offset by differences in railroad and water haul, difficulty of mining and such circumstances. It was found a probability that California iron ore of high grade might be shipped to Pittsburgh through the Panama Canal, and coal brought back from West Virginia. Coal from China and from England are also possibilities. There is plenty of limestone, and the report showed a solid basis for starting a blast furnace.

Assuming that Southern California made its own pig iron, what markets would be found for the product? The engineers went on, running down pig-iron demand. They found that practically all the output of a blast furnace producing 500 tons a day could be put right back in the ground in the form of cast-iron pipe required in the development of new subdivisions, and these take thousands of tons of lamp-posts, fire hydrants and like equipment. Many tons yearly are required for bathtubs and other sanitary enamel ware used in building, manufacture of which, in Southern California, involved other raw materials like clay, silica, feldspar and other nonmetallic minerals for making the enamel. Also workers, fuel, freight rates, markets and other essentials about which a prospective manufacturer would want to know. Southern California sells its ingenious oil and mining machinery all over the world, because it is advanced in design and highly efficient—another important outlet for iron. Thousands of tons of structural steel are used in the form of angles and reenforcing rods, as well as the big steel beams for skyscrapers and bridges—another market. Automobile manufacturers are beginning to draw close to the Orient by establishing erecting plants on the Pacific Coast, which is a big domestic market for cars, and so forth. When the engineers finished with iron and steel they had information covering everything from pig iron to tin cans. Similar studies are being made in other fields.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF VIRGINIA STATE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Entrance to the Endless Caverns Grounds, New Market, Virginia

12 12 11 11 11 10 10
12 10
Quadruplicate 9
13 9
13 9
13 8
13 8
Quintuplicate Sextuplicate Septuplicate Octuplicate and Repeat

NEW! *Triplicate* 7
7
6
6
5
5
Duplicate
4
3
2
1
Consecutive

The Bates Eight Movement Machine

Embodies several distinctive features heretofore unknown in the manufacture of numbering machines. Greater strength and durability with far less weight. Rust-proof, non-corrosive and practically frictionless type wheels. Ask your rubber stamp dealer or stationer about the liberal trade-in offer.

Bates Telephone Index locates phone numbers instantly: also made as a Radio Leg.

Write for folder B

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Est. 1891 Orange, N. J.

New York Office, 20 Vesey St.

Bates Numbering Machines, Bates Telephone and Radio Indexes, Bates Eyeleters

Bates

$50 in 3 Days

IN JUST three days of easy, pleasant work, the Ladies' Aid Society of this little church in Montana earned $50.00—enough to pay for making a lawn around the church building. A letter from the President says

"On the whole, the money was raised with less effort and in less time than by any other method we have used."

Your Church Can Earn Money, Too

In the same manner, *your* church can also earn the extra money needed for alterations, repairs, special purposes. Just write today for our plan by which you secure new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Your profits will be liberal, and your community will welcome this service.

The Curtis Publishing Company

261 Independence Square

Philadelphia Pennsylvania

You want tire chains that will go on quickly—stay on—and yet not be a Chinese puzzle when you want to take them off. You want Dreadnaughts—The Blue Boy fastener (painted blue) solves the whole tire chain question—Easy to put on—Easy to take off.

THE COLUMBUS McKINNON CHAIN COMPANY,

Manufacturers of "Inswell" Electric Welded Chain

Tonawanda, N. Y.

Factories: Tonawanda, N.Y.—Columbus, Ohio
In Canada: McKinnon Columbus Chain Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

DREADNAUGHT
TIRE CHAINS
FOR BALLOON, CORD AND TRUCK TIRES

$40,000.00 in Cash

1st Prize $1,000.00 3rd Prize $600.00
2nd Prize $800.00 4th Prize $400.00
And 14,996 Other Prizes

Between now and January 31, we offer to you, and to a limited number of our part time subscription workers, $40,000.00 in Prizes, *plus liberal cash commissions!*

Never before have we offered so large a sum in subscription cash prizes. And never have there been so many worthwhile awards—15,000 in all! The biggest of these prizes, for example, would enable you to finance a modest home, or a trip to Europe, or to buy a car, clothes, a radio—whatever you want most.

Why You Can Expect to Win a Prize

First—The only people eligible to enter this Contest, besides those who answer this advertisement, are spare time Curtis representatives, none of whom has sent us as many as 25 subscriptions during any one month in the year ending October 31. No known professional magazine worker may compete.

Second—From now until the end of January is the best subscription season of the year. During December, for example, your friends and neighbors will not only give you their renewal and new subscriptions but orders for subscriptions to be sent their friends as Christmas gifts.

Third—The contest is just starting and whether you win a big prize or none at all *you cannot lose*—you still keep a liberal commission on every order you secure. Send in your application. There's no obligation. You have ample time to win—if you mail the coupon *today!*

The Curtis Publishing Company
285 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I can win a prize.

Name ..... Age .....
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Custom Styling

1	$10.00's WORTH of shoe—in looks, leather, and craftsmanship.
2	FINEST GRADE of Imported and Domestic Calfskins and Cordovans, best of soles, "solid leather" shoes throughout.
3	CUSTOM STYLING—distinctive Hand-Craft touches in youthful and conservative models.
4	SATISFACTION—shoes pre-moulded to fit all of the foot at the first step. Snug to the instep, snug to the ankles—shapely all over.
5	*and* SHOEMAKING! Special "right and left" patterns on perfected lasts—stainless calf linings, smooth heavy insoles—and expert workmanship.
6	ASK YOUR SHOEMAN for Crossett Shoes, or write to us for nearest dealer's address. Lewis A. Crossett Co., No. Abington, Mass.

$10 Imported Calf—black or tan

Also Many Styles at $9

The CROSSETT Shoe

MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY

Trouble makers

UNSEEN RAZOR NICKS!

Annoying skin blemishes don't just happen! In tiny breaks of the skin, too small often for you even to see, infections get their start.

Pinaud's Lilac gives antiseptic protection to the invisible nicks in your skin even the sharpest razor leaves.

A dash of this cool, tingling liquid after the shave—infections can't start!

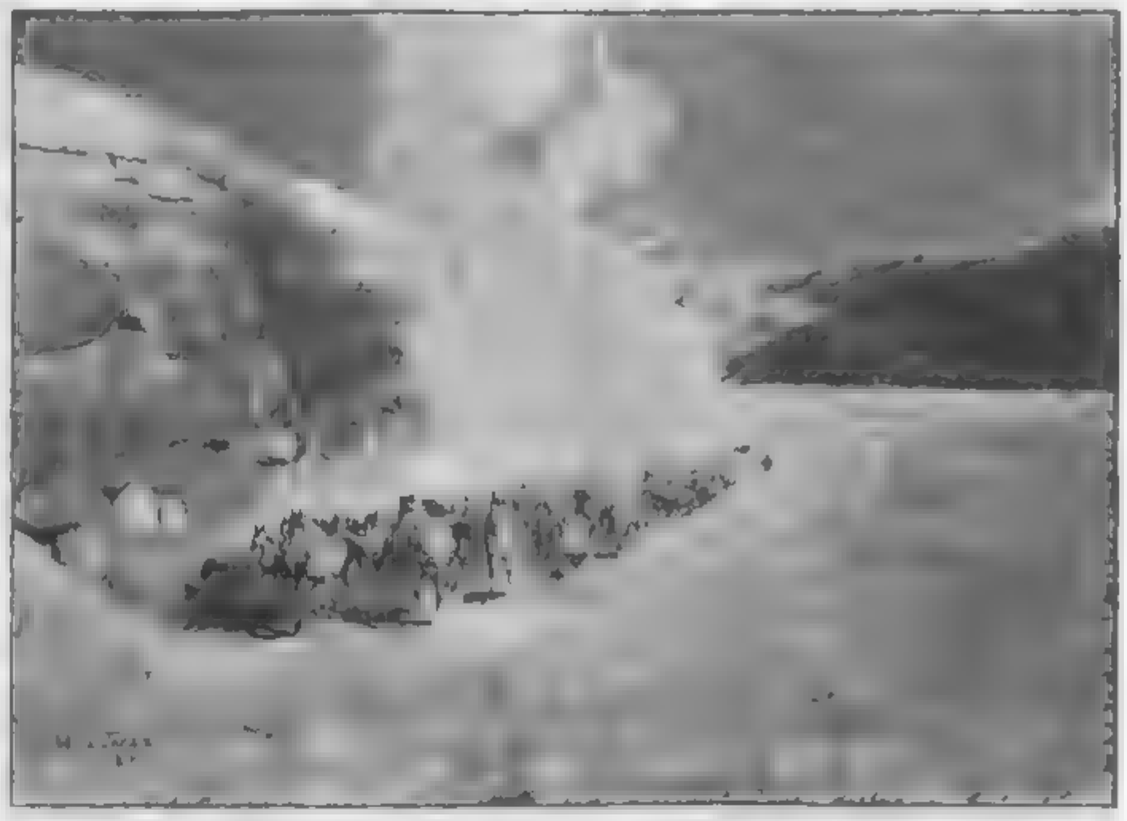
Feel, too, the freshening, firming effect it has on your skin!

•

You can get Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S LILAC
[*Lilas de France*]

THE REMUDA



There Was Over Two Hundred Head of Horses in the Remuda

By Will James

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

I WAS setting by the rope corral of the round-up camp one morning and watching the *remuda*—saddle-horse bunch—come in. There'd never been much chance of seeing it come in at sunup, on account that most always it would still be dark, with only a faint hint of daybreak, when the nighthawk—night herder—would have 'em all corralled and ready for us.

But that particular morning, as I sat there a-watching, there was sunlight over the range—early morning sunlight—and the reason of his being late—as the nighthawk told the foreman afterward—was that the heavy thundershowers through the night had spooked up the ponies pretty bad. They'd scattered and he'd lost a few of 'em; finding 'em again had took time.

That didn't go very well with the cow foreman. There's no room for excuses on the range, no matter how good they might be; but far as I was concerned the nighthawk could bring the *remuda* at sunup every morning—not that I minded saddling up at daybreak, but I liked the sight of them ponies coming in, with the low sun a-shining on 'em.

There was more than two hundred head of horses in that *remuda*, most all solid colors—a few with stocking legs and bald faces, no pintos. With the rich light of the early morning sun a-shining on the silky hides of them, it all made a mighty fine picture right there; but there was more to add on—a heap more. The shadows of the ponies run up against the foot of a long high ridge.

The top of that ridge was capped with white sandstone, which gradually turned to pink farther down, and then at the center of the ridge and running all along it the sandstone was red—a deep red. To tally up with all of that, the light green of the new spring grass run up the side of that ridge and plumb against that red rim; then, splitting the ridge in two, seemed like, was the high-soaring cloud of dust stirred by the *remuda's* many hoofs, and looked like a veil a-hanging from the sky.

The Cowboy's String

The *remuda* came on past the point of the ridge, and then the nighthawk turned 'em straight toward the corral. The picture it made faded away by thoughts of the work that was ahead for that day. Every cowboy was on the job with loop ready to catch their horses soon as they was corralled, and I hightailed it to my saddle to get my own rope.

With every good-sized, well-run outfit there is such a *remuda* as I've just told of. Each rider is furnished on the average of ten horses. At that rate twenty riders make up a bunch of two hundred saddle horses—that's what goes to make up the *remuda*. The *remuda* is always right on the tail of the round-up wagon, so that whenever the cowboys come in to eat they also can get a fresh horse. I used to wonder which I'd miss the most between a square meal and a fresh horse, and I've proved it to myself a few times since. I've always took the fresh horse.

Each ten head of horses the company furnishes the cowboy with is what you might call divided into four classes: Five or six of these ten go to make what we call "circle horses." These are used to round up cattle with. Two or three others are the day herd, or cutting horses. These are the top cow horses, used either in holding a herd, loose or close, or in cutting out stock from a herd and roping. Then there's one or two more that's called the night horses, which do the work around the bedded herd on night guard. Added onto these three classes of ponies there comes two or three broncs—unbroke horses. These uneddicated ponies fit in on small circles or in holding a herd, and it's all to how they're willing to learn and grab holt whether they're going to be just circle horses or valuable cow horses.

No Telling Which

These different classes of horses goes to make one cowboy's string. Each horse has a job he's fitted for, and with the amount of them that's to every man, a horse is rode only a few hours in every two or three days. All the horses has to do the rest of the time is eat and sleep and follow the round-up wagon till their turn comes to be rode again. The cowboy changes horses three and four times a day.

There's many kinds of horses in a *remuda*. As many kinds as the count of 'em. I've never seen no two alike, nor two which could be handled alike. One'll kick at you and go to bucking if you twist his ear to get on him, and another'll do that very same thing if you don't twist that ear of his. One has to be handled carelesslike or he'll tear things to pieces, and if you do that with another, things will be tore to pieces again.

But the bunch of ponies that draws the most interest in any *remuda* is what we call "the rough string"—and rough is a mighty tame name for them. In as big a bunch of

horses as it takes to make a *remuda*, there's always bound to be a few whose natural feelings are all against man, saddle and work. Their only hankerings is to fight all of that, and being it's against the grain of the cowman to leave a perfect-built horse grow useless while some good horse does the work, he hires a bronc-fighting cowboy to get the work out of them ornery ponies. The work that's got out of 'em is mixed with a lot of fighting, and the result would often be of rough-string riders riding the bed wagon while recuperating from broken ribs and legs. In the meantime the ornery ponies would pile on more fat and then another cowboy would take 'em on

The next to draw interest and also admiration from all hands is the good cow horse. He does his work and comes to the top after the bad horse has been bested and made to behave. There's quite a good sprinkling of them in every *remuda*, too, and with the other fair-to-middling and good horses that's gathered there, the *remuda* is not at all a bad place to throw a rope into, if you know what you're doing.

In some territories where the *remuda* is called "cavvy," or "caviada," they often use mares to lead and sort of hold the cavvy together with. The mare is belled, and with a colt usually following her it all kinda forms an attraction and keeps the geldings in one bunch; sometimes fighting one another for the privilege of being near the colt. That's as far up as I ever remember a mare getting on the range as a saddle animal. I don't remember ever seeing a cowboy riding a mare, or a cow outfit having a mare in a cavvy, unless she was a bell mare, and in countries where the saddle-horse bunch is called *remuda*—remooda—not even a bell mare is allowed. Old saddle horses that's not apt to try to stray away pack the bells, and the bells are for the nighthawk to count when the night is too dark to see.

They are also mighty useful during stormy nights when horses hunt for shelter—a gelding might graze away and lose the whereabouts of the *remuda* if it wasn't for the sound of the bells. Then again, there's something about 'em that draws a horse once he's used to hearing it; he'll follow the sound most anywhere and seldom ever stray away from it.

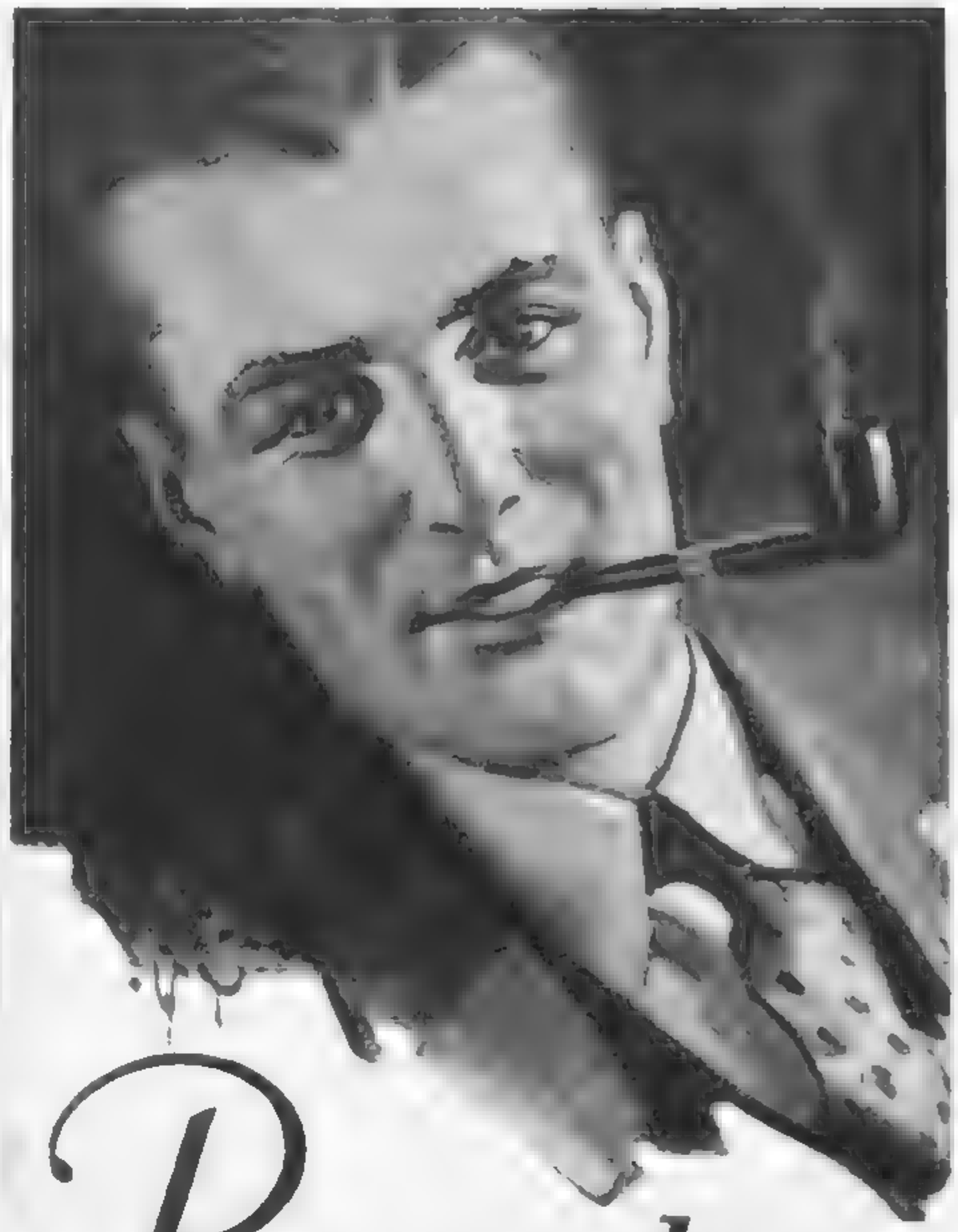
In parts of the cow country the *remuda* is herded night and day; the nighthawk herds 'em at night and the wrangler tends to 'em during the day.

The wrangler also hazes 'em as the round-up wagon moves to a new camp, and corrals 'em whenever it's time for the cowboys to change horses.

In some of the desert and mesa countries and where the wrangler is called "cavvy wrango" they seldom ever night-herd. The cavvy wrango shoves the ponies up a mesa where the getting down is hard, and goes and gets 'em in the morning while the cook is wrastling the pots. In the brush and rocky countries of the South they hobble most of the horses for the night—it would be a hard country to night-herd in anyway.

But whatever the difference might be with the *remuda* from one country to another, there hasn't been no change, and there'll never be no change as long as there's range left. There'll be range for many, many years yet, and regardless of all the inventions that's took the horse away from his work, there's nothing will ever be invented that'll ever take the place of the ponies that go to make up the *remuda*.

On the Monterey Coast—California



Pipe smokers:

Let's lay aside the ad-language and talk man-to-man . . . .

No extravagant claims are made for Granger; you are merely asked to match it against any tobacco at any price.

It is all Burley, the choicest pipe tobacco grown. . . . It is made especially for pipes, mellowed by a famous old secret method. . . . What's more it's cut *especially* for pipes in large cool-smoking flakes.

Match it against any tobacco . . . at any price!

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents; the foil pouch, sealed in glassine, is ten cents

GRANGER ROUGH CUT IS MADE BY THE LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO

Easily parked
at delivery point

—an exclusive advantage of the Harley-Davidson Package Truck.

Driver just noses into one of the "half-car" spaces always open on even the busiest streets. No double parking or long carries.

A Package Truck can double your deliveries-per-day. Cost per delivery is much lower—your service is prompter—and your driver wastes less time.

Add to this the amazing *economy* of 3 cents per mile, all-season *dependability*, and the *advertising value* of such distinctive equipment—and you see why the Package Truck is already used by 48 different lines of business.

Call your local Harley-Davidson dealer for a demonstration. Get the prices and details—

Mail the Coupon!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Special and Stock Bodies to Meet Your Requirements.

Special body—for dairy company. Ample capacity for rush deliveries. A most attractive advertisement.

Stock body—widely used by groceries markets delivery services, etc. Easily handles quarter-ton load.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
¼ Ton Capacity Package Truck
PER 3¢ MILE

Harley-Davidson Motor Co.
Department S. P., Milwaukee
Interested in Package Truck—send literature and prices

Name
Address
Business

Getting On in the World

A New Secretarial Service

BEING secretary for 180 or more individuals or firms is an every-day job for a certain young woman living in a Western city.

The secretarial service that was originated by her is unique.

This capable woman has rented some 6000 square feet of floor space in one of the largest office buildings of the city. This space she has divided into fifty small offices, equipping these offices with typewriters, adding machines, check protectors, letter scales, and she also furnishes private steel lockers for valuable papers. About twenty desks have been placed around in the long spacious hallways, and desk room is rented to those who cannot afford an office. With desk room goes the use of office equipment when needed, and all the services that go with the offices, such as affording a meeting place with prospects, giving out information to callers, caring for mail and telegrams and looking after all important business for a tenant when he is away. She keeps two stenographers that do typewriting for those needing such service, but there is an extra charge for this work.

The greater number of her offices are rented to representatives of Eastern manufacturing concerns. As these representatives are away a great deal of the time, she acts as their secretary in their absence. She receives all telephone calls, answers all inquiries and opens their mail and telegrams when authorized to do so. Many letters and telegrams are orders for immediate delivery of goods. These orders she sends on at once to the head office.

Often a representative occupying an office leaves his displays on exhibition in his office while he is out on the road on a two or three months' trip. This busy woman takes time to familiarize herself with the displays so she can show them to advantage to prospective buyers. She opens his mail and if she finds matters that need his immediate attention she reaches him by long-distance phone and gives him the information. Often someone calls in by long-distance phone and she has to locate her tenant at once so as to connect him with the inquirer.

Getting Sales for Salesmen

Not long ago a long-distance call came in at four o'clock in the afternoon for one of her tenants who represented a company manufacturing hoisting machines. She told the inquirer that the agent was out of town, but did not tell him that he had been away two months. She inquired as to what she could do for him, and he said that he must have quotations on the hoisting machines manufactured by this company by five o'clock or they would be of no use to him. She replied that she would get in touch with the agent before that time and he would call him.

Immediately she telephoned the agent at his San Francisco address, only to be told that he had left for Seattle. She telephoned him at his Seattle address and was told he had left for Portland. She reached him at Portland. Afterward she learned that he was talking with the inquirer by 4:30 o'clock that afternoon and that the conversation resulted in a $15,000 order. She has been the means of making a number of sales for this agent since that time. Such help and such services mean much to her tenants and keep her offices filled.

Many tenants who take office or desk space with her are just starting out in business and hardly know what to do first. She helps them to get out their printed literature and gets good terms for them on the printing. Her suggestions as to the way to get business are a great help to one just starting out. Her tenants usually cannot afford office help, so she attends to all such work as would fall to a secretary or office girl to do.

"How did you happen to think of this unusual service?" she was asked the other day.

"Why, you see, my work before I took this up took me into many offices and public buildings. Often I would hear a person inquiring at the information desk for someone and I would see such utter indifference as to giving him helpful information. I could see by the expression on the face of the inquirer that the information asked for meant much to him, for he usually had such a look of disappointment. Many times he would be told curtly that the one he wanted to see was out, sometimes out of the city, and there was no knowing when he would be back."

Minding Other People's Business

"I said to myself one day after witnessing a case of apparent great disappointment, 'Why can't someone institute a service that will look after a person's business for him when he is away? I believe it can be done for a large number by one person and with comparatively little expense to those served.' I knew much good business must be lost by those having no one particularly interested to look after their affairs for them when away. There were so many business men that could not afford any more overhead expense than just enough to get by, so they were losing out every day in deals.

"I saw great possibilities in such a service, so I rented an office and opened a secretarial service. I took charge of a client's mail, gave out information for him, took telephone calls and furnished a place for him to meet prospective customers. The demand was so great for such a service that I soon doubled my space.

"I was not long outgrowing these quarters, so I moved to another office building and rented 2800 square feet of floor space. I had the space divided by temporary partitions into small offices which I equipped with all needed office requisites for good work. I also furnished a business directory for general office reference. In a short time I increased my floor space again, to nearly 6000 square feet, which I divided into more offices. My offices are all rented at the present time. It is the extra needed service I furnish that makes the demand for my offices so great."

It is the interest in her work which counts most in this unusual enterprise. She is intensely interested in the success of everyone she serves. Many business men who are not her tenants employ this capable woman to do their secretarial work for them. Many of these men take trips, being away one, two or three months. Telephone connections are made with her office, so that calls are relayed to her, enabling her to look after the interests of these men. If matters come up requiring immediate attention, she reaches them by telegram, long-distance phone or by mail. She furnishes the service but not the office for these patrons.

This is a much-needed service in all our large cities, but it takes genuine interest in the work to put it over successfully. "I love the work. It gives me great pleasure when I feel I am helping out," says this enterprising young woman. That is the secret of her success.

—ESTELLA M. PLACE.

SPLITDORF RADIO RECEIVERS

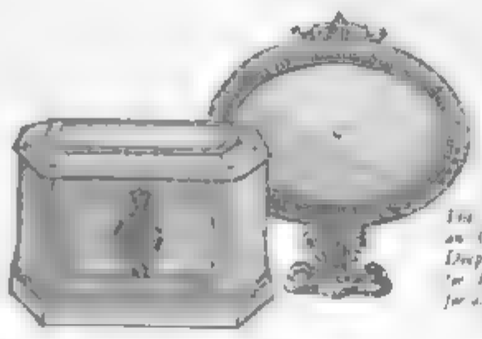
The CHARM of FINE FURNITURE

in instruments of superlative performance

Splitdorf has made a permanent contribution to radio in the American home—instruments, scientifically correct, built into authentic period furniture of surpassing beauty.

As a radio receiver they are all that the modern radio instrument can and should be—the famous Splitdorf single-dial, six-tube receiver with four tuned circuits is your assurance of technical excellence.

But with this is the permanent charm of fine furniture—classic period models accurately reproduced in their full beauty of line and finish by master craftsmen. Rich, mellow and altogether enchanting in musical qualities, these new Splitdorf receivers, by their distinctive beauty, add to the furnishings of your home the unchanging appeal of design and artistry approved through centuries by connoisseurs.



The Abbey. Patterned after an Old Colonial model. Deep antique gold finish. Price for battery operation $140; for a.c. electric operation, $175. Tubes not included.

The Windsor (below). An early American writing secretary. Radio receiver, writing desk and bookcase combined. Equipped with the new Splitdorf six-tube receiver operating entirely from a light socket without batteries or eliminators. Price with Splitdorf-Lenz speaker, but without tubes, $800.

Make your choice in radio an expression of your appreciation of artistic value in decoration as well as your judgment of musical excellence

At your dealer's see the twelve beautiful models priced from $800 to $45. Prices apply only east of the Rockies.

Cabinets designed under the personal direction of Mr. Nacio V. Dunbar

SPLITDORF *Radio* CORPORATION

Subsidiary of Splitdorf Bethlehem Electrical Company, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

IT IS inadequate to say that Técla Pearls look like genuine ocean gems. To all intent and from every observable characteristic they are the real thing. Nothing but a negligible variation in composition, totally imperceptible in appearance, separates them. For thirty years Técla has adorned the most distinguished of women at the most conservative functions without the slightest probability of anyone being able to distinguish any difference.

Técla creations are available only at the stores listed in this advertisement.

A Técla Necklace for Twenty-five Dollars and up

Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver, Colo.
Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Washington, D. C.
Frederick and Nelson, Seattle, Wash.
Gladding's, Providence, R. I.
The H. & S. Pogue Company, Cincinnati, Ohio
J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, Mich.
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.
The La Salle & Koch Co., Toledo, Ohio
Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co., Houston, Texas
Lebeck Bros., Nashville, Tenn.
Marshall Field and Company, Chicago, Ill.
McCurdy & Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.
Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.
Miller & Rhoads, Inc., Richmond, Va.
Mermod, Jaccard & King, Hot Springs, Ark.
Mermod, Jaccard & King, St. Louis, Mo.
R. H. Stearns Company, Boston, Mass.
Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, St. Louis, Mo.
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Toronto, Montreal
The Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio
The White House, San Francisco, Cal.
Thomas Kilpatrick & Company, Omaha, Neb.
Wm. H. Block & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Z. L. White, Columbus, Ohio

CREATED IN OUR PARIS LABORATORIES.

Only Gold, Platinum and Genuine Diamonds used in Técla Settings.

Técla

398 Fifth Avenue, New York

London *Berlin* *Paris*

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

"What on earth do you want with it?"

....BY A HUSBAND

"This is the story of an argument I had with my wife—and lost. I might have won if she had not been helped by an advertising booklet that a salesman for an electric ironer had left with her.

"My objections to buying the ironer were gruff challenges. Her reasons *were* reasons. She knew why she wanted an ironer; she knew how she'd use it; she knew where she'd put it—and backed her reasons with a printed booklet that had an answer to all the objections I thought of—and to a lot that didn't occur to me.

"To my vague guess, 'We haven't enough room for it,' she pointed to the photograph of the machine and read aloud the caption, 'It occupies less than three square feet.'

"I warned her that the laundress would probably scorch my shirts on it. She quoted a page proving that scorching was impossible. Finally, I imagined it would use too much electric current. And she countered with a printed statement of exactly how little the machine would use.

"If I were a woman, I'd seek and save the folders and booklets manufacturers print. I'd use them when discussing with my husband things to buy.

"If I were a salesman or a manufacturer, I'd never try to sell a woman *anything* without leaving some well-printed literature that restated my case for the army of doubting Thomases, sisters, husbands, that often block sales when the salesman has gone.

"And, finally, I'd print that literature on paper that would make a woman hesitate before throwing those printed pieces away.

". . . . Who had the last word in our argument? I did. It was:

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

For years the S. D. Warren Company has studied ways to make direct advertising doubly effective. The results of this work are contained in a series of books on various phases of direct advertising. Copies of these books as issued may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

"'Oh, all right; go ahead and buy it!'"

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B. Williams Co.
Glastonbury Conn. U.S.A. Montreal Canada

Don't forget your AquaVelva *after-shave!*

Let's assume you've had a perfect shave . . . . . *Williams can tell you how to get one!* Your face is smooth, in fine condition. *Will you keep it so?*

What to do?

Splash on Aqua Velva! It's the most thoroughly scientific after-shaving preparation ever made. You'll be keen for its sparkling tingle. It wakes the skin and livens it. It gives a perfect finish to the shave. And it does far more than that.

Aqua Velva *protects* the skin

Remember the newly shaven skin is the unprotected skin. Aqua Velva gives protection—from dust and germs, from wind and weather—scientific, adequate protection. It conserves the skin's natural moisture, keeping it youthful, flexible, resilient. It prevents chapping. It helps to heal those tiny nicks and cuts, seen and unseen, that your razor leaves.

You haven't known real *Face Fitness* until you join that vast army of men for whom today the Aqua Velva *after-shave* is as important as the shave itself.

Try Aqua Velva. A week will show how worth while it is.

Williams
Aqua Velva
For use after shaving

50 cents a bottle, or
FREE TRIAL SIZE if you will ask for it.

Address, The J. B. Williams Company—Dept. 41IB
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.—Montreal, Canada

The Poets' Corner

To a Benevolent Despot

MY HAPPINESS depends so much
On what you do!
I never guessed it would be so,
I never knew.

It used to be my own to make,
Or go without—
My happiness. Now, you can take
A fear, a doubt,
A sudden frown, a pout,
And put my gladness out.

My happiness depends on you.
So, please, be careful what you do!
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Romany Road

I WANT to go down a Romany road,
But doubt if ever I will;
Cross sedge and brake and circle the lake
And climb to the top of the hill,
Where lilies grow and where roses blow,
And the dells are bright with dew.
But it wouldn't be a Romany road
Unless I went with you.

I want to go down a Romany road,
But doubt if ever I may;
Through swamp and swale and along the dale,
A new and a trackless way,
Past fishing streams where the moonlight gleams
A tangle of rushes through.
But I couldn't find the Romany road
Unless I went with you.

I want to go down a Romany road,
But doubt if ever I can;
By fen and dell where the pixies dwell,
To the home of the fairy clan.
With a fife to play I might make my way
Where the lights are far and few,
But what the good of a Romany road
Unless I went with you?
—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

To ——

DEAR ——, I've seen a thousand lyrics
Addressed to your unspoken name;
A thousand odes and panegyrics
That give you everlasting fame.

Who are you, ——, that thus incog
You thrill the poets of all ages?
What beauty sets them all agog
To rhapsodize you in their pages?

Dear ——, I worship from afar;
I yearn to love you to excess;
Oh, please, please tell me who you are!
And—more important—your address.
—*Norman R. Jaffray.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Gutters, rain-pipes and flashings of Anaconda Copper last indefinitely—never rusting. If you install those which can rust, you have annual repairs and periodic replacement.

How to replace your gutters and rain-pipes for the last time

End the extravagance of rustable metals. Rust-proofing your home with copper, brass and bronze saves an average of $57 a year.

Which appeals to you most—both to your pocketbook and to your peace of mind—

copper gutters and rain-pipes which cannot rust, do not need repair or replacement,

OR

temporary gutters and rain-pipes which rust, need constant repair and periodic replacement and which cost an average of $21 every year, solely because of rust?

Put thus bluntly, and based on the average $15,000 home, there seems no reasonable doubt as to which appears most sensible.

Most people now accept rust-proofing installations of Anaconda Copper for gutters and rain-pipes, Anaconda Brass for water pipe and Anaconda Bronze Wire for screens as outstanding economies.

This advertisement is addressed to those who have not yet become acquainted with the facts. The convenient coupon gives an opportunity to learn about rust-proofing. An informative booklet is sent to all who mail the coupon. This booklet shows the folly, the extravagance of installing short-lived, rustable metals. It shows how pipes *not* made of brass rust and clog. How rusting gutters and rain-pipes give way—how leaks affect the very structure and foundations of a house. How bronze screens outlast iron or steel.

It corrects the erroneous impression that makeshifts save by low first cost. It shows that rust-proof metals cost a little more—a fraction—when installed, but that rust-proofing pays for itself in a very short time.

Every home owner, home buyer or builder should know these facts regarding the economy of rust-proofing.

Not merely because of the annual saving of money, but the constant freedom from worry and unexpected danger. A rusty pipe may flood a whole house, causing ceiling and walls and furniture great damage.

Just mail the coupon now—join the many who would accept no substitutes or makeshifts for Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze.

Bronze screens cannot rust. Bronze is strengthened copper, so cannot sag. End yearly overhauling by using bronze

THESE pieces of pipe were taken from water lines installed in the same building at the same time. At the left is Anaconda Brass Pipe—at the right, pipe of rustable metal. Brass pipe can't rust, the other pipe corrodes and cakes, the flow is diminished to a rust-colored trickle.

LEARN HOW TO SAVE $57 EVERY YEAR

To save yourself from expense and annoyance, mail the coupon for the facts regarding copper, brass and bronze. Learn why millions have gladly adopted these rust-proof features in modern construction.

ANACONDA COPPER
BRASS ANACONDA **BRONZE**

564

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY,
General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut

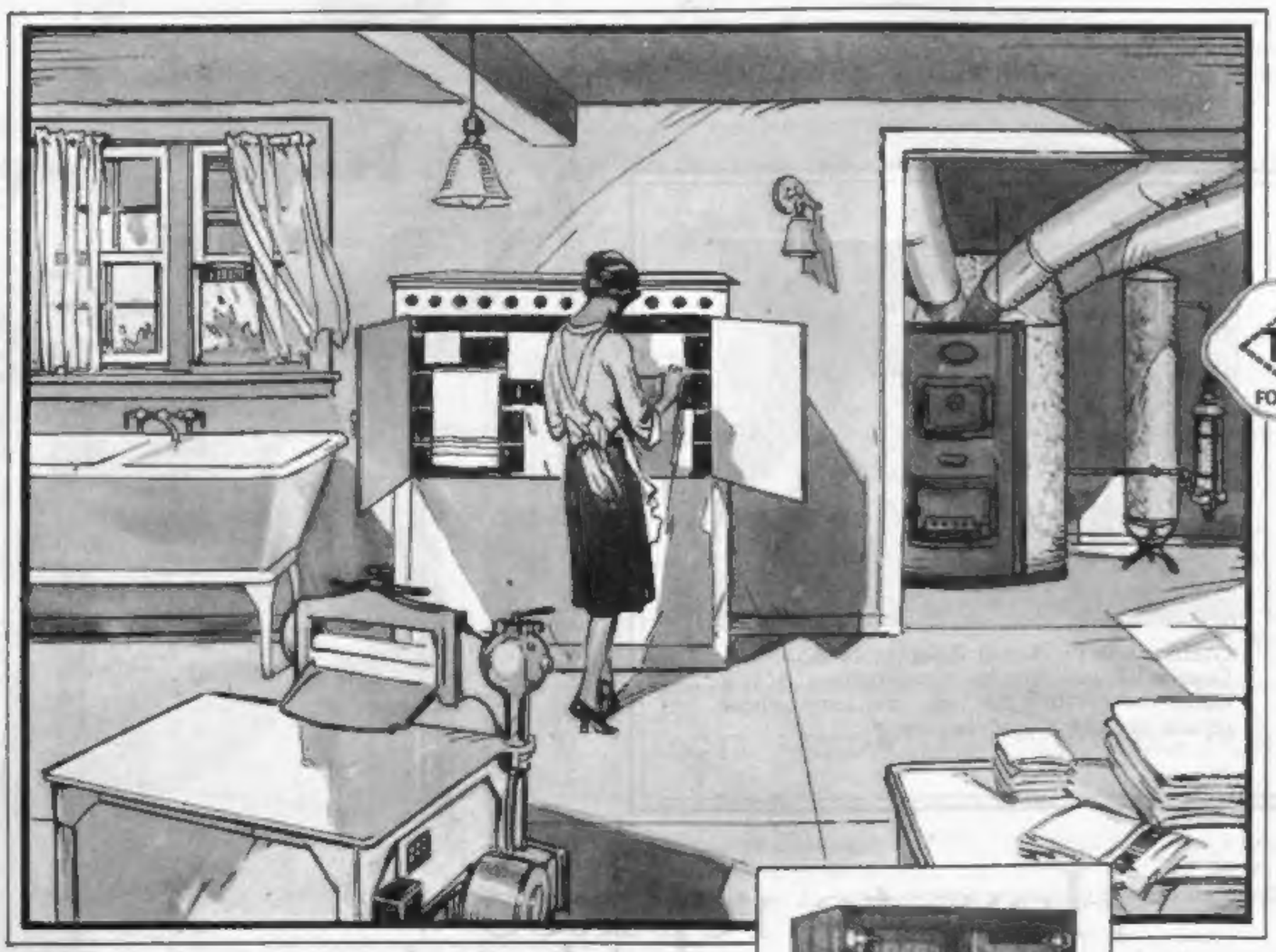
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Household Equipment made of TONCAN IRON *lasts a lifetime*

This super-iron resists rust and corrosion longer than any similar metal used in the manufacture of household appliances



In the laundry and furnace room, Toncan Iron plays an important part. Leading manufacturers of washing machines, furnaces, clothes dryers, enameled laundry tubs, hot water heaters and tanks are using Toncan to give you lifetime service.

ENAMELED ON TONCAN IRON FOR PERMANENCE

Look for this label when you buy enameled household appliances. It is a guarantee of lasting satisfaction and a quality product.

As opposed to sheltered household service, Toncan serves successfully for years in corrugated culverts, exposed to every kind of corrosive attack.

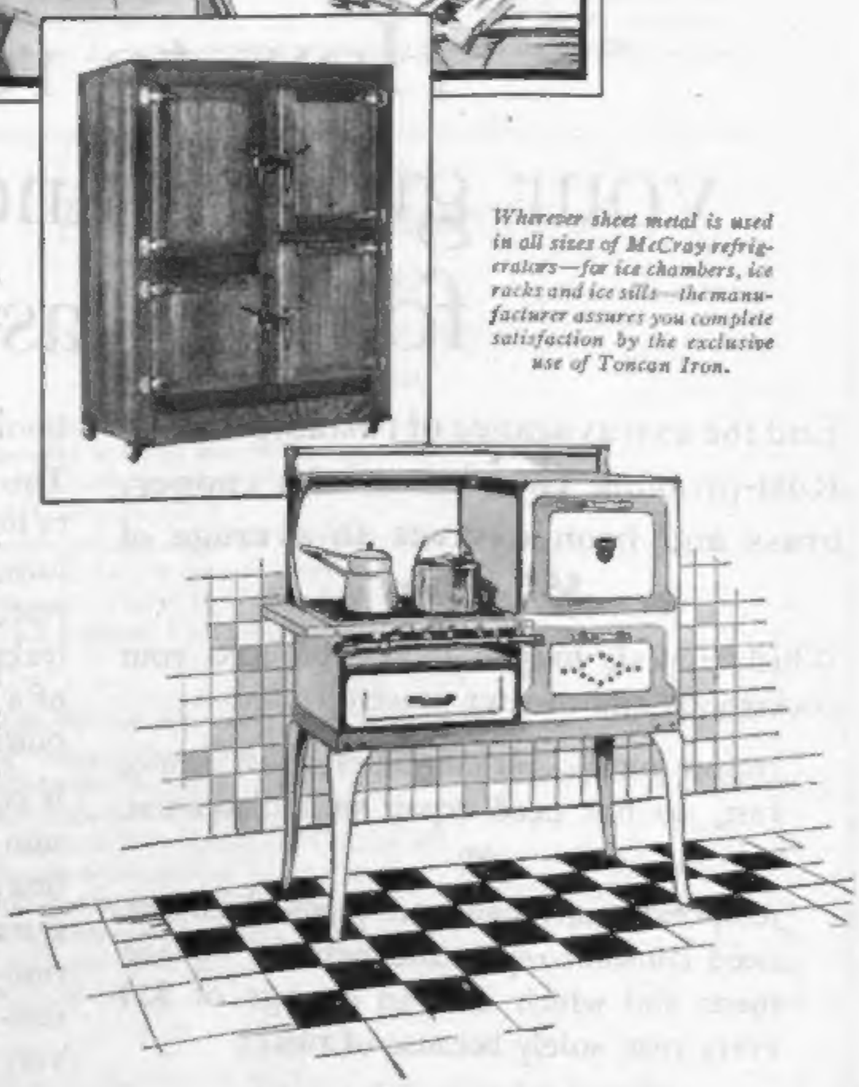
WHEN you select household equipment made of Toncan Copper Molyb-den-um Iron, you are assured of a lifetime of service. In actual use and in comparative tests, this super-iron has demonstrated its outstanding resistance to rust and corrosion. The intense heat in furnaces and stoves—the constant contact with water in washing machines, tubs and sinks—the continuous moisture in refrigerators—all fail to destroy this durable iron.

It is this unequaled ability to resist rust and corrosion that has led leading manufacturers of household equipment to adopt Toncan Iron. They have found by experience that this remarkable metal enables them to give you products that last longer and give better service.

So, before buying household appliances, look for the green Toncan label. It is a badge of quality.

Architects and sheet metal contractors, too, specify Toncan Iron wherever sheet metal is used on buildings. For even after severe fabrication Toncan Iron fails to succumb to the attacks of rust and corrosion. It is ideal for downspouts, gutters, ventilators and cornices on modest homes or massive skyscrapers.

Complete information regarding this superior metal is contained in the new Toncan Book, "The Path to Permanence." Send for your copy.



Wherever sheet metal is used in all sizes of McCray refrigerators—for ice chambers, ice racks and ice sills—the manufacturer assures you complete satisfaction by the exclusive use of Toncan Iron.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

AGATHON STEELS

Toncan Enameling Iron is used for all enamel parts and Toncan Oven Lining is used in the ovens of stoves made by the Baker Stove Works of Belleville, Ill.

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

MILLS: CANTON AND MASSILLON, OHIO

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

Such Variety!

Each with its individual flavor; each with its own peculiar charm, and each vying with the other with its special deliciousness, for your favor, yet all of them bearing the Kraft label.

Surely here is a selection and an assurance of quality to gladden the heart of the most ardent cheese lover. And good cheese is such a healthful, delightful food. When you want to be sure of getting good cheese, say "Kraft" before you say cheese.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, *General Offices*, Chicago

KRAFT CHEESE

Send for Free Recipe Book.
406 Rush Street

Old Dutch safeguards your family with

Healthful Cleanliness

and protects porcelain and enamel

In the bathroom and throughout the house Old Dutch Cleanser leaves the stamp of *Healthful Cleanliness* wherever it is used.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch for efficiency, quality and economy. These distinctive characteristics are due to the fact that its fine particles are flaky and flat shaped. They erase all visible dirt, and, by a process similar to "adsorption," remove the dangerous impurities as well—assuring spick and span *Healthful Cleanliness*.

There is no harsh grit in Old Dutch. That's why it doesn't scratch. This is an important protection to the beauty and life of porcelain and enamel. Avoid cleaners containing scratchy grit. Grit makes scratches that mar the beauty of surfaces and collect impurities which are often dangerous. A scratched surface is more difficult to keep clean.

This drawing of a highly magnified particle of Old Dutch shows how it works. These particles make a clean sweep without scratching. Like thousands of tiny erasers they remove all uncleanliness.

This drawing of an enlarged gritty particle shows how grit mars surfaces and makes scratches which are catchalls for dirt and impurities.

Use Old Dutch—Chases Dirt—Protects the Home

Sanitary

Cleaned with Old Dutch

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